

THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. *Francis Beaumont*,
AND
Mr. *John Fletcher*.

VOLUME *the* FOURTH.

CONTAINING,

The LITTLE FRENCH
LAWYER.

The TRAGEDY of
VALENTINIAN.

MONSIEUR THOMAS.

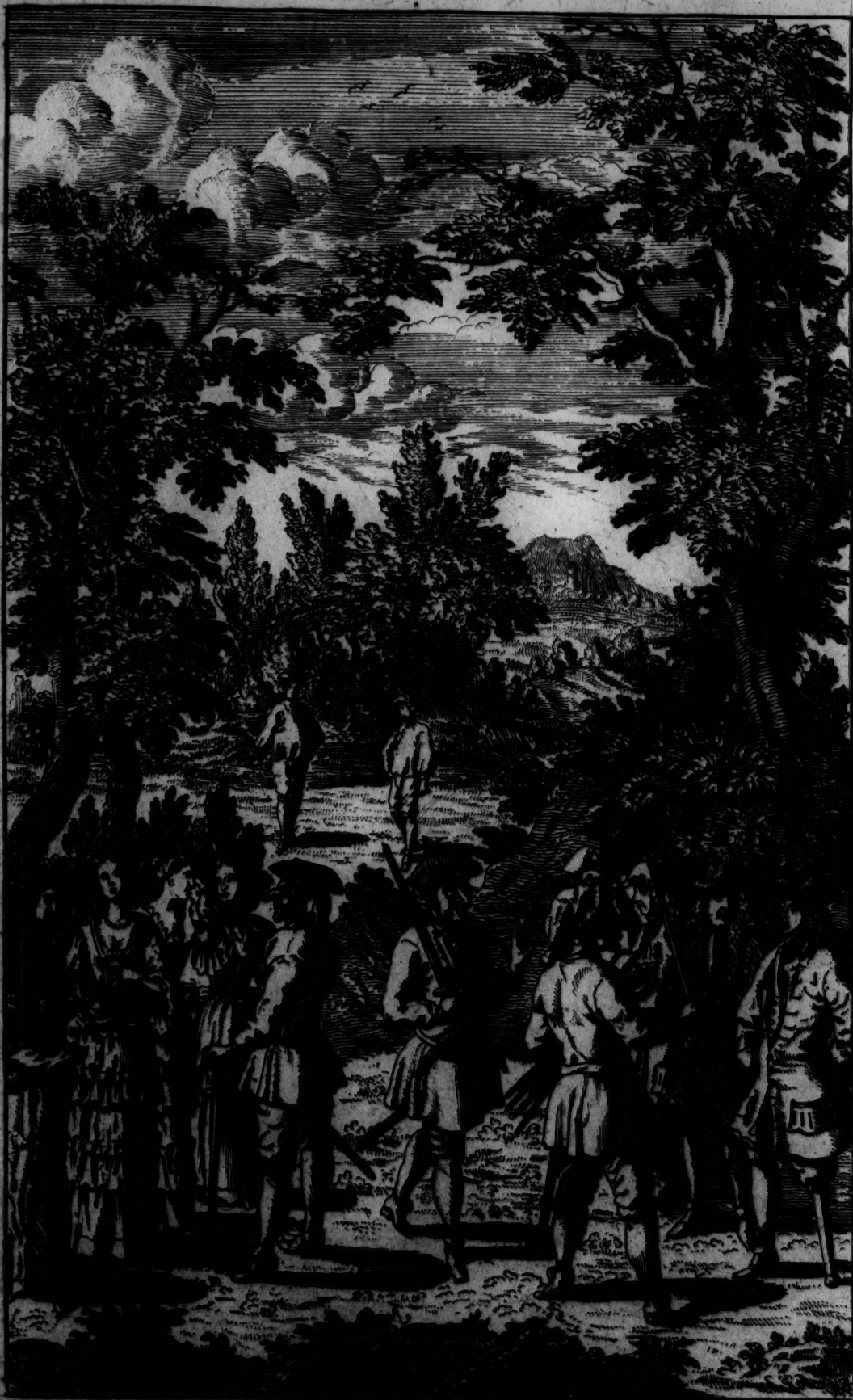
The CHANCES.

The BLOODY BROTHER;
or, ROLLO.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at *Shakespear's-Head* over-
against *Catherine-street* in the *Strand*. MDCCXI.





The Little French Lawyer

Vol. 3. p. 1225.

THE
Little *French* Lawyer.
A
COMEDY.



Printed in the Year 1711.

PROLOGUE.

TO promise much, before a Play begin,
And when 'tis done, ask Pardon, were
a Sin

We'll not be guilty of: And to excuse
Before we know a Fault, were to abuse
The Writers and our Selves; for I dare say
We all are fool'd if this be not a Play,
And such a Play as shall (so should Plays do)
Imp Time's dull Wings, and make you merry too.
'Twas to that purpose writ, so we intend it,
And we have our wish'd Ends, if you Com-
mend it.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

DInant, *a Gentleman that formerly lov'd, and still pretended to love Lamira.*

Cleremont, *a merry Gentleman, his Friend.*

Champernel, *a lame old Gentleman, Husband to Lamira.*

Vertaign, *a Nobleman, and a Judge.*

Beaupre, *Son to Vertaign.*

Verdone, *Nephew to Champernel.*

Monsieur La Writt, *a wrangling Advocate, or the Little Lawyer.*

Sampson, *a foolish Advocate, Kinsman to Vertaign. Provost.*

Gentlemen.

Clients.

Servants.

W O M E N.

Lamira, *Wife to Champernel, and Daughter to Vertaign.*

Anabell, *Niece to Champernel.*

Old Lady, *Nurse to Lamira.*

Charlotte, *Waiting-Gentlewoman to Lamira.*

S C E N E F R A N C E.

THE



THE
Little French Lawyer.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Dinant, and Cleremont.

D I N A N T,



Disuade me not.

Cler. It will breed a Brawl.

Din. I care not, I wear a Sword.

Cler. And wear Discretion with it,
Or cast it off, let that direct your Arm,
'Tis Madness else, not Valour, and more
(base

Than to receive a Wrong.

Din. Why would you have me
Sit down with a Disgrace, and thank the Doer?
We are not Stoicks, and that passive Courage
Is only now commendable in Lackies,
Peasants, and Tradesmen, not in Men of Rank
And Quality, as I am.

Cler. Do not cherish
That daring Vice, for which the whole Age suffers.
The Blood of our bold Youth, that heretofore
Was spent in honourable Action,
Or to defend, or to enlarge the Kingdom,
For the Honour of our Country, and our Prince,
Pours it self out with prodigal Expence

Upon our Mother's Lap, the Earth that bred us,
 For every trifle; and these private Duels,
 Which had their first Original from the *French*,
 And for which, to this Day, we are justly censur'd,
 Are banish'd from all Civil Governments :
 Scarce three in *Venice*, in as many Years;
 In *Florence* they are rarer, and in all
 The fair Dominions of the *Spanish* King, (tries,
 They are never heard of : Nay, those Neighbour Coun-
 Which gladly imitate our other Follies,
 And come at a dear rate to buy them of us,
 Begin now to detest them.

Din. Will you end yet——

Cler. And I have heard that some of our late Kings,
 For the Lie, wearing of a Mistress Favour,
 A cheat at Cards or Dice, and such like Causes,
 Have lost as many gallant Gentlemen
 As might have met the great *Turk* in the Field,
 With confidence of a glorious Victory ;
 And shall we then——

Din. No more, for shame, no more,
 Are you become a Patron too? 'Tis a new one,
 No more on't, burn't, give it to some Orator,
 To help him to enlarge his Exercise;
 With such a one it might do well, and profit
 The Curate of the Parish, but for *Cleremont*,
 The bold and undertaking *Cleremont*,
 To talk thus to his Friend, his Friend that knows him,
Dinant that knows his *Cleremont*, is absurd,
 And meer Apocrypha.

Cler. Why, what know you of me ?

Din. Why, if thou hast forgot thy self, I'll tell thee,
 And not look back, to speak of what thou wert
 At Fifteen, for at those Years I have heard
 Thou wast Flesh'd, and enter'd bravely.

Cler. Well, Sir, well.

Din. But Yesterday thou wast the common second,
 Of all that only knew thee, thou hadst Bills
 Set up on every Post, to give thee notice
 Where any Difference was, and who were Parties;

And

And as to save the Charges of the Law,
Poor Men seek Arbitrators, thou wert chosen
By such as knew thee not, to compound Quarrels:
But thou wert so delighted with the sport,
That if there were no just Cause, thou wouldst make one,
Or be engag'd thy self: This goodly Calling
Thou hast followed five and twenty Years, and study'd
The Criticisms of Contentions; and art thou
In so few Hours Transform'd? certain this Night
Thou hast had strange Dreams, or rather Visions.

Cler. Yes, Sir,

I have seen Fools and Fighters chain'd together,
And the Fighters had the Upper-hand, and whip'd first,
The poor Sots laughing at 'em. What I have been
It skills not; what I will be is resolv'd on.

Din. Why, then you'll fight no more?

Cler. Such is my purpose.

Din. On no Occasion?

Cler. There you stagger me.

Some kind of Wrongs there are, which Flesh and Blood
Cannot endure.

Din. Thou wouldst not willingly
Live a protested Coward, or be call'd one?

Cler. Words are but words.

Din. Nor wouldst thou take a Blow?

Cler. Not from my Friend, tho' drunk, and from an
I think much less. (Enemy,

Din. There's some hope of thee left then;
Wouldst thou hear me behind my Back disgrac'd?

Cler. Do you think I am a Rogue? they that should do it
Had better been born dumb.

Din. Or in thy Presence,
See me o'er-charg'd with odds?

Cler. I'd fall my self first.

Din. Would'st thou endure thy Mistress to be taken
And thou sit quiet? (from thee,

Cler. There you touch my Honour,
No *Frenchman* can endure that.

Din. Pl ——— upon thee,
Why dost thou talk of Peace then? that dar'st suffer

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Nothing, or in thy self, or in thy Friend,
That is unmanly?

Cler. That I grant, I cannot :
But I'll not quarrel with this Gentleman
For wearing Stammel Breeches, or this Gamester
For playing a thousand Pounds, that owes me nothing;
For this Man's taking up a common Wench
In Raggs, and lousie, then maintaining her
Caroach'd in Cloth of Tissue, nor five hundred
Of such like Toys, that at no part concern me :
Marry, where my Honour, or my Friend is question'd,
I have a Sword, and I think I may use it
To the cutting of a Rascal's Throat, or so,
Like a good Christian.

Din. Thou art of a fine Religion,
And rather than we'll make a Schism in Friendship,
I will be of it : But to be serious,
Thou art acquainted with my tedious Love-suit
To fair *Lamira* ?

Cler. Too well, Sir, and remember
Your Presents, Courtship, that's too good a name,
Your Slave-like Services, your Morning Musick;
Your walking three Hours in the Rain at Midnight
To see her at her Window, sometimes laugh'd at,
Sometimes admitted, and vouchsaf'd to kiss
Her Glove, her Skirt; nay, I have heard, her Slippers
How then you Triumph'd ?
Here was Love forsooth.

Din. These Follies I deny not,
Such a contemptible thing my Dotage made me,
But my Reward for this——

Cler. As you deserv'd,
For he that makes a Goddess of a Puppet,
Merits no other Recompence.

Din. This day, Friend,
For thou art so——

Cler. I am no Flatterer.

Din. This proud ingrateful she, is married to
Lame Champernel.

Cler. I know him, he has been

As

Astall a Sea-man, and has thriv'd as well by't,
The loss of a Leg and an Arm deducted, as any
That ever put from *Marseilles*: You are tame,
Pl——on't, it mads me; if it were my case,
I should kill all the Family.

Din. Yet but now
You did preach Patience.

Cler. I then came from Confession,
And 'twas enjoin'd me three hours for a Penance,
To be a peaceable Man, and to talk like one;
But now, all else being pardon'd, I begin
On a new Tally, 'foot do any thing,
I'll second you.

Din. I would not willingly
Maked my yet white Conscience, yet I purpose
In the open Street, as they come from the Temple,
For this way they must pass, to speak my Wrongs,
And do it boldly. *[Musick plays.]*

Cler. Were thy Tongue a Cannon,
I would stand by thee, Boy; they come, upon 'em.

Din. Observe a little first.

Cler. This is fine fidling.

*Enter Vertaign, Champernel, Lamira, Nurse,
Beaupre, and Verdone.*

S O N G at the Wedding.

*C*ome away, bring on the Bride,
And place her by her Lover's Side:
You fair Troop of Maids attend her,
Pure and holy Thoughts befriend her.
Blush, and wish, you Virgins all,
Many such fair Nights may fall.

C H O R U S.

Hymen, fill the House with joy,
All thy sacred Fires employ:
Bless the Bed with holy Love,
Now fair Orb of Beauty move.

Din.

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Din. Stand by, for I'll be heard.

Vert. This is strange rudeness.

Din. 'Tis Courtship, ballanced with Injuries;
You all look pale with Guilt, but I will die
Your Cheeks with blushes, if in your fear'd Veins
There yet remain so much of honest Blood
To make the colour; first to ye my Lord,
The Father of this Bride, whom you have sent
Alive into her Grave.

Champ. How? To her Grave?

Din. Be patient Sir, I'll speak of you anon:
You that allow'd me liberal Access,
To make my way with service, and approv'd of
My Birth, my Person, Years, and no base Fortune:
You that are rich, and but in this held wise too,
That as a Father should have look'd upon
Your Daughter in a Husband, and aim'd more
At what her Youth and heat of Blood requir'd
In lawful Pleasures, than the parting from
Your Crowns to pay her Dow'r: You that already
Have one Foot in the Grave, yet study Profit,
As if you were assur'd to live here ever;
What poor end had you in this choice? In what
Deserve I your Contempt? My House, and Honours,
At all parts equal yours, my Fame as fair,
And not to praise my self, the City ranks me.
In the first file of her most hopeful Gentry:
But *Champernel* is rich, and needs a Nurse,
And not your Gold: And add to that, he's old too,
His whole Estate in likelyhood to descend
Upon your Family; here was Providence,
I grant, but in a Nobleman base Thrift:
No Merchants, nay, no Pirats, sell for Bondmen
Their Country-men, but you, a Gentleman,
To save a little Gold, have sold your Daughter
To worse than Slavery.

Cler. This was spoke home indeed.

Beau. Sir, I shall take some other time to tell you,
That this harsh Language was delivered to
An old Man, but my Father.

Din.

Din. At your pleasure.

Cler. Proceed in your Design, let me alone,
To answer him, or any Man.

Verd. You presume
Too much upon your Name, but may be cozen'd.

Din. But for you, most unmindful of my Service,
For now I may upbraid you, and with Honour,
Since all is lost; and yet I am a Gainer,
In being deliver'd from a torment in you,
For such you must have been, you to whom Nature
Gave with a liberal Hand most excellent Form,
Your Education, Language, and Discourse,
And Judgment to distinguish, when you shall
With feeling Sorrow understand how wretched
And miserable you have made your self,
And but your self have nothing to accuse,
Can you with hope from any beg Compassion?
But you will say, you serv'd your Father's pleasure,
Forgetting that unjust Commands of Parents
Are not to be obey'd, or that you are Rich,
And that to Wealth all Pleasure else are Servants;
Yet but consider, how this Wealth was purchas'd,
'Twill trouble the Possession.

Champ. You, Sir, know
I got it, and with Honour.

Din. But from whom?
Remember that, and how: You'll come indeed
To Houses bravely furnish'd, but demanding
Where it was bought, this Soldier will not lie,
But answer truly, this rich Cloth of Arras
I made my prize in such a Ship, this Plate
Was my Share in another; these fair Jewels,
Coming ashore, I got in such a Village, (vish'd;
The Maid, or Matron kill'd, from whom they were ra-
The Wines you drink are guilty too, for this,
This *Candy Wine*, three Merchants were undone,
These Suckets break as many more: In brief,
All you shall wear, or touch, or see, is purchas'd
By lawless Force, and you but revel in
The Tears and Groans of such as were the Owners.

Champ.

Champ. 'Tis false, most basely false.

Vert. Let Losers talk.

(*Hymen*

Din. Lastly, those Joys, those best of Joys, which
Freely bestows on such, that come to tye
The sacred Knot he blesses, won unto it
By equal Love, and mutual Affection,
Not blindly led with the desire of Riches,
Most miserable you shall never taste of.
This Marriage Night you'll meet a Widow's Bed,
Or failing of those Pleasures all Brides look for,
Sin in your Wish it were so.

Champ. Thou art a Villain,
A base, malicious Slanderer.

Cler. Strike him.

Din. No, he is not worth a blow.

Champ. O that I had thee
In some close Vault, that only would yield room
To me to use my Sword, to thee no hope
To run away, I would make thee on thy Knees
Bite out the Tongue that wrong'd me.

Vert. Pray you have patience.

Lam. This day I am to be your Sovereign,
Let me command you.

Champ. I am lost with Rage,
And know not what I am myself, nor you:
Away, dare such as you, that love the smoak
Of Peace, more than the fire of glorious War,
And like unprofitable Drones, feed on
Your Granfires Labours, that, as I am now,
Were gathering Bees, and fill'd their Hive, this Country,
With brave triumphant Spoils, censure our Actions?
You object my Prizes to me; had you seen
The horror of a Sea-fight, with what danger
I made them mine; the Fire I fearless fought in,
And quench'd it in mine Enemies Blood, which straight
Like Oil pour'd out on't, made it burn anew;
My Deck blown up, with noise enough to mock
The lowdest Thunder, and the desperate Fools
That boarded me, sent, to defie the Tempests
That were against me, to the angry Sea,

Frighted

Frighted with Men thrown o'er; no Victory,
But in despite of the four Elements,
The Fire, the Air, the Sea, and Sands hid in it,
To be atchiev'd, you would confess, poor Men,
Though hopeless, such an honourable way
To get or Wealth, or Honour, in your selves,
He that through all these dreadful Passages
Pursu'd and overtook them, unaffrighted,
Deserves Reward, and not to have it stil'd
By the base Name of Theft.

Din. This is the Courtship
That you must look for, Madam.

Cler. 'Twill do well,
When nothing can be done, to spend the Night with:
Your Tongue is sound good Lord, and I could wish
For this young Lady's sake, this Leg, this Arm,
And there is something else, I will not name,
Though 'tis the only thing that must content her,
Had the same vigour.

Champ. You shall buy these Scoffs
With your best Blood: Help me once noble Anger,
Nay stir not, I alone must right my self,
And with one Leg transport me, to correct
These scandalous Praters: O that noble Wounds [*Falls.*
Should hinder just Revenge? D'ye jear me too?
I got these, not as you do your Diseases
In Brothels, or with riotous abuse
Of Wine in Taverns; I have one Leg shot,
One Arm disabled, and am honour'd more,
By losing them, as I did, in the Face
Of a brave Enemy, than if they were
As when I put to Sea; you are *Frenchmen* only,
In that you have been laid, and cur'd, go to:
You mock my Leg, but every Bone about you
Makes you good Almanack-makers, to foretel
What Weather we shall have.

Din. Put up your Sword,

Cler. Or turn it to a Crutch, there't may be useful,
And live on the Relation to your Wife
Of what a braye Man you were once.

Din.

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Din. And tell her,
What a fine Virtue 'tis in a young Lady
To give an old Man Pap.

Cler. Or hire a Surgeon
To teach her to roul up your broken Limbs.

Din. To make a Pultess, and endure the scent
Of Oils, and nasty Plaisters.

Vert. Fie, Sir, fie,
You that have stood all dangers of all kinds, to
Yield to a Rival's scoff?

Lam. Shed Tears upon
Your Wedding-day? This is unmanly, Gentlemen.

Champ. They are Tears of Anger: O that I should live
To play the Woman thus! All pow'rful Heav'n,
Restore me, but one Hour, that Strength again,
That I had once, to chastise in these Men
Their Follies, and ill Manners; and that done,
When you please, I'll yield up the Fort of Life,
And do it gladly.

Cler. We ha' the better of him,
We ha' made him cry.

Verd. You shall have satisfaction.
And I will do it nobly, or disclaim me.

Beaup. I say no more, you have a Brother, Sister,
This is your Wedding-day, we are in the Street,
And howsoever they forget their Honour,
'Tis fit I lose not mine, by their example.

Vert. If there be Laws in *Paris*, look to answer
This insolent Affront.

Cler. You that live by them,
Study 'em for Heav'n's sake; for my part I know not,
Nor care not what they are. Is there ought else
That you would say?

Din. Nothing, I have my ends.
Lamira weeps, I have said too much I fear;
So dearly once I lov'd her, that I cannot
Endure to see her Tears. [*Exe. Dinant and Cleremont.*]

Champ. See you perform it,
And do it like my Nephew. *Verd.* If I fail in't,
Ne'er know me more, Cousin *Beaupre*.

Champ.

Champ. Repent not
What thou hast done, my Life, thou shalt not find
I am decrepit; in my Love and Service,
I will be young, and constant; and believe me,
For thou shalt find it true, in scorn of all
The scandals these rude Men have thrown upon me,
I'll meet thy Pleasures with a young Man's ardour,
And in all Circumstances of a Husband
Perform my part.

Lam. Good Sir, I am your Servant,
And 'tis too late now, if I did repent,
(Which as I am a Virgin yet, I do not)
To undo the knot, that by the Church is ty'd.
Only I would beseech ye, as you have
A good Opinion of me, and my Virtues,
For so you have pleas'd to stile my innocent Weakness,
That what hath pass'd between *Dinant* and me,
Or what now in your hearing he hath spoken,
Beget not doubts, or fears.

Champ. I apprehend you,
You think I will be jealous; as I live
Thou art mistaken, Sweet; and to confirm it
Discourse with whom thou wilt, ride where thou wilt,
Feast whom thou wilt, as often as thou wilt,
For I will have no other Guards upon thee
Than thine own Thoughts.

Lam. I'll use this liberty
With moderation, Sir.

Beaup. I am resolv'd.
Steal off, I'll follow you.

Champ. Come, Sir, you droop;
'Till you find cause, which I shall never give,
Dislike not of your Son-in-law.

Vert. Sir, you teach me
The Language I should use; I am most happy
In being so near you. [*Exeunt Verdane, and Beaupre.*]

Lam. O my fears! good Nurse
Follow my Brother unobserv'd, and learn
Which way he takes.

Nurse. I will be careful, Madam.

[*Exit Nurse.*
Champ.

Champ. Between us Compliments are superfluous,
On, Gentlemen; th' Affront we have met here
We'll think upon hereafter; 'twere unfit
To cherish any Thought to breed unrest,
Or to our selves, or to our Nuptial Feast. [Exeunt.

Enter Dinant, and Cleremont.

Cler. We shall have sport, ne'er fear't.

Din. What sport, I prithee?

Cler. Why we must fight, I know it, and I long for't,
It was apparent in the fiery Eye
Of young *Verdone*, *Beaupre* look'd pale and shook too,
Familiar signs of Anger. They are both brave Fellows
Try'd and approv'd, and I am proud to encounter
With Men, from whom no Honour can be lost;
They will play up to a Man, and set him off.
Whene'er I go to the Field, Heav'n keep me from
The meeting of an unflinch'd Youth or Coward;
The first, to get a Name, comes on too hot,
The Coward is so swift in giving ground,
There is no overtaking him without
A hunting Nag, well breath'd too.

Din. All this while,
You ne'er think on the Danger.

Cler. Why 'tis no more
Than meeting of a dozen Friends at Supper,
And drinking hard; Mischief comes there unlook'd for;
I am sure as sudden, and strikes home as often,
For this we are prepar'd.

Din. *Lamira* loves
Her Brother *Beaupre* dearly.

Cler. What of that?

Din. And should he call me to an account for what
But now I spake, nor can I with mine Honour
Recant my words, that little hope is left me,
E'er to enjoy what (next to Heav'n) I long for,
Is taken from me.

Cler. Why what can you hope for,
She being now married?

Din. Oh my *Cleremont*,
To you all Secrets of my Heart I'll open,

And

And I rest most secure that whatsoe'er
I lock up there, is as a private Thought,
And will no farther wrong me. I am a *Frenchman*,
And for the greater part we are born Courtiers,
She is a Woman, and however yet
No heat of Service had the power to melt
Her frozen Chastity, time and opportunity
May work her to my ends, I confess ill ones,
And yet I must pursue 'em: Now her Marriage,
In probability, will no way hurt,
But rather help me.

Cler. Sits the wind there? Pray you tell me
How far off dwells your Love from Lust?

Din. Too near,
But prithee chide me not.

Cler. Not I, go on, Boy,
I have faults my self, and will not reprehend
A Crime I am not free from: For her Marriage,
I do esteem it (and most Batchelors are
Of my Opinion) as a fair protection,
To play the Wanton without loss of Honour,

Din. Would she make use of't so, I were most happy.

Cler. No more of this. Judge now,
Whether I have the gift of Prophecy.

Enter Beaupre, and Verdone.

Beaup. Monsieur *Dinant*,
I am glad to find you, Sir.

Din. I am at your Service.

Verd. Good Monsieur *Cleremont*, I have long wish'd
To be known better to you.

Cler. My desires
Embrace your wishes, Sir.

Beaup. Sir, I have ever
Esteem'd you truly noble, and profess
I should have been most proud, to have had the Honour
To call you Brother, but my Father's pleasure
Deny'd that Happiness. I know no Man lives,
That can command his Passions, and therefore
Dare not condemn the late intemperate Language
You were pleas'd to use to my Father and my Sister,

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He's old and she a Woman, I most sorry
My Honour does compel me to entreat you,
To do me the favour, with your Sword to meet me
A Mile without the City.

Din. You much honour me
In the demand, I'll gladly wait upon you.

Beaup. O Sir you teach me what to say: The time?

Din. With the next Sun, if you think fit.

Beaup. The Place?

Din. Near to the Vineyard Eastward from the City.

Beaup. I like it well; this Gentleman if you please
Will keep me company.

Cler. That is agreed on;
And in my Friend's behalf I will attend him.

Verd. You shall not miss my Service.

Beaup. Good day, Gentlemen. [*Ex. Beaup. and Verd.*]

Din. At your Commandment.

Cler. Proud to be your Servants.

I think there is no Nation under Heav'n
That cut their Enemies Throats with Compliment,
And such fine Tricks as we do: If you have
Any few Prayers to say, this Night you may
Call 'em to mind and use 'em; for my self,
As I have little to lose, my care is less,
So 'till to Morrow Morning I bequeath you
To your Devotions; and those paid, but use
That noble Courage I have seen, and we
Shall fight, as in a Castle.

Din. Thou art all Honour,
Thy Resolution would steel a Coward,
And I most fortunate in such a Friend;
All tenderness and nice respect of Woman
Be now far from me, Reputation take
A full possession of my Heart, and prove
Honour the first place holds, the second Love. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lamira, and Charlotte.

Lam. Sleeps my Lord still, *Charlotte*?

Char. Not to be wak'd.

By your Ladiship's chearful looks I well perceive
That this Night the good Lord hath been

At

At an unusual Service, and no wonder
If he rest after it. *Lam.* You are very bold.

Char. Your Creature, Madam, and when you are pleas'd
Sadness to me's a Stranger; your good pardon
If I speak like a Fool, I could have wish'd
To have ta'en your place to Night, had bold *Dinant*,
Your first and most obsequious Servant, tasted
Those Delicates, which by his Lethargy,
As it appears, have cloy'd my Lord.

Lam. No more.

Char. I am silenc'd, Madam.

Lam. Saw you my Nurse this Morning?

Char. No, Madam.

Lam. I am full of fears.

[*Knock within.*]

Who's that?

Char. She you enquir'd for.

Lam. Bring her in, and leave me. [*Exit Charlotte.*]
Now Nurse, what News?

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O Lady, dreadful ones.
They are to fight this Morning, there's no remedy.
I saw my Lord your Brother, and *Verdone*,
Take Horse as I came by.

Lam. Where's *Clerimont*?

Nurse. I met him too, and mounted.

Lam. Where's *Dinant*?

(*trick,*

Nurse. There's all the hope, I have staid him with a
If I have done well so.

Lam. What trick?

Nurse. I told him,
Your Ladiship laid your Command upon him
To attend you presently; and to confirm it,
Gave him the Ring he oft hath seen you wear,
That you bestow'd on me: He waits without
Disguis'd, and if you have that power in him,
As I presume you have, it is in you
To stay or alter him.

Lam. Have you learnt the Place
Where they are to encounter?

Nurse. Yes, 'tis where

1244 *The Little French Lawyer.*

The Duke of *Burgundy* met *Lewis* th' Eleventh.

Lam. Enough, I will reward thee liberally, [*Ex. Nurse.*
Go bring him in: Full dear I lov'd *Dinant*,
While it was lawful, but those fires are quench'd,
I being now another's; Truth forgive me,
And let Diffimulation be no Crime,
Though most unwillingly I put it on
To guard a Brother's safety.

Enter Dinant.

Din. Now your pleasure,
Though ill you have deserv'd it, you perceive .
I am still your Fool, and cannot but obey
Whatever you command.

Lam. You speak, as if
You did repent it, and 'tis not worth my thanks then;
But there has been a time, in which you would
Receive this as a favour.

Din. Hope was left then
Of Recompence.

Lam. Why I am still *Lamira*,
And you *Dinant*, and 'tis yet in my power,
I dare not say I'll put it into act,
To reward your Love and Service.

Din. There's some comfort.

Lam. But think not that so low I prize my Fame,
To give it up to any Man that refuses
To buy it, or with danger of Performance
Of what I shall enjoin him.

Din. Name that Danger,
Be it of what horrid shape soever, Lady,
Which I will shrink at; only at this instant
Be speedy in't.

Lam. I'll put you to the trial:
You shall not fight to day; do you start at that?
Not with my Brother, I have heard your difference,
Mine is no *Helen's* Beauty to be purchas'd
With Blood, and so defended; if you look for
Favours from me, deserve them with Obedience,
There's no way else to gain 'em.

Din. You command

What

What with mine Honour I cannot obey
Which lies at Pawn against it, and a Friend
Equally dear as that, or Life, engag'd,
Not for himself, but me.

Lam. Why foolish Man,
Dare you sollicit me to serve your Lust,
In which not only I abuse my Lord,
My Father, and my Family, but write Whore,
Though not upon my Forehead, in my Conscience,
To be read hourly, and yet name your Honour?
Yours suffers but in circumstance; mine in substance.
If you obey me, you part with some credit,
From whom? the giddy Multitude: But Mankind
Will censure me, and justly.

Din. I will lose,
What most I do desire, rather than hazard
So dear a Friend, or write my self a Coward,
'Tis better be no Man.

Lam. This will not do;
Why, I desire not you should be a Coward,
Nor do I weigh my Brother's Life with yours,
Meet him, fight with him, do, and kill him fairly,
Let me not suffer for you, I am careless.

Din. Suffer for me?

Lam. For you, my kindness to you
Already brands me with a Strumpet's name.

Din. O that I knew the Wretch!

Lam. I will not name him,
Nor give you any Character to know him;
But if you dare, and instantly ride forth
At the West Port of the City, and defend there
My Reputation, against all you meet,
For two hours only, I'll not swear, *Dinant*,
To satisfy, though sure I think I shall,
Whatever you desire; if you deny this,
Be desperate, for willingly, by this Light,
I'll never see thee more.

Din. Two hours, do you say?

Lam. Only two hours.

Din. I were no Gentleman,

Should I make scruple of it ; this Favour arms me,
And boldly I'll perform it. [Exit.

Lam. I am glad on't.

This will prevent their Meeting yet, and keep
My Brother safe, which was the Mark I shot at. [Exit.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Cleremont, as in the Field.

Cler. I Am first i'th' Field, that Honour's gain'd of our side,
Pray Heav'n I may get off as honourably :
The hour is past, I wonder *Dinant* comes not,
This is the Place, I cannot see him yet ;
It's his Quarrel too that brought me hither,
And I ne'er knew him yet, but to his Honour
A firm and worthy Friend ; yet I see nothing,
Nor Horse nor Man ; 'twould vex me to be left here,
To th' mercy of two Swords, and two approv'd ones.
I never knew him last.

Enter Beaupre, and Verdone.

Beaup. You are well met, *Cleremont*. (Sir.

Verd. You are a fair Gentleman, and love your Friend,
What, are you ready ? the time has overta'en us.

Beaup. And this, you know, the Place.

Cler. No *Dinant* yet ?

Beaup. We come not now to argue, but to do ;
We wait you, Sir.

Cler. There's no time past yet, Gentlemen,
We have Day enough : Is't possible he comes not ?
You see I am ready here, and do but stay
Till my Friend come ; walk but a turn or two,
'Twill not be long.

Verd. We came to fight.

Cler. Ye shall fight, Gentlemen,
And fight enough ; but a short turn or two ;
I think I see him, set up your watch, we'll fight by it.

Beaup. That is not he ; we will not be deluded.

Cler. Am I bob'd thus ? Pray take a Pipe of Tobacco,
Or

Or sing but some new Air; by that time, Gentlemen--

Verd. Come draw your Sword, you know the Custom
First come, first serv'd. (here, Sir,

Cler. Though it be held a Custom,
And practis'd so, I do not hold it honest;
What Honour can you both win on me single?

Beaup. Yield up your Sword then.

Cler. Yield my Sword? that's *Hebrew*;
I'll be first cut a pecies; hold but a while,
I'll take the next that comes.

Enter an old Gentleman.

You are an old Gentleman?

Gent. Yes indeed am I, Sir.

Cler. And wear no Sword?

Gent. I need none, Sir.

Cler. I would you did, and had one;
I want now such a foolish Courtesie.
You see these Gentlemen?

Gent. You want a Second.

In good Faith, Sir, I was never handſom at it,
I would you had my Son, but he's in *Italy*,
A proper Gentleman; you may do well, Gallants,
If your Quarrel be not capital, to have more Mercy,
The Gentleman may do his Country ———

Cler. Now I beſeech you, Sir,
If you dare not fight, do not ſtay to beg my Pardon.
There lies your way.

Gent. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

Verd. You ſee your Fortune,
You had better yield your Sword.

Cler. Pray ye ſtay a little.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Upon mine Honesty, you ſhall be fought with;
Well, *Dinant*, well; theſe wear Swords, and ſeem brave
As you are Gentlemen, one of you ſupply me, (Fellows.
I want a Second now to meet theſe Gallants,
You know what Honour is.

1 *Gent.* Sir, you muſt pardon us,
We go about the ſame work, you are ready for;
And muſt fight preſently, elſe we were your Servants.

P 4

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* God speed you, and good day. [*Exit Gent.*
Cler. Am I thus Colted?

Beaup. Come, either yield——

Cler. As you are honest Gentlemen,
 Stay but the next, and then I'll take my Fortune,
 And if I fight not like a Man——Fy *Dinant*,
 Cold now and treacherous.

Enter Monsieur La-writ, within.

La-writ. I understand your Causes.

Yours about Corn, yours about Pins and Glasses,
 Will you make me mad, have I not all the Parcels?
 And his Petition too, about Bell-founding?
 Send in your Witnesses, what will you have me do?
 Will you have me break my Heart? my Brains are melted;
 And tell your Master, as I am a Gentleman,
 His Cause shall be the first; commend me to your Mistress,
 And tell her, if there be an extraordinary Feather,
 And tall enough for her-----I shall dispatch you too,
 I know your Cause, for transporting of Farthingales;
 Trouble me no more, I say again to you,
 No more Vexation: Bid my Wife send me some Puddings;
 I have a Cause to run through, requires Puddings,
 Puddings enough. Farewel.

Cler. God speed you, Sir.

Beaup. Would he would take this Fellow.

Verd. A rare Youth.

Cler. If you be not hasty, Sir.

La-writ. Yes, I am hasty,
 Exceeding hasty, Sir, I am going to the Parliament,
 You understand this Bag, if you have any Business
 Depending there, be short, and let me hear it,
 And pay your Fees.

Cler. Faith, Sir, I have a Business,
 But it depends upon no Parliament.

La-writ. I have no skill in't then.

Cler. I must desire you,
 'Tis a Sword matter, Sir.

La-writ. I am no Cutler,
 I am an Advocate, Sir.

Beaup. How the thing looks?

Verd.

Verd. When he brings him to fight.

Cler. Be not so hasty,
You wear a good Sword.

La-writ. I know not that,
I never drew it yet, or whether it be a Sword——

Cler. I must entreat you try, Sir, and bear a part
Against these Gentlemen, I want a Second;
Ye seem a Man, and 'tis a noble Office.

La-writ. I am a Lawyer, Sir, I am no Fighter.

Cler. You that breed Quarrels, Sir, know best to satisfy.

Beaup. This is some sport yet.

Verd. If this Fellow should fight. (Coward,

La-writ. And for any thing I know, I am an arrant
Do not trust me, I think I am a Coward.

Cler. Try, try, you are mistaken: Walk on Gentlemen,
The Man shall follow presently.

La-writ. Are ye mad, Gentleman?
My Business is within this half hour.

Cler. That's all one,
We'll dispatch within this quarter, there in that Bottom,
'Tis most convenient, Gentlemen.

Beaup. Well, we'll wait, Sir.

Verd. Why this will be a comick Fight, you'll follow.

La-writ. As I am a true Man, I cannot fight.

[Exit Beaupre, Verdone.

Cler. Away, away,
I know you can: I like your Modesty,
I know you will fight, and so fight, with such Metal,
And with such Judgement meet your Enemy's Fury;
I see it in your Eye, Sir.

La-writ. I'll be hang'd then; (ting.
And I charge you in the King's Name, name no more fight.

Cler. I charge you in the King's Name, play the Man,
Which if you do not quickly, I begin with you,
I'll make you dance, do you see your Fiddlestick?
Sweet Advocate thou shalt fight.

La-writ. Stand farther, Gentleman,
Or I'll give you such a Dust o'th' Chaps——

Cler. Spoke bravely.
And like thy self, a noble Advocate:

Come

Come to thy Tools.

La-writ. I do not say I'll fight.

Cler. I say thou shalt, and bravely.

La-writ. If I do fight ;

I say, if I do, but do not depend upon't,
And yet I have a foolish Itch upon me,
What shall become of my Writings?

Cler. Let 'em lye by,

They will not run away, Man.

La-writ. I may be kill'd too,

And where are all my Causes then? my Business?

I will not fight, I cannot fight, my Causes——

Cler. Thou shalt fight, if thou hadst a thousand Causes,
Thou art a Man to fight for any Cause,
And carry it with Honour.

La-writ. Hum, say you so? if I should
Be such a Coxcomb to prove valiant now——

Cler. I know thou art most valiant.

La-writ. Do you think so?

I am undone for ever, if it prove so,
I tell you that, my honest Friend, for ever;
For I shall ne'er leave quarrelling.
How long must we fight? for I cannot stay,
Nor will not stay, I have Business.

Cler. We'll do't in a minute, in a moment. (Belly,

La-writ. Here will I hang my Bag then, it may save my
I never lov'd cold Iron there.

Cler. You do wisely.

(ly, quickly,

La-writ. Help me to pluck my Sword out then, quick-
'Thas not seen Sun these ten Years.

Cler. How it grumbles?

This Sword is vengeance Angry.

La-writ. Now I'll put my Hat up,
And saw my Prayers as I go; away Boy,
If I be kill'd remember the little Lawyer.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Beaupre.

(Rascal,

Beaup. They are both come on, that may be a stubborn
Take you that Ground,

Enter La-writ.

I'll stay here, fight bravely.

La-writ.

The Little French Lawyer.

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La-writ. To't chearfully my Boys, you'll let's have fair
None of your foyning Tricks. (play,

Beaup. Come forward Monsieur; [Fight.
What hast thou there? a Pudding in thy Belly?
I shall see what it holds.

La-writ. Put your Spoon home then:
Nay, since I must fight, have at you without Wit, Sir:
God-a-mercy Bag. *Beaup.* Nothing but Bumbast in ye?
The Rogue winks and fights.

La-writ. Now your fine fencing, Sir:

[*Beaup. loses his Sword, La-writ treads on it.*

Stand off, thou diest on point else,
I have it, I have it: Yet further off:

I have his Sword. *Cler.* Then keep it, be sure you keep

La-writ. I'll put it in my Mouth else. (it.

Stand further off yet, and stand quietly,
And look another way, or I'll be with you:

Is this all? I'll undertake within these two days
To furnish any Cutler in this Kingdom.

Beaup. Pox, what Fortune's this? Disarm'd by a Pup-
A Snail? a Dog? (py?

La-writ. No more o' these Words, Gentleman,
Sweet Gentleman no more, do not provoke me;
Go walk i'th' Horse-fair, whistle Gentleman;
What must I do now?

Enter Cleremont, pursued by Verdone.

Cler. Help me, I am almost Breathless. (Sir.

La-writ. With all my Heart, there's a cold Pye for you,

Cler. Thou strik'st me, Fool.

La-writ. Thou Fool, stand further off then,
Deliver, deliver.

Cler. Hold fast.

La-writ. I never fail in't,

[*He strikes up the other's Heels, and takes his Sword too*
There's twelve Pence, go buy you two leaden Daggers.
Have I done well? *Cler.* Most like a Gentleman.

Beaup. And we two basely lost.

Verd. 'Tis but a Fortune.

We shall yet find an hour. [*Ex. Beaup. and Verd. sad.*

Cler. I shall be glad on't.

La-writ.

1252 *The Little French Lawyer.*

La-writ. Where's my Cloak, and my Trinkets?
Or will you fight any longer, for a crash or two?

Cler. I am your noble Friend, Sir.

La-writ. It may be so.

Cler. What Honour shall I do you,
For this great Courtesie?

La-writ. All I desire of ye, (more on't,
Is to take the Quarrel to your self, and let me hear no
I have no liking to't, 'tis a foolish matter,
And help me to put up my Sword.

Cler. Most willingly.
But I am bound to gratifie you, and I must not leave you.

La-writ. I tell you, I will not be gratified,
Nor I will hear no more on't: Take the Swords too,
And do not anger me but leave me quietly.
For the matter of Honour, 'tis at your own disposure,
And so, and so. [Exit *La-writ.*

Cler. This is a most rare Lawyer:
I am sure most valiant. Well *Dinant*, as you satisfie me,
I say no more: I am loaden like an Armorer. [Exit *Cler.*

Enter Dinant.

Din. To be dispatcht upon a sleeveless Errand?
To leave my Friend engag'd, mine Honour tainted?
These are trim Things. I am set here like a Perdue,
To watch a Fellow that has wrong'd my Mistress,
A survy Fellow that must pass this way,
But what this scurvy Fellow is, or whence,
Or whether his name be *William*, or *John*,
Or *Anthony*, or *Dick*, or any thing, I know not;
A scurvy rascally Fellow I must aim at,
And there's the Office of an Ass flung on me.
Sure *Cleremont* has fought, but how come off,
And what the World shall think of me hereafter:
Well, Woman, Woman, I must look your Rascals,
And lose my Reputation: Ye have a fine power over us.
These two long hours I have trotted here, and curiously
Survey'd all Goers by, yet find no Rascal,
Nor any Face to quarrel with:

La-writ sings within, then Enters.

What's that?

This is a rascally Voice, sure it comes this way,

La-writ.

La-writ. He strook so hard, the Bason broke,
And Tarquin heard the Sound.

Din. What Master-thing is this? let me survey it.

La-writ. And then he strook his Neck in two.

Din. This may be a Rascal, but 'tis a mad Rascal,
What an Alphabet of Faces he puts on?

Hey how it fences? if this should be the Rogue,

As 'tis the likeliest Rogue I see this Day-----

La-writ. Was ever Man for Ladies sake? down, down.

Di. And what are you good Sir? down, down, down, down.

La-writ. What's that to you good Sir? down, down.

Din. A pox on you good Sir, down, down, down,
You with your Buckram Bag, what make you here? (now.
And from whence come you? I could fight with my Shadow

La-wr. Thou fierce Man that like Sir *Lancelot* dost appear,
I need not tell thee what I am, nor eke what I make here.

Din. This is a precious Knave; stay, stay, good *Tristram*,
And let me ask thy Mightiness a Question;
Did ye never abuse a Lady?

La-writ. Not; to abuse a Lady, is very hard, Sir.

Din. Say you so, Sir?

Didst thou never abuse her Honour?

La-writ. Not; to abuse her Honour, is impossible.

Din. Certain this is the Rascal: What's thy Name?

La-writ. My name is *Cock o' two*, use me respectfully,
I will be Cock of three else. *Din.* What's all this?

You say, you did abuse a Lady. *La-writ.* You lie.

Din. And that you wrong'd her Honour.

La-writ. That's two Lies,

Speak suddenly, for I am full of Business. (goose,

Din. What art thou, or what canst thou be, thou Pea-
That darst give me the Lie thus? thou mak'st me wonder.

La-writ. And wonder on, till time make all things plain.

Din. You must not part so, Sir; art thou a Gentleman?

La-writ. Ask those upon whose Ruins I am mounted.

Din. This is some Cavalero Knight o'th' Sun.

La-writ. I tell thee I am as good a Gentleman as the
I have atchiev'd-----go follow thy Business. (Duke;

Din. But for this Lady, Sir-----

La-writ. Why, hang this Lady, Sir, (Ladies?

And the Lady Mother too, Sir, what have I to do with

Enter

1254 *The Little French Lawyer.*

Enter Cleremont.

Cler. 'Tis the little Lawyer's Voice : Has he got my way ?
It should be hereabouts.

Din. Ye dry Bisket Rogue,
I will so fwinge you for this Blasphemy——
Have I found you out ?

Cler. That should be *Dinant's* Tongue too. (*celot tho.*

La-writ. And I defie thee do thy worst : *O bo quoth Lan-*
And that thou shalt know, I am a true Gentleman,
And speak according to the Phrase triumphant ;
Thy Lady is a scurvy Lady, and a shitten Lady,
And though I never heard of her, a deboshed Lady,
And thou a Squire of low degree ; will that content thee ?
Dost thou way-lay me with Ladies ? A pretty Sword, Sir,
A very pretty Sword, I have a great mind to't.

Din. You shall not lose your longing, Rogue.

Cler. Hold, hold.

Hold *Dinant*, as thou art a Gentleman.

La-writ. As much as you will, my Hand is in now.

Cler. I am your Friend, Sir : *Dinant*, you draw your Sword
Upon the Gentleman preserv'd your Honour :
This was my Second, and did back me nobly ;
For shame forbear.

Din. I ask your Mercy, Sir, and am your Servant now.

La-writ. May we not fight then ?

Cler. I am sure you shall not now. (then

La-writ. I am sorry for't, I am sure I'll stay no longer
Not a Jot longer : Are there any more on ye afore ?
I will sing still, Sir. [*Exit La-writ, singing.*

Din. I look now you should chide me, and 'tis fit,
And with much bitterness express your Anger,
I have deserv'd : Yet when you know-----

Cler. I thank ye,
Do you think that the wrong you have offer'd me,
The most unmanly wrong, unfriendly wrong-----

Din. I do confess-----

Cler. That Boyish Slight-----

Din. Not so, Sir.

Cler. That poor and base renouncing of your Honour,
Can be allay'd with Words?

Din.

Din. I give you way still.

(part,

Cler. Colour'd with smooth Excuses? Was it a Friend's
A Gentleman's, a Man's that wears a Sword,
And stands upon the point of Reputation,
To hide his Head then, when his Honour call'd him;
Call'd him aloud, and led him to his Fortune?
To halt and slip the Collar? By my Life,
I wou'd have giv'n my Life I had never known thee,
Thou hast eaten Canker-like into my Judgement
With this disgrace, thy whole Life cannot heal again.

Din. This I can suffer too, I find it honest.

Cler. Can you pretend an excuse now may absolve you,
Or any thing like honest, to bring you off?
Engage me like an As?

Din. Will you but hear me?

Cler. Expoise me like a Jade to tug, and hale through,
Laugh'd at, and almost hooted? your Disgraces
Invite Mens Swords and Angers to dispatch me.

Din. If you will be patient.

(Friend,

Cler. And be abus'd still: But that I have call'd thee
And to that Name allow a Sanctuary,
You should hear further from me, I would not talk thus:
But henceforth stand upon your own Bottom, Sir,
And bear your own abuses, I scorn my Sword
Should travel in so poor and empty Quarrels.

Din. Ha' you done yet? take your whole swing of An-
I'll bear all with content.

(ger,

Cler. Why were you absent?

Din. You know I am no Coward, you have seen that,
And therefore, out of Fear forsook you not:
You know I am not false, of a treacherous Nature,
Apt to betray my Friend, I have fought for you too;
You know no business, that concern'd my State,
My Kindred, or my Life.

Cler. Where was the Fault then?

Din. The Honour of that Lady I adore,
Her Credit, and her Name: Ye know she sent for me,
And with what haste.

Cler. What was he that traduc'd?

Din. The Man i'th' Moon, I think, hither I was sent,
But to what end——

Enter

*Enter old Lady.**Cler.* This is a pretty Flim-flam.*Old Lady.* I am glad I have met you, Sir, I have been
And seeking every where. (seeking,*Cler.* And now you have found him,
Declare what business, our Ambassador. (my Lady.*Old Lady.* What's that to ye, good Man flouter? O Sir,*Din.* Prethee no more of thy Lady, I have too much*Cler.* Let me have a little, speak to me. (on't.*Old Lady.* To you, Sir?'Tis more than time: All occasions set aside, Sir,
Or whatsoever may be thought a Business-----*Din.* What then?*Old Lady.* Repair to me within this hour.*Cler.* Where? (y'are sent for.*Old Lady.* What's that to you? come you, Sir, when*Cler.* God-a-mercy *Mumpsimus*,You may go *Dinant*, and follow this old Fairy,
Till you have lost your self, your Friends, your Credit,
And hunt away your Youth in rare Adventures,
I can but grieve I have known you.*Old Lady.* Will ye go, Sir?I come not often to you with these Blessings,
You may believe that thing there, and repent it,
That dogged thing.*Cler.* Peace Touchwood.*Din.* I will not go:Go bid your Lady seek some Fool to fawn on her,
Some unexperienc'd Puppy to make sport with,
I have been her Mirth too long; thus I shake from me
The Fetters she put on, thus her Enchantments
I blow away like Wind, no more her Beauty-----*Old Lady.* Take heed, Sir, what you say.*Cler.* Go forward, *Dinant*.*Din.* The Charms shot from her Eyes-----*Old Lady.* Be wise.*Cler.* Be valiant.*Din.* That Tongue that tells fair Tales to Mens destru- (ctions
Shall never rack me more.*Old Lady.* Stay there. *Cler.* Go forward.*Din.*

Din. I will now hear her, see her as a Woman;
Survey her, and the Power Man has allow'd, Sir,
As I would do the Course of common things;
Unmov'd, unstruck.

Cler. Hold there, and I forgive thee.

Din. She is not fair, and that that makes her proud,
Is not her own, our Eyes bestow it on her;
To touch and kiss her is no Blessedness,
A Sun-burnt *Ethiop's* Lip's as soft as hers.
Go, bid her stick some other Triumph up,
And take into her Favour some dull Fool,
That has no precious Time to lose, no Friends,
No Honour, nor no Life; like a bold Merchant,
A bold and Bankrupt Man, I have ventur'd all these,
And split my Bottom; return this answer to her,
I am awake again and see her Mischiefs,
And am not now on every idle Errand,
And new coyn'd Anger, to be hurried,
And then despis'd again; I have forgot her.

Cler. If this be true——

Old La. I am sorry I have troubled you;
More sorry that my Lady has adventur'd
So great a Favour in so weak a Mind: (know it,
This Hour you have refus'd, that when you come to
Will run you mad, and make you curse that Fellow;
She is not fair, nor handsome, so I leave you.

Cler. Stay, Lady, stay, but is there such a Business?

Old La. You would break your Neck, 'twere yours.

Cler. My Back, you would say.

Old La. But play the Friend's part still, Sir, and undo
'Tis a fair Office. (him,

Din. I have spoke too liberally.

Old La. I shall deliver what you say.

Cler. You shall be hang'd first,
You would fain be Prating now; take the Man with you.

Old La. Not I, I have no Power.

Cler. You may go, *Dinant*.

Old La. 'Tis in's own Will, I had no further charge, Sir,
Than to tell him what I did, which if I had thought
It should have been receiv'd so——

Cler. 'Faith you may,
You do not know how far it may concern you.
If I perceiv'd any Trick in't.

Din. 'Twill end there.

Cler. 'Tis my fault then, there is an Hour in Fortune,
That must be still observ'd: You think I'll chide you,
When things must be; nay, see, as he will hold his Head
Would such a Lady send with such a charge too? (up?
Say she has plaid the fool, play the fool with her again,
The great Fool, the greater still the better.
He shall go with you, Woman.

Old La. As it please him,
I know the way alone else.

Din. Where is your Lady?

Old La. I shall direct you quickly.

Din. Well, I'll go,

But what her Wrongs will give me leave to say. (you.

Cler. We'll leave that to your selves: I shall hear from

Din. As soon as I come off——

Cler. Come on then bravely;
Farewel till then, and play the Man.

Din. You are merry;
All I expect is Scorn: I'll lead you, Lady.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Champernel, Lamira, Beaupre, Verdone,
and Charlotte.*

Beaup. **W**E'll venture on him. (me no more.
Cham. Out of my Doors I charge thee, see

Lam. Your Nephew?

Cham. I disclaim him,

He has no part in me, nor in my Blood,
My Brother that kept Fortune bound, and left
Conquest Hereditary to his Issue,
Could not beget a Coward.

Ver. I fought, Sir,
Like a good Fellow, and a Soldier too,

But

But Men are Men, and cannot make their Fates :
Ascribe you to my Father what you please.
I am born to suffer.

Cham. All Disgraces, Wretch.

Lam. Good Sir, be patient.

Cham. Was there no Tree,
(For to fall by a noble Enemy's Sword,
A Coward is unworthy) nor no River,
To force thy Life out backward, or to drown it
But that thou must survive thy Infamy?
And kill me with the sight of one I hate,
And gladly would forget?

Beaup. Sir, his Misfortune
Deserves not this Reproof.

Cham. In your Opinion,
'Tis fit you two should be of one Belief,
You are indeed fine Gallants, and fight bravely
I'th' City with your Tongues, but in the Field
Have neither Spirit to dare, nor Power to do,
Your Swords are all Lead there.

Beaup. I know no Duty,
(However you may wreak your Spleen on him,)
That binds me to endure this.

Cham. From *Dinant*
You'll suffer more; that ever cursed I,
Should give my Honour up, to the defence
Of such a thing as he is; or my Lady,
That is all Innocent, for whom a Dove would
Assume the Courage of a daring Eagle,
Repose her Confidence in one that can
No better guard her. In contempt of you
I love *Dinant*, mine Enemy, nay admire him,
His Valour claims it from me, and with Justice,
He that could fight thus, in a Cause not honest,
His Sword edg'd with defence of Right and Honour,
Would pierce as deep as Lightning, with that speed too,
And kill as deadly.

Verd. You are as far from Justice,
In him you praise, as Equity in the censure
You load me with.

Beaup. *Dinant*? He durst not meet us.

Lam. How? Durst not, Brother?

Beaup. Durst not, I repeat it.

Verd. Nor was it *Cleremont*'s Valour that disarm'd us,
I had the better of him; for *Dinant*,
If that might make my Peace with you, I dare
Write him a Coward upon every Post,
And with the hazard of my Life defend it.

Lam. If 'twere laid at the Stake you'd lose it, Nephew.

Cham. Came he not, say you?

Verd. No, but in his room
There was a Devil, hir'd from some Magician
I'th' shape of an Attorney.

Beaup. 'Twas he did it.

Verd. And his the Honour.

Beaup. I could wish *Dinant*——
But what talk I of one that slept aside,
And durst not come?

Lam. I am such a Friend to Truth,
I cannot hear this: Why do you detract
Thus poorly (I should say to others, basely)
From one of such approv'd Worth?

Cham. Ha! How's this?

Lam. From one so excellent in all that's Noble,
Whose only Weakness is excess of Courage?
That knows no Enemies, that he cannot master,
But his Affections, and in them, the worst
His love to me.

Cham. To you?

Lam. Yes, Sir, to me,
I dare (for what is that which Innocence dares not)
To you profess it; and he shun'd not the Combat
For fear or doubt of these: Blush and repent,
That you in Thought e'er did that Wrong to Valour.

Beaup. Why, 'this is rare;

Cham. 'Fore Heav'n, exceeding rare;
Why modest Lady, you that sing such Encomiums
Of your first Suiter——

Verd. How can ye convince us
In your Reports?

Lam.

Lam. With what you cannot answer,
'Twas my Command that staid him.

Cham. Your Command? (Power,

Lam. Mine, Sir, and had my Will rank'd with my
And his Obedience, I could have sent him
With more ease, weaponless to you, and bound,
Than have kept him back, so well he loves his Honour
Beyond his Life.

Cham. Better and better still.

Lam. I wrought with him in private, to divert him
From your assur'd Destruction, had he met you.

Cham. In private?

Lam. Yes, and us'd all Arts, all Charms
Of one that knew her self the absolute Mistress
Of all his Faculties.

Cham. Gave all Rewards too
His Service could deserve; did not he take
The measure of my Sheets?

Lam. Do not look Yellow,
I have cause to speak; Frowns cannot fright me.
By all my Hopes, as I am spotless to you,
If I rest once assur'd you do but doubt me,
Or curb me of that freedom you once gave me——

Cham. What then?

Lam. I'll not alone abuse your Bed, that's nothing,
But to your more Vexation, 'tis resolv'd on,
I'll run away, and then try if *Dinant*
Have Courage to defend me.

Cham. Impudent!

Verd. And on the sudden——

Beaup. How are ye transform'd
From what you were?

Lam. I was an Innocent Virgin,
And I can truly swear, a Wife as pure
As ever lay by Husband, and will die so,
Let me live unsuspected, I am no Servant,
Nor will be us'd like one: If you desire
To keep me constant as I would be, let
Trust and Belief in you beget and nurse it;
Unnecessary Jealousies make more Whores

Than all Baits else laid to entrap our Frailties.

Beaup. There's no contesting with her, from a Child
Once mov'd, she hardly was to be appeas'd,
Yet I dare swear her honest.

Cham. So I think too,
On better judgment: I am no *Italian*,
To lock her up: Nor would I be a *Dutchman*,
To have my Wife my Sovereign, to command me:
I'll try the gentler way, but if that fail,
Believe it, Sir, there's nothing but extreams
Which she must feel from me.

Beaup. That as you please, Sir. (sweetly,

Char. You have won the Breeches, Madam, look up
My Lord limps toward you.

Lam. You will learn more Manners.

Char. This is a Fee, for Counsel that's unask'd for.

Cham. Come, I mistook thee, Sweet, prithee forgive me,
I never will be Jealous: E'er I cherish
Such a mechanick Humour, I'll be nothing;
I'll say, *Dinant* is all that thou would'st have him,
Will that suffice?

Lam. 'Tis well, Sir.

Cham. Use thy freedom
Uncheck'd, and unobserv'd, if thou wilt have it,
These shall forget their Honour, I my Wrongs.
We'll all dote on him, Hell be my Reward
If I dissemble.

Lam. And that Hell take me
If I affect him, he's a lustful Villain,
But yet no Coward, and solicits me
To my Dishonour, that's indeed a Quarrel,
And truly mine, which I will so revenge,
As it shall fright such as dare only think
To be Adulterers.

Cham. Use thine own ways,
I give up all to thee.

Beaup. O Women, Women!
When you are pleas'd you are the least of Evils.

Verd. I'll rhyme to't; But provok'd, the worst of Devils.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Monsieur Sampson, and three Clients.

Samp. I know Monsieur *La-writ*.

1 Cli. Would he knew himself, Sir.

Samp. He was a pretty Lawyer, a kind of pretty Lawyer,
Of a kind of unable thing.

2 Cli. A fine Lawyer, Sir,
And would have fir'd you up a business,
And out of this Court into that.

Samp. Ye are too forward
Not so fine my Friends, something he could have done,
But short, short.

1 Cli. I know your Worship's Favour,
You are Nephew to the Judge, Sir.

Samp. It may be so, (Friends;
And something may be done, without trotting i'th' Dirt,
It may be I can take him in his Chamber,
And have an hours talk, it may be so,
And tell him that in's Ear; there are such courtesies;
I will not say, I can.

3 Cli. We know you can, Sir. (*La-writ?*)

Samp. Peradventure ay, peradventure no: But where's
Where's your sufficient Lawyer?

1 Cli. He's blown up, Sir.

2 Cli. Run mad, and quarrels with the Dog he meets;
He is no Lawyer of this World now.

Samp. Your Reason?
Is he Defunct? Is he Dead?

2 Cli. No he's not dead yet, Sir;
But I would be loth to take a lease on's Life for two hours:
Alas, he is posselt, Sir, with the Spirit of Fighting,
And quarrels with all People; but how he came to it —

Samp. If he fight well and like a Gentleman,
The Man may fight, for 'tis a lawful Calling.
Look you my Friends, I am a civil Gentleman,
And my Lord my Uncle loves me.

3 Cli. We all know it, Sir. (business,

Samp. I think he does, Sir, I have business too, much
Turn you some forty or fifty Causes in a Week;
Yet when I get an hour of vacancy,
I can fight too, my Friends, a little does well,

I would be loath to learn to fight.

1 *Cli.* But an't please you, Sir,
His fighting has neglected all our Business.
We are undone, our Causes cast away, Sir,
His not appearance.

Samp. There he fought too long,
A little and fight well, he fought too long indeed Friends;
But ne'ertheless things must be as they may,
And there be ways——

1 *Cli.* We know, Sir, if you please——

Samp. Something I'll do: Go rally up your Causes.

Enter La-writ, and a Gentleman, at the Door.

2 *Cli.* Now you may behold, Sir,
And be a Witness, whether we lie or no. (men,

La-writ. I'll meet you at the Ordinary, sweet Gentle-
And if there be a Wench or two——

Gent. We'll have 'em.

La-writ. No handling any Duels before I come,
We'll have no going else, I hate a Coward.

Gent. There shall be nothing done.

La-writ. Make all the Quarrels
You can devise before I come, and let's all fight,
There is no sport else.

Gent. We'll see what may be done, Sir.

1 *Cli.* Ha? Monsieur *La-writ*.

La-writ. Baffled in way of Business,
My Causes cast away, Judgment against us?
Why there it goes.

2 *Cli.* What shall we do the whilst, Sir?

La-writ. Breed new Dissentions, go hang your selves,
'Tis all one to me; I have a new trade of Living.

1 *Cli.* Do you hear what he says, Sir?

Samp. The Gentleman speaks finely.

La-writ. Will any of you fight? Fighting's my Occupa-
If you find your selves aggriev'd. (tion

Samp. A compleat Gentleman.

La-writ. Avant thou buckram Budget of Petitions,
Thou spittle of lame Causes; I lament for thee,
And till Revenge be taken——

Samp. 'Tis most excellent.

La-writ.

La-writ. There, every Man chuse his Paper, and his Place.
I'll answer ye all, I will neglect no Man's business,
But he shall have satisfaction like a Gentleman,
The Judge may do and not do, he's but a Monsieur.

Samp. You have nothing of mine in your Bag, Sir.

La-writ. I know not, Sir,
But you may put any thing in, any fighting thing.

Samp. It is sufficient, you may hear hereafter.

La-writ. I rest your Servant, Sir.

Samp. No more words Gentlemen,
But follow me, no more words as you love me,
The Gentleman's a noble Gentleman,
I shall do what I can, and then——

Cli. We thank you, Sir.

Samp. Not a word to disturb him, he's a Gentleman.

[*Ex. Sampson and Clients.*]

La-writ. No Cause go o' my side? The Judge cast all?
And because I was honourably employ'd in Action,
And not appear'd, pronounce? 'Tis very well,
'Tis well faith, 'tis well, Judge.

Enter Cleremont.

Cler. Who have we here?
My little furious Lawyer?

La-writ. I say 'tis well,
But mark the End.

Cler. How he is Metamorphos'd?
Nothing of Lawyer left, not a bit of Suckram,
No soliciting Face now, this is no simple Conversion.
Your Servant Sir, and Friend.

La-writ. You come in time, Sir.

Cler. The happier Man, to be at your command then.

La-writ. You may wonder to see me thus; but that's all
Time shall declare; 'Tis true I was a Lawyer, (one,
But I have mew'd that Coat, I hate a Lawyer,
Talk'd much in the Court, now I hate talking,
I did you the office of a Man.

Cler. I must confess it.

La-writ. And budg'd not, no I budg'd not.

Cler. No, you did not.

La-writ. There's it then, one good turn requires ano- (ther.
Cler.

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Cler. Most willing, Sir, I am ready at your Service.

La-writ. There, read, and understand, and then deliver

Cler. This is a Challenge, Sir. (it.

La-writ. 'Tis very like, Sir,
I seldom now write Sonnets.

Cler. O admirantis,

To Monsieur *Vertaign*, the President.

La-writ. I chuse no Fool, Sir.

Cler. Why, he's no Sword-man, Sir.

La-writ. Let him learn, let him learn;
Time, that trains Chickens up, will teach him quickly.

Cler. Why, he's a Judge, an Old Man.

La-writ. Never too Old

To be a Gentleman; and he that is a Judge
Can judge best what belongs to wounded Honour.

There are my Griefs, he has cast away my Causes,
In which he has bow'd my Reputation.

And therefore Judge, or no Judge.

Cler. Pray be rul'd, Sir.

This is the maddest thing——

La-writ. You will not carry it.

Cler. I do not tell you so, but if you may be perswaded.

La-writ. You know how you us'd me when I would not
Do you remember, Gentleman? (fight,

Cler. The Devil's in him.

La-writ. I see it in your Eyes, that you dare do it.
You have a carrying Face, and you shall carry it.

Cler. The least is Banishment.

La-writ. Be banish'd then;

'Tis a Friend's part, we'll meet in *Africa*,
Or any part of the Earth.

Cler. Say he will not fight.

La-writ. I know then what to say, take you no care, Sir.

Cler. Well, I will carry it, and deliver it,
And to morrow Morning meet you in the *Louvre*,
Till when, my Service.

La-writ. A Judge, or no Judge, no Judge. [*Ex. La-writ.*

Cler. This is the prettiest Rogue that e'er I read of,
None to provoke to th' Field, but the old President;
What Face shall I put on? If I come in earnest,

I am sure to wear a pair of Bracelets ;
This may make some Sport yet, I will deliver it,
Here comes the President.

Enter Vertaign, with two Gentlemen.

Vert. I shall find time, Gentlemen,
To do your Causes good: Is not that *Cleremont*?

1 Gent. 'Tis he, my Lord.

Vert. Why does he smile upon me?
Am I become ridiculous? Has your Fortune, Sir,
Upon my Son, made you contemn his Father?
The Glory of a Gentleman is fair bearing.

Cler. Mistake me not, my Lord, you shall not find that,
I come with no blown Spirit to abuse you,
I know your Place and Honour due unto it,
The Reverence to your silver Age and Virtue.

Vert. Your Face is merry still.

Cler. So is my business,
And I beseech your Honour mistake me not,
I have brought you from a wild or rather Mad-man
As mad a piece of——you were wont to love Mirth
In your young days, I have known your Honour woo it,
This may be made no little one, 'tis a Challenge, Sir,
Nay, start not, I beseech you, it means you no harm,
Nor any Man of Honour, or Understanding,
'Tis to steal from your serious Hours a little Laughter;
I am bold to bring it to your Lordship.

Vert. 'Tis to me indeed:

Do they take me for a Sword-man at these Years? (Sir,

Cler. 'Tis only worth your Honour's Mirth, that's all,
'T had been in me else a sawcy Rudeness.

Vert. From one *La-writ*, a very punctual Challenge.

Cler. But if your Lordship mark it, no great matter.

Vert. I have known such a wrangling Advocate,
Such a little figent thing; Oh I remember him,
A notable talking Knave, now out upon him,
Has challeng'd me downright, defied me mortally;
I do remember too, I cast his Causes.

Cler. Why there's the Quarrel, Sir, the mortal Quarrel.

Vert. Why, what a Knave is this? As you're a Gentle-
Is there no further purpose but meer Mirth? (man,
What

What a bold Man of War! he invites me roundly.

Cler. If there should be, I were no Gentleman,
Nor worthy of the Honour of my Kindred.
And though I am sure your Lordship hates my Person,
Which Time may bring again into your Favour,
Yet for the Manners——

Vert. I am satisfy'd,
You see, Sir, I have out-liv'd those days of fighting,
And therefore cannot do him the Honour to beat him my
But I have a Kinsman much of his ability, (self;
His Wit and Courage, for this call him Fool,
One that will spit as senseless fire as this Fellow.

Cler. And such a Man to undertake, my Lord?

Vert. Nay he's too forward, these two pitch Barrels

Cler. Upon my Soul, no harm. (together.

Vert. It makes me smile.

Why, what a stinking smother will they utter?
Yes, he shall undertake, Sir, as my Champion,
Since you propound it Mirth, I'll venture on it,
And shall defend my Cause; but as you're honest
Sport not with Blood.

Cler. Think not so basely, good Sir.

Vert. A Squire shall wait upon you from my Kinsman,
To morrow Morning make you sport at full,
You want no Subject; but no Wounds.

Cler. That's my care.

Vert. And so good day. [*Ex. Vertaign, and Gentlemen.*

Cler. Many unto your Honour.

This is a noble Fellow, of a sweet Spirit;
Now must I think how to contrive this matter,
For together they shall go.

Enter Dinant.

Din. O Cleremont,
I am glad I have found thee.

Cler. I can tell thee rare things.

Din. O, I can tell thee rarer:
Dost thou love me?

Cler. Love thee?

Din. Dost thou love me dearly?
Dar'st thou for my sake?

Cler.

Cler. Any thing that's honest.

Din. Though it be dangerous?

Cler. Pox o' dangerous.

Din. Nay wondrous dangerous.

Cler. Wilt thou break my Heart?

Din. Along with me then.

Cler. I must part to morrow.

Din. You shall, you shall, be faithful for this night,
And thou hast made thy Friend.

Cler. Away, and talk not.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lamira, and Nurse.

Lam. O Nurse, welcome, where's *Dinant*?

Nurse. He's at my Back.

'Tis the most liberal Gentleman, this Gold
He gave me for my pains, nor can I blame you,
If you yield up the Fort.

Lam. How? yield it up?

Nurse. I know not, he that loves, and gives so largely,
And a young Lord to boot, or I am cozen'd,
May enter every where.

Lam. Thou'lt make me angry.

Enter Dinant, and Cleremont.

Nurse. Why, if you are, I hope here's one will please you,
Look on him with my Eyes, good luck go with you:
Were I young for your sake——

Din. I thank thee, Nurse.

Nurse. I would be tractable, and as I am——

Lam. Leave the Room,

So old, and so immodest! and be careful,
Since Whispers will wake sleeping Jealousies,
That none disturb my Lord.

[*Exit Nurse.*

Cler. Will you dispatch?

Till you come to the matter be not rapt thus,
Walk in, walk in, I am your Scout for once,
You owe me the like Service.

Din. And will pay it.

Lam. As you respect your Lives, speak not so loud.

Cler. Why, do it in dumb shew then, I am silenc'd.

Lam. Be not so hasty, Sir, the golden Apples
Had a fell Dragon for their Guard, your Pleasures

Are

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Are to be attempted with *Herculean* danger,
Or never to be gotten.

Din. Speak the means.

Lam. Thus briefly, my Lord sleeps now, and alas,
Each Night, he only sleeps.

Cler. Go, keep her stirring.

Lam. Now if he wake, as sometimes he does,
He only stretches out his Hand and feels
Whether I am a Bed, which being assur'd of,
He sleeps again; but should he miss me, Valour
Could not defend our Lives.

Din. What's to be done then?

Lam. Servants have servile Faiths, nor have I any
That I dare trust; on noble *Cleremont*
We safely may rely.

Cler. What Man can do,
Command and boldly.

Lam. Thus then, in my place
You must lye with my Lord.

Cler. With an old Man?

Two Beards together, that's preposterous.

Lam. There is no other way, and though 'tis dangerous,
He having Servants within call, and arm'd too,
Slaves fed to act all that his Jealousie
And Rage commands them, yet a true Friend should not
Check at the hazard of a life.

Cler. I thank you,
I love my Friend, but know no reason why
To hate my self; to be a kind of Pander,
You see I am willing,
But to betray mine own Throat you must pardon.

Din. Then I am lost, and all my hopes defeated;
Were I to hazard ten times more for you,
You should find, *Cleremont*——

Cler. You shall not outdo me,
Fall what may fall, I'll do't.

Din. But for his Beard——

Lam. To cover that you shall have my night Linnen;
And you dispos'd of, my *Dinant* and I
Will have some private Conference.

Enter

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Enter Champernel privately.

Cler. Private doing,
Or I'll not venture.

Lam. That's as we agree. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Nurse and Charlotte, pass over the Stage with
Pillows, Night-cloaths, and such things. (nour?)*

Cham. What can this Woman do, preserving her Ho-
I have given her all the liberty that may be,
I will not be far off though, nor I will not be jealous,
Nor trust too much, I think she is virtuous,
Yet when I hold her best, she's but a Woman,
As full of Frailty as of Faith, a poor slight Woman,
And her best Thoughts, but weak Fortifications,
There may be a Mine wrought: Well, let 'em work then,
I shall meet with it, 'till the Signs be monstrous,
And stick upon my Head, I will not believe it,

[Stands private.]

She may be, and she may not; now to my observation.

Enter Dinant, and Lamira.

Din. Why do you make me stay so? If you love me--

Lam. You are too hot and violent.

Din. Why do you shift thus
From one Chamber to another?

Lam. A little delay, Sir,
Like Fire a little sprinkled o'er with Water,
Makes the Desires burn clear, and ten times hotter.

Din. Why do you speak so loud? I pray go in,
Sweet Mistress, I am mad, time steals away,
And when we would enjoy——

Lam. Now fie, fie, Servant,
Like sensual Beasts shall we enjoy our Pleasures?

Din. Pray do not kiss me then.

Lam. Why, that I will, and you shall find anon, Servant.

Din. Softly, for Heav'n's sake, you know my Friend's
A little now, now; will ye go in again? *(engag'd,*

Lam. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Din. Why do you laugh so loud, Precious?
Will you betray me; ha' my Friend's Throat cut!

Lam. Come, come, I'll kiss thee again.

Cham. Will you so? You are liberal,
If you do cozen me——

Enter

Enter Nurse with Wine.

Din. What's this?

Lam. Wine, Wine, a draught or two.

Din. What does this Woman here?

Lam. She shall not hinder you.

Din. This might have been spar'd,
'Tis but delay and time lost; pray send her softly off.

Lam. Sit down, and mix your Spirits with Wine,
I will make you another *Hercules*.

Din. I dare not drink;
Fie, what delays you make? I dare not,
I shall be drunk presently, and do strange things then.

Lam. Not drink a Cup with your Mistress! O the
pleasure.

Din. Lady, why this? *[Musick.*

Lam. We must have Mirth to our Wine, Man.

Din. Pl——o' the Musick.

Cham. God-a-mercy, Wench.
If thou dost Cuckold me I shall forgive thee.

Din. The House will all rise now, this will disturb all.
Did you do this?

Lam. Peace, and sit quiet, Fool,
You love me, come, sit down and drink.

Enter Clerement above.

Cler. What a Devil ail you?
How cold I sweat! a Hog's pox stop your Pipes, *[Musick.*
The Thing will wake; now, now, methinks I find
His Sword just gliding through my Throat. What's that?
A vengeance choak your Pipes. Are you there, Lady?
Stop, stop those Rascals; do you bring me hither
To be cut into minc'd Meat? Why *Dinant*?

Din. I cannot do withal;
I have spoke, and spoke; I am betray'd and lost too.

Cler. Do you hear me? Do you understand me?
Plague dam your Whistles. *[Musick ends.*

Lam. 'Twas but an over-sight, they have done, lyed down.

Cler. Would you had done too,
You know not

In what a misery and fear I lye.

You have a Lady in your Arms.

Din. I would have—— *[The Recorders again.*
Cham.

Cham. I'll watch you Goodman wou'd have.

Cler. Remove for Heav'ns sake,
And fall to that you come for.

Lam. Lie you down,
'Tis but an hour's endurance now.

Cler. I dare not, softly sweet Lady — heart?

Lam. 'Tis nothing but your fear, he sleeps still sound,
Lie gently down.

Cler. 'Pray make an end.

Din. Come, Madam.

Lam. These Chambers are too near. [*Ex. Din. Lam.*]

Cham. I shall be nearer;

Well, go thy ways, I'll trust thee through the World,
Deal how thou wilt: That that I never feel,
I'll never fear. Yet by the Honour of a Soldier,
I hold thee truly Noble: How these things will look,
And how their Blood will curdle! Play on Children,
You shall have Pap anon. O thou grand Fool,
'That thou knew'st but thy Fortune—— [*Musick done,*]

Cler. Peace, good Madam,
Stop her Mouth, *Dinant*, it sleeps yet, 'pray be wary,
Dispatch, I cannot endure this Misery,
I can hear nothing more; I'll say my Prayers,
And down again—— [*Whistle within.*]

A thousand Alarms fall upon my Quarters,
Heav'n send me off; when I lye keeping Courses.
Pl———o' your fumbling, *Dinant*; how I shake!
'Tis still again: would I were in the *Indies*. [*Exit Cler.*]

Enter Dinant, and Lamira: A Light within.

Din. Why do you use me thus? Thus poorly? Basely?
Work me into a Hope, and then destroy me?

Why did you send for me? This new way train me?

Lam. Mad-man, and Fool, and false Man, now I'll shew

Din. 'Pray put your Light out. (thce.

Lam. Nay I'll hold it thus,
That all chaste Eyes may see thy Lust, and scorn it,
Tell me but this, when you first doted on me,
And made Suit to enjoy me as your Wife,
Did you not hold me honest?

Din. Yes, most Virtuous.

Lam. And did not that appear the only Lustre
That made me worth your Love and Admiration?

Din. I must confess——

Lam. Why would you deal so basely?
So like a Thief, a Villain?

Din. Peace, good Madam.

Lam. I'll speak aloud too; thus maliciously,
Thus breaking all the Rules of Honesty,
Of Honour and of Truth, for which I lov'd you,
For which I call'd you Servant, and admir'd you;
To steal that Jewel purchas'd by another,
Piously set in Wedlock, even that Jewel,
Because it had no Flaw, you held unvaluable:
Can he that has lov'd Good, dote on the Devil?
For he that seeks a Whore, seeks but his Agent;
Or am I of so wild and low a Blood?
So nurs'd in Infamies?

Din. I do not think so,
And I repent.

Lam. That will not serve your turn, Sir.

Din. It was your Treaty drew me on.

Lam. But it was your Villany
Made you pursue it; I drew you but to try
How much a Man, and nobly thou durst stand,
How well you had deserv'd the name of Virtuous;
But you like a wild Torrent, mix'd with all
Beastly and base Affections, came floating on,
Swelling your poison'd Billows——

Din. Will you betray me?

Lam. To all the Miseries a vex'd Woman may.

Din. Let me but out,
Give me but room to toss my Sword about me,
And I will tell you you're a treacherous Woman.
O that I had but Words!

Lam. They will not serve you.

Din. But two-edg'd Words to cut thee; a Lady Traitor?
Perish by a proud Puppet? I did you too much Honour,
To tender you my Love, too much respected you
To think you worthy of my worst Embraces.
Go take your Groom, and let him dally with you,

Your

Your greasie Groom; I scorn to imp your lame Stock,
You are not fair, nor handsome, I ly'd loudly,
This Tongue abus'd you when it spoke you Beauteous.

Lam. 'Tis very well, 'tis brave.

Din. Put out your Light,
Your lascivious Eyes are flames enough
For Fools to find you out; a Lady Plotter!
Must I begin your Sacrifice of Mischief?
I and my Friend, the first-fruits of that Blood,
You and your honourable Husband aim at?
Crooked and wretched you are both.

Lam. To you, Sir:
Yet to the Eye of Justice straight as Truth.

Din. Is this a Woman's Love? A Woman's Mercy?
Do you profess this seriously? Do you laugh at me?

Lam. Ha, ha.

(ries,

Din. Pl——light upon your Scorns, upon your Flatte-
Upon your tempting Faces, all Destructions;
A Bed-rid Winter hang upon your Cheeks,
And blast, blast, blast those buds of Pride that paint you;
Death in your Eyes to fright Men from these Dangers:
Raife up your Trophy. *Cleremont.*

Cler. What a vengeance ail you?

Din. What dismal Noise! Is there no Honour in you?
Cleremont, we are betray'd, betray'd, sold by a Woman;
Deal bravely for thy self.

Cler. This comes of Rutting;
Are we made Stales to one another?

Din. Yes, we are undone, lost.

Cler. You shall pay for't, Grey-beard.
Up, up, you sleep your last else.

[*Lights above, two Servants and Anabel.*

1 Ser. No, not yet, Sir;
Lady, look up; would you have wrong'd this Beauty?
Wake so tender a Virgin with rough terms?
You wear a Sword, we must entreat you leave it.

2 Ser. Fye Sir, so sweet a Lady? (look,

Cler. Was this my Bed-fellow, pray give me leave to
I am not mad yet, I may be by and by.
Did this lye by me?

1276 *The Little French Lawyer.*

Did I fear this? Is this a Cause to shake at?
Away with me for Shame, I am a Rascal.

*Enter Champernel, Beaupre, Verdone, Lamira,
Anabel, Cleremont, and two Servants.*

Din. I am amaz'd too.

Beaup. We'll recover you. (over,

Verd. You walk like *Robin Good-fellow* all the House
And every Man afraid of you.

Din. 'Tis well, Lady;
The honour of this Deed will be your own,
The World shall know your Bounty.

Beaup. What shall we do with 'em?

Cler. Geld me,
For 'tis not fit I should be a Man again,
I am an Ass, a Dog.

Lam. Take your Revenges,
You know my Husband's Wrongs and your own Losses.

Ana. A brave Man, an admirable brave Man;
Well, well, I would not be so try'd again;
A very handsome proper Gentleman.

Cler. Will you let me lye by her but one Hour more,
And then hang me? (bravely,

Din. We wait your Malice, put your Swords home
You have reason to seek Blood.

Lam. Not as you are Noble.

Cham. Hands off, and give them liberty, only disarm

Beaup. We have done that already. ('em.

Cham. You are welcome, Gentlemen,
I am glad my House has any Pleasure for you,
I keep a couple of Ladies here, they say fair,
And you are young and handsome, Gentlemen;
Have you any more mind to Wenches? (this.

Cler. To be abus'd too? Lady, you might have help'd

Ana. Sir now 'tis past, but't may be I may stand
Your Friend hereafter, in a greater matter.

Cler. Never whilst you live.

Ana. You cannot tell——now, Sir, a parting Hand.

Cler. Down and Roses:

Well I may live to see you again. A dull Rogue,
No Revelation in thee.

Lam.

Lam. Were you well frightened?

Were your fits from the Heart, of all colds and colours?

That's all your Punishment.

Cler. It might have been all yours,
Had not a Block-head undertaken it.

Cham. Your Swords you must leave to these Gentlemen.

Verd. And now, when you dare fight,
We are on even Ice again.

Din. 'Tis well:

To be a Mistress, is to be a Monster,
And so I leave your House, and you for ever.

Lam. Leave your wild Lusts, and then you are a Master.

Cham. You may depart too.

Cler. I had rather stay here.

Cham. Faith we shall fright you worse.

Cler. Not in that manner,
There's five hundred Crowns, fright me but so again.

Din. Come Cleremont, this is the hour of Fool.

Cler. Wiser the next shall be, or we'll to School. [*Exeunt.*]

Cham. How coolly these hot Gallants are departed?
Faith Cousin, 'twas unconscionably done,
To lye so still, and so long,

Ana. 'Twas your Pleasure,
If 'twere a Fault, I may hereafter mend.

Cham. O my best Wife,
Take now what course thou wilt, and lead what Life.

Lam. The more trust you commit, the more care still,
Goodness and Virtue shall attend my Will. (*Gains.*)

Cham. Let's laugh this Night out now, and count our
We have our Honours home, and they their Pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Cleremont, and Dinant.

Din. IT holds, they will go thither.

Cler. To their Summer-house? (*tion,*)

Din. Thither i'th' Evening, and which is the most infli-

R 3

Only

Orly to insult upon our Miseries.

Cler. Are you provided?

Din. Yes, yes.

Cler. Thoroughly?

Din. Thoroughly.

Cler. *Basta*, enough, I have your Mind, I will not fail you.

Din. At such an hour.

Cler. Have I a Memory?

A Cause, and Will to do? Thou art so fullen——

Din. And shall be, till I have a fair Reparation.

Cler. I have more Reason, for I scaped a Fortune,
Which if I come so near again: I say nothing,
But if I sweat not in another fashion——

O a delicate Wench.

Din. 'Tis certain a most handsome one. (too

Cler. And methought the thing was angry with it self
It lay so long conceal'd; but I must part with you,
I have a Scene of Mirth, to drive this from my Heart,
And my hour is come.

Din. Miss not your time.

Cler. I dare not.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Sampson, and a Gentleman.

Gent. I presume, Sir, you now need no Instruction,
Put fairly know what belongs to a Gentleman;
You bear your Uncle's Cause.

Samp. Do not disturb me,
I understand my Cause, and the right Carriage.

Gent. Be not too bloody.

Samp. As I find my Enemy; if his Sword bite,
If it bite, Sir, you must pardon me.

Gent. No doubt he is valiant,
He durst not undertake else.

Samp. He's most welcome,
As he is most valiant, he were no Man for me else.

Gent. But say he should relent.

Samp. He dies relenting,
I cannot help it, he must die relenting,
If he pray, praying, *ipso facto*, praying,
Your honourable way admits no Prayer,
And if he fight, he fall, there's his *quietus*.

Gent.

Gest. You're nobly punctual, let's retire and meet 'em,
But still, I say, have Mercey.

Samp. I say, Honour.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Champernel, Lamira, Anabel, Beaupre, Verd-
done, Charlote, and a *Servant*.

Lam. Will not you go, Sweet-heart?

Cham. Go? I'll fly with thee.

I stay behind?

Lam. My Father will be there too,
And all our best Friends.

Beaup. And if we be not merry,
We have hard luck, Lady.

Verd. Faith let's have a kind of Play.

Champ. What shall it be?

Verd. The Story of *Dinant*:

Lam. With the merry Conceits of *Cleremont*,
His Fits and Feavers.

Ana. But I'll lie still no more.

Lam. That, as you make the Play, 'twill be rare sport,
And how 'twill vex my Gallants, when they hear it?
Have you given order for the Coach?

Char. Yes, Madam.

Cham. My easie Nag, and Pad.

Ser. 'Tis making ready.

Cham. Where are your Horses?

Beaup. Ready at an hour, Sir: We'll not be last.

Cham. Fie, what a Night shall we have!
A roaring merry Night.

Lam. We'll fly at all, Sir.

Cham. I'll fly at thee too, finely, and so ruffle thee,
I'll try your Art upon a Country Pallet.

Lam. Brag not too much, for fear I should expect it,
Then if you fail ——

Cham. Thou say'st too true, we all talk.
But let's in, and prepare, and after Dinner
Begin our mirthful Pilgrimage.

Lam. He that's sad,

A Crab-fac'd Mistress cleave to him for this Year.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

1280 *The Little French Lawyer.*

Enter Cleremont, and La-writ.

La-writ. Since it cannot be the Judge——

Cler. 'Tis a great deal better. (man?)

La-writ. You are sure, he is his Kinsman? A Gentle-

Cler. As arrant a Gentleman, and a brave Fellow,
And so near to his Blood——

La-writ. It shall suffice,
I'll set him further off, I'll give a remove
Shall quit his Kindred, I'll lop him.

Cler. Will ye kill him? (I kill him,

La-writ. And there were no more Cousins in the World
I do mean, Sir, to kill all my Lord's Kindred.
For every Cause a Cousin.

Cler. How if he have no more Cousins?

La-writ. The next a kin then to his Lordship's Favour;
The Man he smiles upon.

Cler. Why this is Vengeance, horrid, and dire.

La-writ. I love a dire Revenge:
Give me the Man that will all others kill,
And last himself.

Cler. You stole that Resolution.

La-writ. I had it in a Play, but that's all one,
I wou'd see it done.

Cler. Come, you must be more merciful.

La-writ. To no Lord's Cousins in the World, I hate 'em;
A Lord's Cousin to me is a kind of Cockatrice,
If I see him first, he dies.

A strange Antipathy,

Cler. What think you of their Neices?

La-writ. If I like 'em,
They may live, and multiply; 'tis a cold Morning.

Cler. 'Tis sharp indeed; you have broke your Fast?

La-writ. No verily.

Cler. Your Valour would have ask'd a good Foundation.

La-writ. Hang him, I'll kill him Fasting.

Enter Sampson, and the Gentleman.

Cler. Here they come,
Bear your self in your Language, smooth and gently,
When y our Swords argue.

La-writ. 'Pray Sir, spare your Precepts.

Gent.

Gent. I have brought you, Sir——

La-writ. 'Tis very well, no words;
You are welcome, Sir.

Samp. I thank you, Sir, few words.

La-writ. I'll kill you for your Uncle's sake.

Samp. I love you,
I'll cut your Throat for your own sake.

La-writ. I esteem of you.

Cler. Let's render 'em honest and fair, Gentlemen;
Search my Friend, I'll search yours.

Gent. That's quickly done.

Cler. You come with no Spells, nor Witchcrafts?

Samp. I come fairly to kill him honestly.

La-writ. Hang Spells and Witchcrafts,
I come to kill my Lord's Nephew like a Gentleman,
And so I kiss his Hand.

Gent. This Doublet is too stiff.

La-writ. Off with't, I hate it,
And all such Fortifications, feel my Skin,
If that be stiff, flea that off too.

Gent. 'Tis no soft one.

La-writ. Off with't, I say:
I'll fight with him like a flea'd Cat.

Gent. You are well, you are well.

Cler. You must uncase too.

Samp. Yes, Sir.

But tell me this, why should I mix mine Honour
With a Fellow that has ne'er a Lace in's Shirt?

Gent. That's a main Point, my Friend has two.

Cler. That's true, Sir. (know

La-writ. Base and degenerate Cousin, do'st not thou
An old and tatter'd Colours to the Enemy,
Is of more Honour, and shews more ominous?
This Shirt, five time Victorious I have fought under,
And cut through Squadrons of your curious Cut-works,
As I will do through thine; shake, and be satisfi'd.

Cler. This is unanswerable.

Samp. But may I fight with a foul Shirt?

Gent. Most certain, so it be a fighting Shirt,
Let it be ne'er so foul, or lowlie; *Cæsar* wore such a one.
Samp.

Samp. Saint Denis then : I accept your Shirt.

Cler. Not so forward, first you must talk,
'Tis a main Point of the *French* Method,
Talk civilly, and make your Cause Authentick.

Gent. No Weapon must be near you, nor no Anger.

Cler. When you have done, then stir your Resolutions;
Take to your Weapons bravely.

La-writ. 'Tis too cold;
This for a Summer Fight.

Cler. Not for a World you should transgress the Rules.

Samp. 'Tis peevish Weather,
I had rather Fight without.

Gent. An 'twere in a River.

Cler. Where both stood up to th' Chins.

La-writ. Then let's talk quickly,
Pl—— o' this Circumstance.

Cler. Are the Horses come yet? (civilly.

Gent. Yes, certain; give your Swords to us, now

Cler. We'll stand a while off; take the things, and leave
You know when, and let the Children play : ('em,
This is a dainty time of Year for Puppies,
Would the old Lord were here.

Gent. He would die with laughter.

Cler. I am sorry I have no time to see this Game out,
Away, away.

Gent. Here's like to be a hot Fight,
Call when y'are fit. [Ex. Cler. and Gent.

La-writ. Why look you, Sir, you seem to be a Gentleman,
And you come in honour of your Uncle, boh, boh, 'tis very
Your Uncle has offer'd me some few Affronts, (cold.
Past Flesh and Blood to bear : boh, boh, wondrous cold.

Samp. My Lord, mine Uncle, is an honourable Man,
And what he offers, boh, boh, cold indeed,
Having made choice of me, an unworthy Kinsman,
Yet take me with you : boh, boh, Pestilence cold,
Not altogether.

La-writ. Boh, boh, I say altogether.

Samp. You say you know not what then? boh, boh, Sir.

La-writ. Sir me with your Sword in your Hand;
You have a scurvy Uncle, you have a most scurvy Cause
An

The Little French Lawyer. 1283

And you are ——— boh, boh.

Samp. Boh, boh, what?

La-writ. A shitten scurvy Cousin.

Samp. Our Swords; our Swords;
Thou art a Dog, and like a Dog; our Swords.

La-writ. Our Weapons, Gentlemen: ha? where's your

Samp. Where's your's? (Second?

La-writ. So ho; our Weapons.

Samp. Wa, ha, ho, our Weapons;
Our Doublets and our Weapons: I am dead. (men.

La-writ. First, second, third, a pl--- be wi' you Gentle-

Samp. Are these the Rules of Honour? I am starv'd.

La-writ. They are gone, and we are here; what shall

Samp. O for a couple of Faggots. (we do?

La-writ. Hang a couple of Faggots.

Dar'st thou take a killing cold with me?

Samp. I have it already. (our Doublets?

La-writ. Rogues, Thieves, boh, boh, run away with
To fight at Buffets now, 'twere such a May-game.

Samp. There were no Honour in't, pl--- on't, 'tis scurvy.

La-writ. Or to revenge my Wrongs at Fifty-cuffs.

Samp. My Lord, mine Uncle's Cause depend on Boxes?

La-writ. Let's go in quest, if we ever recover 'em.

Samp. Ay, come, our Colds together, and our Doublets.

La-writ. Give me thy Hand, thou art a valiant Gen-
I say, if ever we recover 'em ——— (tleman,

Samp. Let's get into a House and warm our Hearts.

La-writ. There's ne'er a House within this Mile, beat
Kick me and beat me as I go, and I'll beat thee too, (me,
To keep us warm; if ever we recover 'em ———

Kick hard, I am frozen: So, so, now I feel it.

Samp. I am dull yet.

La-writ. I'll warm thee, I'll warm thee---Gentlemen?
Rogues, Thieves, Thieves: run, now I'll follow thee [*Exe.*

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, Beaupre, Verdane,
Lamira, Anabel, Charlotte, and Nurse.

Vert. Use Legs, and have Legs.

Cham. You that have Legs, say so,
I put my one to too much stress.

Verd. Your Horse, Sir,

Will

Will meet you within half a Mile.

Lam. I like

The Walk so well, I should not miss my Coach,
Tho' it were further. *Anabel* thou art sad:
What ails my Niece?

Beaup. She's still musing, Sister,
How quietly her late Bed-fellow lay by her.

Nurse. Old as I am, he would have startled me,
Nor can you blame her.

Char. Had I ta'en her place,
I know not, but I fear, I should ha' shriek'd,
Tho' he had never offer'd——

Ana. Out upon thee,
Thou wouldst have taught him.

Char. I think, with your pardon,
That you wish now you had.

Ana. I am glad I yield you
Such ample scope of mirth.

[*Cornet.*
Musick within.

Vert. Nay, be not angry,
There's no ill meant: Ha? Musick, and choice Musick?

Cham. 'Tis near us in the Grove; what courteous
Bestows it on us? my dancing Days are done; [Bounty
Yet I would thank the Giver, did I know him.

Verd. 'Tis questionless some one of your own Village,
That hearing of your purpos'd Journey thither,
Prepares it for your Entertainment, and
The Honour of my Lady.

Lam. I think rather,
Some of your Lordship's Clients.

Beaup. What say you, Cousin,
If they should prove your Suitors?

Verd. That's most likely.

Nurse. I say, if you are Noble, be't who will,
Go presently, and thank 'em: I can jump yet,
Or tread a Measure.

Lam. Like a Miller's Mare.

Nurse. I warrant you, well enough, to serve the Country,
I'll make one, and lead the way. [Exit.

Char. Do you note,
How zealous the old Crone is?

Lam.

Cam And you titter
As eagerly as she: Come Sweet, we'll follow,
No ill can be intended. [*Musick ends.*
Cham. I ne'er fear'd yet. [*Exeunt.*

SONG in the Wood.

THis way, this way come and bear,
You that hold these Pleasures dear,
Fill your Ears with our sweet sound,
Whilst we melt the frozen Ground:
This way come, make haste, oh fair,
Let your clear Eyes gild the Air;
Come and bless us with your Sight,
This way, this way, seek Delight.

Enter a Company of Gentlemen like Ruffians.

1 *Gent.* They are ours, but draw them on a little further
From the foot Path into the neighbouring Thicket,
And we may do't as safe as in a Castle.

2 *Gent.* They follow still; the President *Vertaigne*
Comes on apace, and *Champernel* limps after;
The Women, as if they had Wings, and walk'd
Upon the Air, fly to us.

1 *Gent.* They are welcome,
We'll make 'em Sport; make a stand here, all know
How we are to proceed.

2 *Gent.* We are instructed. [*Still Musick within.*

1 *Gent.* One strain or two more. [*Gent. off.*

*Enter Vertaigne, Champernel, Beaupre, Verdone,
Lamira, Anabel, Nurse, and Charlotte.*

Excellent, they are come.

Nurse. We cannot miss, in such a Business, yet
Mine Ear ne'er fail'd me. [*Musick for the Dance.*

Char. Would we were at it once,
I do not walk, but dance.

1 *Gent.* You shall have Dancing.
Begin, and when I gave the word —

2 *Gent.* No more:
We are Instructed.

[*Dance.*
Beaup.

Beau. But win us fairly ———

1 Gent. O Sir, we do not come to try your Valour,
But to possess you, yet we use you kindly
In that, like *English* Thieves, we kill you not,
But are contented with the Spoil.

Vert. Oh Heav'n!
How hath mine Age deserv'd this?

Cham. Hell confound it,
This comes of walking; had I kept my Legs,
Or my good Horse, my Armour on,
My Staff in my rest, and this good Sword too, Friend,
How I would break and scatter these.

All Gent. Ha, ha, ha.

Cham. Do you scorn me, Rogues?

Nurse. Nay, Gentlemen, kind Gentlemen,
Or honest Keepers of these Woods, but hear me,
Be not so rough; if you are taken with
My Beauty, as it hath been worth the seeking,
Some one or two of you try me in private,
You shall not find me squeamish.

Char. Do not kill me,
And do your worst, I'll suffer.

Lam. Peace, vile Creatures,

Vert. Do you know me, or my Place, that you pre-
To touch my Person? (sume not

1 Gent. If you are well, rest so,
Provoke not angry Wasps.

Vert. You are Wasps indeed,
Never created to yield Wax or Honey,
But for your Country's torment; yet if you are Men,
As you seem such in shape, if true born *Frenchmen*,
However Want compels you to these Courses,
Rest satisfy'd with what you can take from us,
(These Ladies Honours, and our Liberties safe)
We freely give it.

1 Gent. You give but our own.

Vert. Look on these grey Hairs, as you would be old,
Their Tears, as you would have yours to find Mercy
When Justice shall o'ertake you.

Cham. Look on me,

Look

Look on me Rascals, and learn of me too,
That have been in some part of your Profession,
Before that most of you e'er suck'd, I know it,
I have rode hard, and late too.

Vert. Take heed, Sir.

Cham. Then use me like a Brother of the Trade,
For I have been at Sea, as you on Land are;
Restore my Matrimony undefil'd,
Wrong not my Neice, and for our Gold or Silver,
If I pursue you, hang me.

Nurse. 'Tis well offer'd,
And as I said, sweet Gentlemen with sowre Faces,
If you are high, and want some sport, or so,
As living without action here, you may do,
Forbear their tender Grissels, they are Meat
Will wash away, there is no substance in it,
We that are expert in the Game, and tough too,
Will hold you Play.

Enter Dinant, and Cleremont.

1 Gent. This Hen longs to be trodden.

Din. Lackey, my Horse.

Cler. This way, I heard the Cries
Of distress'd Women.

2 Gent. Stand upon your Guard.

Din. Who's here? my witty, scornful Lady-plot
In the Hands of Ruffians?

Cler. And my fine cold Virgin,
That was insensible of Man, and Woman?

Din. Justice too,
Without a Sword to guard it self?

Cler. And Valour with its Hands bound?

Din. And the great Soldier dull?
Why this is strange.

Lam. *Dinant*, as thou art noble-----

Ana. As thou art valiant, *Cleremont*-----

Lam. As ever I appear'd lovely-----

Ana. As you ever hope
For what I would give gladly-----

Cler. Pretty Conjurations.

Lam. All Injuries a little laid behind you.

Ana.

Ana. Shew your selves Men, and help us.

Din. Though your many
And gross abuses of me should more move me
To triumph in your Miseries than relieve you,-----
Yet that hereafter you may know that I,
The scorn'd and despis'd *Dinant*, know what does
Belong to Honour, thus-----

Cler. I will say little, [Fight.
Speak thou for me.

Cham. 'Tis bravely fought.

Vert. Brave Tempers,
To do thus for their Enemies.

Cham. They are lost yet.

1 *Gent.* You that would rescue others, shall now feel
What they were born to.

2 *Gent.* Hurry then away. [Exeunt.

Manent Vert. and Champernel.

Cham. That I could follow them. (Heav'n

Vert. I only can lament my Fortune, and desire of
A little Life for my Revenge.

Cham. The Provost
Shall fire the Woods, but I will find 'em out,
No Cave, no Rock, nor Hell shall keep them from
My searching Vengeance.

Enter La-writ, and Sampson. (conds.

La-writ. O cold! O fearful cold! plague of all Se-

Samp. O for a Pint of burnt Wine, or a Sip
Of *Aqua fortis*.

Cham. The Rogues have met with these two
Upon my Life, and rob'd 'em.

La-writ. As you are honourable Gentlemen,
Impart unto a couple of cold Combatants.

Samp. My Lord mine Uncle, as I live.

La-writ. Pox take him.

How that Word has warm'd my Mouth?

Vert. Why how now Cousin? (ters

Why, why? and where Man have you been? at a Poul-
That you are cas'd thus like a Rabbet? I could laugh now,
And I shall laugh, for all I have lost my Children,
Laugh monstrously.

Cham.

Cham. What are they?

Vett. Give me leave, Sir,

Laugh more and more, never leave laughing.

Cham. Why, Sir?

Vett. Why, 'tis such a thing, I smell it, Sir, I smell it,
Such a ridiculous thing,——

La-writ. Do you laugh at me, my Lord?

I am very cold, but that should not be laught at.

Cham. What art thou?

La-writ. What art thou?

Sam. If he had his Doublet-----

And his Sword by his side, as a Gentleman ought to have.

Vett. Peace Monsieur Sampson.

Cham. Come hither little Gentleman.

La-writ. Base is the Slave commanded: Come to me.

Vett. This is the little Advocate.

Cham. What Advocate?

Vett. The little Advocate that sent me a Challenge,
I told you that my Nephew undertook it,
And what 'twas like to prove: Now you see the Issue.

Cham. Is this the little Lawyer?

La-writ. You have a Sword, Sir,

And I have none, you have a Doublet too

That keeps you warm, and makes you merry.

Sam. If your Lordship knew

The Nature and the Nobleness of the Gentleman,

Though he shew slight here, and at what gusts of Danger

His Manhood has arrived,

But that Mens Fates are foolish,

And often headlong over-run their Fortunes.

La-writ. That little Lawyer would so prick his Ears
And bite your Honour by the Nose. (up,

Cham. Say you so, Sir? (taigne too.

La-writ. So niggle about your grave Shins Lord Ver-

Sam. No more sweet Gentleman, no more of that, Sir.

La-writ. I will have more, I must have more.

Vett. Out with it.

Samp. Nay he is as brave a Fellow-----

Cham. Have I caught you? [Strikes him down.

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Vett.

Vert. Do not kill him, do not kill him.

Cham. No, no, I will not. Do you peep again?
Down, down, proud Heart.

Samp. O Valour.

Look up brave Friend, I have no means to rescue thee;
My Kingdom for a Sword.

Cham. I'll sword you presently,
I'll claw your Skin Coat too.

Vert. Away good *Sampson*,
You go to grafs else instantly.

Samp. But do not murder my brave Friend.

Vert. Not one Word.

Cham. If you do, Sirra——

Samp. Must I go off dishonour'd?
Adversity tries Valour, so I leave thee.

[*Exit.*

Cham. Are you a Lawyer, Sir?

La-writ. I was, I was, Sir.

Cham. Nay never look, your Lawyer's Pate is broken,
And your litigious Blood about your Ears, Sirra,
Why do you fight and snarle?

La-writ. I was posselt.

Cham. I'll dispossess you.

Vert. Ha, ha, ha.

La-writ. *Et tu Brute?*

Vert. Beat him no more.

Cham. Alas, Sir, I must beat him,
Beat him into his Business again, he will be lost else.

Vert. Then take your way

Cham. Lye still, and do not struggle.

La-writ. I am patient,

I never saw my Blood before, it jades me,
I have no more heart now than a Goose. (trade of living,
Cham. Why Sirra, why do you leave your Trade, your
And send your Challenges like Thunderbolts,
To Men of honour'd Places?

La-writ. I understand, Sir,
I never understood before your beating.

Cham. Does this work on you?

La-writ. Yes.

Cham. Do you thank me for't?

La-writ.

La-writ. As well as a beaten Man can.

Cham. And do you promise me,
To fall close to your Trade again? leave Brawling?

La-writ. If you will give me Leave and Life.

Cham. And ask this noble Man Forgiveness?

La-writ. Heartily. (of you

Cham. Rise then, and get you gone, and let me hear
As of an Advocate new vampt; no more Words,
Get you off quickly, and make no Murmurs,
I shall pursue you else,

La-writ. I have done, sweet Gentlemen. [Exit.

Vert. But we forget our selves, our Friends and Children.

Cham. We'll raise the Country first, then take our
Fortunes. [Exeunt.

Enter one Gentleman, and Lamira.

1 Gent. Shall I entreat for what I may command?

Lam. Think on my Birth.

1 Gent. Here I am only Noble,
A King, and thou in my Dominions, Fool,
A Subject and a Slave.

Lam. Be not a Tyrant,
A Ravisher of Honour, gentle Sir,
And I will think ye such, and on my Knees,
As to my Sovereign, pay a Subject's Duty,
With Prayers and Tears.

1 Gent. I like this humble Carriage,
I will walk by, but kneel you still and weep too,
It shews well, while I mediate on the Prey,
Before I seize it.

Lam. Is there no Mercy, Heav'n?

Enter second Gentleman, and Anabel.

2 Gent. Not kiss you?

I will, and kiss again.

Ana. Savage Villain!

My Innocence be my strength, I do defie thee,
Thus scorn and spit at thee; will you come on, Sir?
You are hot, there is a Cooler.

2 Gent. A Virago? (Goddes,

Ana. No, loathsome Goat, more, more, I am that
That here with Whips of Steel in Hell hereafter

Scourge Rape and Theft.

2 *Gent.* I'll try your Deity.

Ana. My Chastity, and this Knife held by a Virgin,
Against thy Lust, thy Sword and thee a Beast,
Call on for the Encounter.

2 *Gent.* Now what think you?

[Throws her and takes her Knife.

Are you a Goddess?

Ana. In me their Pow'r suffers,
That should protect the Innocent.

1 *Gent.* I am all Fire,
And thou shalt quench it, and serve my Pleasures.
Come Partner in the Spoil and the Reward,
Let us enjoy our Purchase.

Lam. O Dinant!

O Heav'n! O Husband!

Ana. O my Cleremont!

(forth

1 *Gent.* Two are our Slaves they call on, bring 'em
As they are Chain'd together, let them see
And suffer in the Object.

*Enter Dinant and Cleremont bound, by the rest of
the Gentlemen.*

2 *Gent.* While we sit
And without pity hear 'em.

Cler. By my Life,
I suffer more for thee than for my self.

Din. Be a Man, Cleremont, and look upon 'em
As such that not alone abus'd our Service,
Fed us with hopes most bitter in Digestion,
But when Love fail'd, to draw on further Mischief,
The baits they laid for us, were our own Honours,
Which thus hath made us Slaves too, worse than Slaves.

2 *Gent.* He dies.

1 *Gent.* Pray hold, give him a little respite.

Din. I see you now beyond Expression wretched,
The Wit you brag'd of fool'd, that boasted Honour,
As you believ'd compass'd with Walls of Brass,
To guard it sure, subject to be o'erthrown
With the least blast of Lust.

Lam. A most sad Truth.

Din.

Din. That Confidence which was not to be shaken
In a perpetual Fever, and those Favours,
Which with so strong and ceremonious Duty
Your Lover and a Gentleman long sought for,
Sought, sued, and kneel'd in vain for, must you yield up
To a licentious Villain, that will hardly
Allow you Thanks for't.

Cler. Something I must say too,
And to you pretty one, though crying one;
To be hang'd now, when these worshipful Benchers please,
Though I know not their Faces that condemn me,
A little startles me; but a Man is nothing,
A Maidenhead is the thing, the thing all aim at;
Do not you wish now, and wish from your Heart too,
When scarce sweet with my Fears, I long lay by you,
Those Fears you and your good Aunt put upon me,
To make you sport, you had given a little hint,
A touch or so, to tell me I was Mortal,
And by a Mortal Woman? *Ana.* Pray you no more.

Cler. If I had loos'd that Virgin Zone, observe me,
I wou'd have hir'd the best of all our Poets
To have sung so much, and so well in the Honour
Of that Night's Joy, that *Ovid's* Afternoon,
Nor his *Corinna* should again be mention'd.

Ana. I do repent, and wish I had.

Cler. That's Comfort.

But now—

2 Gent. Another that will have it offer'd,
Compel it to be offer'd, shall enjoy it.

Cler. A Rogue, a Ruffian.

2 Gent. As you love your Throat,—

1 Gent. Away with them.

Ana. O Cleremont!

Lam. O Dinant!

Din. I can but add your Sorrows to my Sorrows,
Your Fears to my Fears.

Cler. To your Wishes mine,
This Slave may prove unable to perform,
Till I perform the Task that I was born for.

Ana. Amen, amen.

1 *Gent.* Drag the Slaves hence, for you
A while I'll lock you up here; study all ways
You can to please me, or the deed being done,
You are but dead.

2 *Gent.* This strong Vault shall contain you,
There think how many for your Maidenhead
Have pin'd away, and be prepar'd to lose it
With Penitence.

1 *Gent.* No human help can save you.

Ladies. Help, help?

2 *Gent.* You cry in vain, Rocks cannot hear you.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Horrid Noise of Musick within,

*Enter one and opens the Door, in which Lamira and
Anabel were shut, they in all fear.*

Lam. O Cousin, how I shake all this long Night!
What Frights and Noises we have heard, still
The Villains put on Shapes to torture us, (they encrease,
And to their Devils form such Preparations
As if they were a hatching new Dishonours,
And fatal Ruin, past dull Man's Invention.
Go not too far, and pray good Cousin *Anabel*,
Hark a new Noise.

[A strange Musick, Sackbut, and Troop Musick.

Ana. They are exquisite in Mischief,
I will go on, this Room gives no Protection,
More than the next; what's that? how sad and hollow,
The Sound comes to us. *[Thieves peeping.*

Lam. Groaning? or singing is it? *(Rooms.*

Ana. The Wind I think, murmuring amongst old

Lam. Now it grows louder, sure some sad Preſage
Of our foul loss——look now they peep.

Ana. Pox peep 'em.

Lam. O give them gentle Language.

Ana. Give 'em Rats bane.

[Peep above.

Lam. Now they are above.

Ana.

Ana. I would they were i'th' Center.

Lam. Thou art so foolish desperate.

Ana. Since we must lose.

Lam. Call 'em brave Fellows, Gentlemen.

Ana. Call 'em Rogues,

Rogues as they are, rude Rogues, uncivil Villains. (ger?

Lam. Look an thou woo't beware, dost thou feel the dan-

Ana. Till the danger feel me, thus will I talk still,
And worse when that comes too; they cannot eat me.
This is a punishment, upon our own Prides
Most justly laid; we must abuse brave Gentlemen,
Make 'em tame Fools, and Hobby-horses, laugh and jeer at
Such Men too, and so handsome and so noble,
That howsoe'er we seem'd to carry it—
Wou'd 'twere to do again.

Lam. I do confess, Cousin,
I was too harsh, too foolish.

Ana. Do you feel it?
Do you find it now? Take heed o'th' Punishment;
We might have had two gallant Gentlemen,
Proper, young, O how it tortures me!
Two Devils now, two Rascals, two and twenty—

Lam. O think not so.

Ana. Nay an we 'scape so modestly—

Lam. May we be worthy any Eyes, or Knowledge,
When we are used thus?

Ana. Why not? Why do you cry?
Are we not Women still? What were we made for?

Lam. But thus, thus basely—

Ana. 'Tis against our Wills,
And if there come a thousand so,——

Lam. Out on thee.

Ana. You are a Fool, what we cannot resist,
Why should we grieve and blush for? There be Women,
And they that bear the Name of excellent Women,
Would give their whole Estates to meet this Fortune.

Lam. Hark, a new Noise. [New sound within.

Ana. Let 'em go on, I fear not,
If wrangling, fighting and scratching cannot preserve me,
Why so be it Cousin; if I be ordain'd
To breed a race of Rogues.-----

Enter four over the Stage, with Beaupre and Verdone bound, and Halters about their Necks.

Lam. They come. *Ana.* Be firm,
They are welcome.

Lam. What Mask of Death is this? O my dear Brother.

Ana. My Coz too; why now you're glorious Villains.

Lam. O shall we lose our Honours?

Ana. Let 'em go,

When Death prepares the way, they are but Pageants.
Why must these dye?

Beaup. Lament your own Misfortunes,
We perish happily before your Ruins.

Ana. Has mischief ne'er a Tongue?

I *Gent.* Yes foolish Woman,
Our Captains will is Death.

Ana. You dare not do it.

Tell thy base boisterous Captain what I say,
Thy lawless Captain, that he dares not;
Do you laugh you Rogue? You pamper'd Rogue?

Lam. Good Sir,

Good Cousin gently, as you're a Gentleman——

Ana. A Gentleman? A Slave, a Dog, the Devil's Har-

Lam. Sir, as you had a Mother. (binger.

Ana. He a Mother?

Shame not the name of Mother, a she Bear,
A bloody old Wolf Bitch, a Woman Mother?
Looks that rude lump, as if he had a Mother?
Intreat him? Hang him; do thy worst, thou dar'st not,
Thou dar'st not wrong their Lives, thy Captain dares not,
They are Persons of more Price.

Verd. Whate'er we suffer
Let not your Angers wrong you.

Ana. You cannot suffer,
The Men that do this deed must live i'th Moon,
Free from the gripe of Justice.

Lam. Is it not better?

Ana. Is it not better? Let 'em go on like Rascals,
And put false Faces on; they dare not do it;
Flatter such Scabs of Nature?

Gent. Woman, Woman,

The next work is with you.

Ana. Unbind those Gentlemen,
And put their fatal Fortunes on our Necks.

Lam. As you have Mercy do.

Ana. As you are Monsters. (nours,

Lam. Fright us no more with Ship-wrack of our Ho-
Nor if there be a Guilt by us committed
Let it endanger those.

Ana. I say they dare not,
There be a thousand Gallows's, ye Rogues,
Tortures, ye bloody Rogues, Wheels.

Gent. Away. *Lam.* Stay. *Ana.* Stay.
Stay and I'll flatter too: Good sweet-fac'd Gentlemen,
You excellent in Honesty; O Kinsmen!
O noble Kinsmen!

Gent. Away with 'em. [Ex. Ver. Beaup. and Gent.

Ana. Stay yet.

The Devil and his lovely Dam walk with you;
Come fortifie your self, if they do dye,
Which all their ruggedness cannot rack into me,
They cannot find an hour more Innocent,
Nor more Friends to revenge 'em.

Enter Cleremont, disguis'd.

Lam. Now stand constant,
For now our Tryal's come.

Cler. This Beauty's mine,
Your minute moves not yet.

Lam. She sinks, if Christian,
If any spark of noble heat——

Cler. Rise, Lady,
And fearless rise, there's no dishonour meant you,
Do you know my Tongue?

Ana. I have heard it.——

Cler. Mark it better,
I am one that loves you, fairly, nobly loves you,
Look on my Face? *Ana.* O Sir?

Cler. No more words, softly
Hark, but hark wisely how, understand well,
Suspect not, fear not.

Ana. You have brought me comfort.

Cler

Cler. If you think me worthy of your Husband,
I am no Rogue nor Beggar, if you dare do thus—

Ana. You are Monsieur Cleremont.

Cler. I am the same,
If you dare venture, speak, if not I leave you,
And leave you to the mercy of these Villains
That will not woo ye much.

Ana. Save my Reputation,
And free me from these Slaves.

Cler. By this Kiss I'll do it,
And from the least Dishonour they dare aim at you;
I have a Priest too, shall be ready.

Ana. You are forward.

Lam. Is this my constant Cousin? How she whispers,
Kisses and hugs the Thief!

Ana. You'll offer nothing.

Cler. 'Till all be ty'd,
Not as I am a Gentleman.

Ana. Can you relieve my Aunt too?

Cler. Not yet, Mistress,
But fear nothing, all shall be well; away quickly,
It must be done i'th' moment— *Ana.* I am with ye.

Cler. I'll know now who sleeps by me, keep your standing.
[*Ex. Cler. and Anabel.*]

Lam. Well, go thy way, and thine own Shame dwell with
Is this the Constancy she shew'd, the Bravery? (thee.
The dear Love and the Life she ow'd her Kinsmen?
O brave Tongue, valiant glorious Woman?
Is this the noble Anger you arriv'd at?
Are these the Thieves you scorn'd, the Rogues you rail'd at?
The scabs and scums of Nature? O fair Modesty,
Excellent Virtue, whither art thou fled?
What Hand O Heav'n is over us, when strong Virgins
Yield to their fears, and to their fears their Fortunes?
Never belief come near me more; farewell, Wench,
A long farewell from all that ever knew thee:
My turn is next, I am resolv'd, it comes,
But in a nobler Shape, ha?

Enter

Enter Dinant.

Din. Bless ye, Lady.

Lam. Indeed Sir, I had need of many Blessings,
For all the Hours I have had since I came here,
Have been so many Curses. How got you Liberty?
For I presume you come to comfort me.

Din. To comfort you, and love you, 'tis most true,
My Bondage was as yours, as full of bitterness,
And every hour my Death.

Lam. Heav'n was your comfort.

Din. 'Till the last Evening, sitting full of sadness,
Wailing, sweet Mistress, your unhappy Fortunes,
(Mine own I had the least care of) round about me
The Captain and the Company stood gaping,
When I began the story of my Love
To you fair Saint, and with so full a Sorrow
Follow'd each point, that even from those rude Eyes,
That never knew what Pity meant or Mercy,
There stole down soft relentings: Take heed Mistress,
And let not such unholy Hearts outdo you,
The soft-plum'd God will see again; thus taken,
As Men transform'd with the strange Tale I told,
They stood amaz'd, then bid me rise and live,
Take liberty and means to see your Person,
And wisht me prosperous in your Love; wish you so,
Be wise and loving Lady, shew but you so.

Lam. O Sir, are these fit hours to talk of Love in?
Shall we make Fools of our Afflictions?
Can any thing sound sweetly in mine Ears,
Where all the noise of bloody horror is?
My Brother, and my Cousin, they are dead, Sir,
Dead, basely dead, is this an Age to fool in?
And I my self, I know not what I shall be,
Yet I must thank you, and if happily
You had ask'd me Yesterday, when these were living,
And my Fears less, I might have hearkned to you.

Din. Peace to your Grief, I bind you to your word.

*Enter Cleremont, Anabel, Beaupre, Verdone,
Charlotte, Nurse, and the two Gentlemen.*

Lam. How? Do you Conjure?

Din.

1300 *The Little French Lawyer.*

Din. Not to raise dreadful Apparitions, Madam,
But such as you would gladly see.

Lam. My Brother, and Nephew living?

Beaup. And both owe their Lives
To the favour of these Gentlemen.

Verd. Who deserve
Our Service, and for us, your gracious Thanks.

Lam. Which I give freely, and become a Suitor,
To be hereafter more familiar [Kiss.
With such great Worth and Virtue,

1 *Gent.* Ever think us
Your Servants, Madam.

Cler. Why if thou wilt needs know
How we are freed, I will discover it,
And with Laconick Brevity: These Gentlemen
This Night encountring with those Outlaws that
Yesterday made us Prisoners, and as we were
Attempted by 'em, they with greater Courage,
(I am sure with better Fortune) not alone
Guarded themselves, but forc'd the bloody Thieves,
Being got between them and this hellish Cave,
For safety of their lives, to fly up higher
Into the Woods, all left to their Possession;
This sav'd your Brother and your Nephew from
The Gibbet, this redeem'd me from my Chains,
And gave my Friend his Liberty, this preserv'd
Your Honour ready to be lost.

Din. But that
I know this for a Lie, and that the Thieves
And Gentlemen, are the same Men, by my practice
Suborn'd to this, he does deliver it
With such a constant Brow, that I am doubtful,
I should believe him too.

1 *Gent.* If we did well,
We are rewarded.

2 *Gent.* Thanks but takes away
From what was freely purpos'd.

Cler. Now by this Hand,
You have so cunningly discharg'd your parts,
That while we live, rest confident you shall

Command

Command *Dinant* and *Cleremont*; nor *Beaupre*
Nor *Verdone* scents it: For the Ladies, they
Were easie to be gull'd.

I Gent. 'Twas but a jest,
And yet the Jest may chance to break our Necks,
Should it be known.

Cler. Fear nothing. *Din. Cleremont,*
Say, what Success?

Cler. As thou wouldst wish, 'tis done, Lad,
The Grove will witness with me, that this Night
I lay not like a block: But how speed you?

Din. I yet am in suspense, devise some means
To get these off, and speedily.

Cler. I have it;
Come, we are dull, I think that the good Fellows,
Our Predecessors in this Place, were not
So foolish and improvident Husbands, but
'Twill yield us Meat and Wine.

I Gent. Lets ransack it,
'Tis ours now by the Law.

Cler. How say you sweet one,
Have you an Appetite? *Ana.* To walk again
I'th' Woods, if you think fit, rather than Eat.

Cler. A little respite prethee; nay blush not,
You ask but what's your own, and warrantable:
Monfieur Beaupre, Verdone,
What think you of the Motion?

Verd. Lead the way.

Beaup. We follow willingly.

Cler. When you shall think fit.

We will expect you. [*Ex. all but Din. and Lam.*]

Din. Now be Mistress of Your promise, Lady.

Lam. 'Twas to give you hearing.

Din. But that word hearing did include a Grant,
And you must make it good.

Lam. Must? *Din.* Must and shall,
I will be fool'd no more, you had your Tricks;
Made Properties of me, and of my Friend;
Presum'd upon your Power, and whip'd me with
The Rod of mine own Dotage: Do not flatter

Your

Your self with hope, that any human help
Can free you, and for aid by miracle
A base unthankful Woman is unworthy.

Lam. You will not force me?

Din. Rather than enjoy you
With your consent, because I will torment you;
I'll make you feel the effects of abus'd Love,
And glory in your Torture.

Lam. Brother, Nephew,
Help, help, for Heav'n's sake.

Din. Tear your Throat, cry louder,
Though every Leaf, these Trees bear, were an Eccho,
And summon'd in your best Friends to redeem you,
It should be fruitless: 'Tis not that I love you,
Or value those Delights you prize so high,
That I'll enjoy you; a *French* Crown will buy
More sport, and a Companion, to whom
You in your best trim are an *Æthiop*.

Lam. Forbear me then.

Din. Not so, I'll do't in spite,
And break that stubborn disobedient Will,
That hath so long held out, that boasted Honour
I will make equal with a common Whore's;
The spring of Chastity, that fed your Pride,
And grew into a River of Vain-glory,
I will defile with mud, the mud of Lust,
And make it loathsome even to Goats.

Lam. O Heav'n!

No pity Sir? *Din.* You taught me to be cruel,
And dare you think of Mercy? I'll tell thee Fool,
Those that surpriz'd thee were my Instruments;
I can plot too, good Madam, you shall find it:
And in the stead of licking of my Fingers,
Kneeling and whining like a Boy new breech'd,
To get a Toy forsooth, not worth an Apple,
Thus make my way, and with Authority
Command what I would have.

Lam. I am lost for ever:

Good Sir, I do confess my fault, my gross fault,
And yield my self up, miserable guilty;

Thus

Thus kneeling I confess, you cannot study
Sufficient Punishments to load me with;
I am in your power, and I confess again,
You cannot be too cruel: If there be,
Besides the loss of my long guarded Honour,
Any thing else to make the Ballance even,
Pray put it in, all hopes, all helps have left me;
I am girt round with Sorrow, Hell's about me,
And Ravishment the least that I can look for,
Do what you please.

Din. Indeed I will do nothing,
Nor touch nor hurt you, Lady, nor had ever
Such a lewd purpose.

Lam. Can there be such Goodness,
And in a Man so injur'd?

Din. Be confirm'd in't.
I seal it thus: I must confess you vex'd me,
In fooling me so often, and those fears
You threw upon me call'd for a requital,
Which now I have return'd, all unchast Love
Dinant thus throws away; live to Mankind,
As you have done to me, and I will honour
Your Virtue, and no more think of your Beauty.

Lam. All I possess comes short of satisfaction.

Din. No Complements: The Terrors of this Night
Imagine but a fearful Dream, and so
With ease forget it: For *Dinant*, that labour'd
To blast your Honour, is a Champion for it,
And will protect and guard it.

Lam. 'Tis as safe then,
As if a compleat Army undertook it. [Exeunt.

Enter La-writ, Sampson, and Clients.

La-writ. Do not perswade me, gentle Monsieur *Sampson*,
I am a mortal Man again, a Lawyer,
My martial part I have put off.

Sam. Sweet Monsieur,
Let but our Honours teach us.

La-writ. Monsieur *Sampson*.
My honourable Friend, my valiant Friend,
Be but so beaten; forward my brave Clients,

I am yours, and you are mine again; be but so thrasht,
Receive that Castigation with a Cudgel.

Samp. Which calls upon us for a Reparation.

La-writ I have, it cost me half a Crown, I bear it
All over me, I bear it, Monsieur *Sampson*;
The Oyls, and the old Woman that repairs to me,
To 'noint my beaten Body.

Samp. It concerns you,
You have been fwing'd.

La-writ. Let it concern thee too;
Go and be beaten, speak scurvy words, as I did;
Speak to that Lion Lord, waken his Anger,
And have a hundred Bastinado's, do;
Three broken Pates, thy Teeth knock'd out, do, *Sampson*,
Thy valiant Arms and Legs beaten to Poulteffes,
Do filly *Sampson*, do.

1 *Cli.* You wrong the Gentleman,
To put him out of his right Mind thus:
You wrong us, and our Causes.

La-writ. Down with him, Gentlemen,
Turn him, and beat him, if he break our Peace,
Then when thou hast been lam'd, thy small Guts perish'd,
Then talk to me, before I scorn thy Counsel,
Feel what I feel, and let my Lord repair thee.

Samp. And can the brave *La-writ*——

2 *Cli.* Tempt him no further,
Be warn'd, and say no more.

La-writ. If thou do'st, *Sampson*,
Thou seest my Mirmidons, I'll let 'em loose,
That in a moment——

Samp. I say nothing, Sir, but I could wish ——

La-writ. They shall destroy thee wishing;
There's ne'er a Man of these but have lost ten Causes,
Dearer than ten Mens Lives; Tempt, and thou diest:
Go home, and smile upon my Lord, thine Uncle,
Take Mony of the Men thou mean'st to cozen,
Drink Wine, and eat good Meat, and live discreetly,
Talk little, 'tis an Antidote against a beating; (Placket,
Keep thy Hand from thy Sword, and from thy Laundress
And thou wilt live long.

1 *Cli.*

i Cli. Give Ear, and be instructed.

La-writ. I find I am wiser than a Justice of Peace now,
Give me the Wisdom that's beaten into a Man
That sticks still by him : Art thou a new Man?

Sam. Yes, yes,
Thy learned Precepts have enchanted me.

La-writ. Go, my Son *Sampson*, I have now begot thee,
I'll send thee Causes; speak to thy Lord, and live,
And lay my share by, go and live in peace,
Put on new Suits, and shew fit for thy Place;
That Man neglects his Living, is an Ass: [*Exit Samp.*
Farewel; come chearily Boys, about our Business,
Now welcome Tongue again, hang Swords.

i Cli. Sweet Advocate. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Nurse, and Charlotte.

Nurse. I know not, Wench, they may call 'em what they
Out-laws, or Thieves, but I am sure, to me (will,
One was an honest Man, he us'd me well;
What I did, 'tis no matter, he complain'd not.

Char. I must confess there was one bold with me too,
Some coy thing would say rude, but 'tis no matter;
I was to pay a Waiting-woman's Ransome,
And I have don't, and I would pay't again,
Were I ta'en to morrow.

Nurse. Alas! there was no hurt,
If't be a Sin for such as live at hard Meat,
And keep a long Lent in the Woods, as they do,
To taste a little Flesh.

Char. God help the Courtiers,
That lie at rack and manger. *Nur.* I shall love
A Thief the better for this while I live,
They are Men of a charitable Vocation,
And give where there is need, and with discretion,
And put a good speed penny in my Purse,
That has been empty twenty Years.

Char. Peace, Nurse,
Farewel, and cry not roast Meat; methinks *Cleremont*
And my Lady *Annabel*, are in one Night
Familiarly acquainted. *Nur.* I observe it,
If she have got a penny too.

1306 *The Little French Lawyer.*

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, and Provost.

Charl. No more,
My Lord Monsieur *Vertaign*, the Provost too,
Haste and acquaint my Lady. [*Ex. Nur. and Char.*

Pro. Wonderous strange.

Vert. 'Tis true, Sir, on my Credit.

Cham. On mine Honour.

Pro. I have been Provost-Marshal twenty Years,
And have trussed up a thousand of these Rascals,
But so near *Paris* yet I never met with
One of that Brotherhood.

Cham. We to our cost have;
But will you search the Wood? *Pro.* It is beset,
They cannot 'scape us, nothing makes me wonder
So much, as having you within their Power
They let you go; it was a Courtesie,
That *French* Thieves use not often; I much pity
The gentle Ladies, yet I know not how,
I rather hope than fear.

*Enter Dinant, Cleremont, Verdone, Beaupre,
Lamira, Annabel, Charlotte, and Nurse.*

Are these the Prisoners? *Din.* We were such.

Verd. Kill me not, excess of Joy.

Cham. I see thou livest, but hast thou had no foul play?

Lam. No, on my Soul, my usage hath been noble,
Far from all Violence.

Cham. How were you freed?

But Kiss me first, we'll talk of that at leisure,
I am glad I have thee; Niece, how you keep off,
As you knew me not? *Ana.* Sir, I am where
I owe most Duty. *Cler.* 'Tis indeed most true, Sir,
The Man that should have been your Bedfellow,
Your Lordship's Bedfellow, that could not smell out
A Virgin of sixteen, that was your Fool
To make you merry, this poor simple Fellow
Has met the Maid again, and now she knows
He is a Man. *Cham.* How! is she dishonoured?

Cler. Not unless Marriage be dishonourable,
Heav'n is a witness of our happy Contract,
And the next Priest we meet shall warrant it

To all the World: I lay with her in Jest,
'Tis turn'd to Earnest now.

Cham. Is this true, Niece?

Din. Her blushing Silence grants it; nay, Sir, storm
He is my Friend, and I can make this good, (not,
His Birth and Fortunes equal hers; your Lordship
Might have sought out a worse, we are all Friends too,
All Differences end thus. Now Sir, unless
You would raise new Dissentions, make perfect
What is so well begun.

Vert. That were not manly.

Lam. Let me persuade you.

Cham. Well, God give you joy,
She shall not come a Beggar to you, Sir.
For you, Monsieur *Dinant*, e'er long I'll shew you
Another Niece, to this not much inferior;
As you shall like, proceed.

Din. I thank you, Sir.

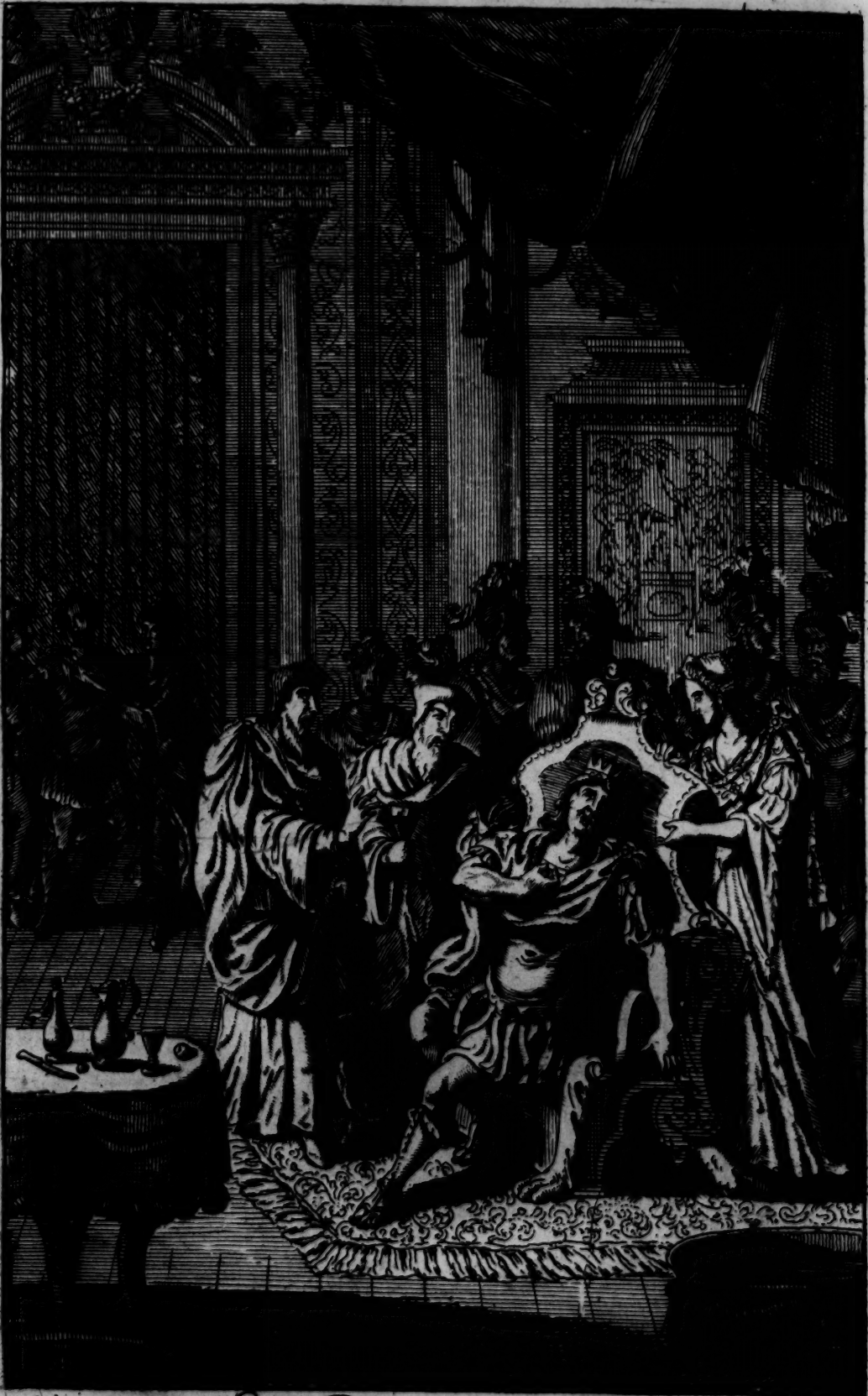
Cham. Back then to *Paris*: Well that Travel ends
That makes of deadly Enemies perfect Friends.

[*Exeunt omnes:*

EPILOGUE.

Getlemen,

I Am sent forth to enquire what you decree }
Of us, and of our Poets; they will be }
This Night exceeding merry, so will we, }
If you approve their Labours. They profess
You are their Patrons, and we say no less:
Resolve us then, for you can only tell
Whether we have done id'ly, or done well.



Valentinian

Vol. 3. p. 1309.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
VALENTINIAN.



Printed in the Year 1711.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Valentinian, *Emperor of Rome.*

Æcius, *the Emperor's Loyal General.*

Balbus,

Proculus,

Chilax,

Licinius,

} *Four Noble Panders, and Flatterers to
the Emperor.*

Maximus, *a great Soldier, Husband to Lucina.*

Lycias, *an Eunuch.*

Pontius, *an honest Cashier'd Centurion.*

Phidias, } *two bold and faithful Eunuchs, Servants*

Aretus, } *to Æcius.*

Afranius, *an eminent Captain.*

Paulus, *a Poet.*

Licippus, *a Courtier.*

W O M E N.

Eudoxia, *Empress, Wife to Valentinian.*

Lucina, *the chaste abused Wife of Maximus.*

Claudia,

Marcellina,

} *Lucina's Waiting-women.*

Ardelia,

Phorba,

} *two of the Emperor's Bawds.*

*Three Senators, Physicians, Gentlemen, and Sol-
diers.*

S C E N E R O M E.

T H E



THE
TRAGEDY
OF
VALENTINIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Balbus, Proculus, Chilax and Licinius.

BALBUS.



Never saw the like, she's no more stir'd,
No more another Woman, no more alter'd,
With any hopes or promises laid to her,
Let 'em be ne'er so weighty, ne'er so win-
ning, (Legs.
Than I am with the motion of my own

Pro. Chilax,

You are a Stranger yet in these designs,
At least in *Rome*; tell me, and tell me truth,
Did you e'er know in all your course of practice,
In all the ways of Woman you have run through,
(For I presume you have been brought up, *Chilax*,
As we, to fetch and carry.)

Chi. True, I have so.

Pro. Did you, I say again, in all this progress,
Ever discover such a piece of Beauty,
Ever so rare a Creature, and no doubt,

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One that must know her worth too, and affect it,
Ay and be flatter'd, else 'tis none; and honest?
Honest against the tide of all Temptations,
Honest to one Man, to her Husband only,
And yet not eighteen, not of Age to know
Why she is honest?

Chi. I confess it freely,
I never saw her fellow, nor e'er shall:
For all our *Gracian* Dames, all I have try'd,
(And sure I have try'd a hundred, if I say two
I speak within my compass) all these Beauties,
And all the constancy of all these Faces,
Maids, Widows, Wives, of what degree or calling,
So they be *Greeks*, and fat, for there's my cunning,
I would undertake and not sweat for't, *Proculus*,
Were they to try again, say twice as many,
Under a thousand Pound, to lay 'em Bedrid;
But this Wench staggers me.

Lyc. Do you see these Jewels?
You would think these pretty baits; now I'll assure ye
Here's half the Wealth of *Asia*.

Bal. These are nothing
To the full Honours I propounded to her;
I bid her think, and be, and presently
Whatever her Ambition, what the Council
Of others would add to her, what her Dreams
Could more enlarge, what any President
Of any Woman rising up to glory,
And standing certain there, and in the highest,
Could give her more, nay, to be Empress.

Pro. And cold at all these Offers?

Bal. Cold as Christal,
Never to be thaw'd again.

Chi. I try'd her further,
And so far, that I think she is no Woman,
At least as Women go now.

Lyc. Why what did you?

Chi. I offer'd that, that had she been but Mistress
Of as much Spleen as Doves have, I had reach'd her;
A safe Revenge of all that ever hate her,

The

The crying down for ever of all Beauties
That may be thought come near her.

Pro. That was pretty.

Chi. I never knew that way fail; yet I'll tell ye
I offer'd her a Gift beyond all yours,
That, that had made a Saint start, well consider'd;
The Law to be her Creature, she to make it,
Her Mouth to give it, every Creature living
From her Aspect to draw their good or evil,
Fix'd in 'em spight of Fortune; a new Nature
She should be call'd, and Mother of all Ages,
Time should be hers, and what she did lame Virtue
Should bless to all Posterities: Her Air
Should give us life, her Earth and Water feed us;
And last, to none but to the Emperor,
(And then but when she pleas'd to have it so,)
She should be held for mortal.

Lyc. And she heard you?

Chi. Yes, as a sick Man hears a noise, or he
That stands condemn'd his Judgment; let me perish,
But if there can be Virtue, if that Name
Be any thing but Name and empty Title,
If it be so as Fools have been pleas'd to feign it,
A Power that can preserve us after Ashes,
And make the Names of Men out-reckon Ages;
This Woman has a God of Virtue in her.

Bal. I would the Emperor were that God.

Chi. She has in her
All the contempt of Glory and vain seeming
Of all the *Stoicks*, all the Truth of Christians,
And all their Constancy: Modesty was made
When she was first intended: When she blushes
It is the holiest thing to look upon;
The purest Temple of her Sect, that ever
Made Nature a blest Founder.

Pro. Is there no way
To take this *Phenix*?

Lyc. None but in her Ashes.

Chi. If she were fat, or any way inclining
To Ease or Pleasure, or affected Glory,

Proud

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Proud to be seen and worship'd, 'twere a venture;
But on my Soul she's chaster than cold Camphire.

Bal. I think so too; for all the ways of Woman,
Like a full Sail, she bears against: I ask'd her
After my many Offers, walking with her,
And her as many down-denials, how
If the Emperor, grown mad with Love, should force her;
She pointed to a *Lucrece*, that hung by,
And with an angry look, that from her Eyes
Shot Vestal fire against me, she departed.

Pro. This is the first Wench I was ever pos'd in,
Yet I have brought young loving things together
This two and thirty Year.

Cbi. I find by this Wench
The Calling of a Bawd to be a strange,
A wise, and subtle Calling; and for none
But staid, discreet, and understanding People:
And, as the Tutor to great *Alexander*
Would say, a young Man should not dare to read
His Moral Books, 'till after five and twenty;
So must that he or she, that will be bawdy,
(I mean discreetly bawdy, and be trusted)
If they will rise, and gain Experience,
Well steep't in Years, and Discipline, begin it,
I take it 'tis no Boys play.

Bal. Well, what's thought of?

Pbo. The Emperor must know it.

Lyc. If the Women should chance to fail too.

Cbi. As 'tis ten to one. (chafe?)

Pro. Why what remains, but new Nets for the pur-

Cbi. Let's go consider then; and if all fail,
This is the first quick Eel, that sav'd her Tail. [*Exe.*

S C E N E II

Enter Lucina, Ardelia, and Phorba.

Ar. You still insist upon that Idol, Honour,
Can it renew your Youth, can it add Wealth,
That takes off Wrinkles; can it draw Mens Eyes
To gaze upon you in your Age? Can Honour,
That truly is a Saint to none but Soldiers,

And

And look'd into, bears no Reward but Danger,
Leave you the most respected Person living?
Or can the common kisses of a Husband,
(Which to a sprightly Lady is a labour)
Make ye almost Immortal? Ye are cozen'd,
The Honour of a Woman is her Praises;
The way to get these, to be seen, and sought too,
And not to bury such a happy Sweetness
Under a smoaky Roof.

Luc. I'll hear no more.

Phor. That White, and Red, and all that blessed Beauty,
Kept from the Eyes, that make it so, is nothing:
Then you are rarely fair, when Men proclaim it;
The *Phoenix*, were she never seen, were doubted,
That most unvalued Horn the Unicorn
Bears to oppose the Huntsman, were it nothing
But Tale, and meer Tradition, would help no Man;
But when the Virtue's known, the Honour's doubled:
Virtue is either lame, or not at all,
And Love a Sacrilege, and not a Saint,
When it bars up the way to Mens Petitions.

Ard. Nay, ye shall love your Husband too; we come not
To make a Monster of ye.

Luc. Are ye Women?

Ard. You'll find us so, and Women you shall thank too,
If you have Grace to make your use.

Luc. Fye on ye.

Phor. Alas, poor bashful Lady! By my Soul,
Had ye no other Virtue but your Blushes,
And I a Man, I should run mad for those:
How daintily they set her off, how sweetly!

Ard. Come Goddess, come, you move too near the Earth,
It must not be, a better Orb stays for you:
Here; be a Maid, and take 'em.

Luc. Pray leave me.

Phor. That were a sin, sweet Lady, and a way
To make us guilty of your Melancholy;
You must not be alone; in Conversation
Doubts are resolv'd, and what sticks near the Conscience
Made easie, and allowable.

Luc.

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Luc. Ye are Devils.

Ard. That you may one day bless for your damnation.

Luc. I charge ye in the name of Chastity,
Tempt me no more; how ugly ye seem to me?
There is no wonder Men defame our Sex,
And lay the Vices of all Ages on us,
When such as you shall bear the Names of Women:
If ye had Eyes to see your selves, or Sense
Above the base Rewards ye play the Bawds for;
If ever in your lives ye heard of Goodness,
Though many Regions off, as Men hear Thunder;
If ever ye had Mothers, and they Souls;
If ever Fathers, and not such as you are;
If ever any thing were constant in you,
Beside your Sins, or coming but your Courses,
If ever any of your Ancestors
Dy'd worth a noble deed, that would be cherish'd,
Soul-frighted with this black Infection,
You would run from one another, to Repentance,
And from your guilty Eyes drop out those Sins,
That made ye blind, and Beasts.

Phor. Ye speak well, Lady;
A sign of fruitful Education,
If your religious Zeal had Wisdom with it.

Ard. This Lady was ordain'd to bless the Empire,
And we may all give thanks for't.

Phor. I believe ye.

Ard. If any thing redeem the Emperor
From his wild flying Courses, this is she;
She can instruct him, if ye mark; she is wise too.

Phor. Exceeding wise, which is a wonder in her,
And so religious, that I well believe,
Though she would sin she cannot.

Ard. And besides,
She has the Empire's Cause in hand, not Love's;
There lies the main Consideration,
For which she is chiefly born.

Phor. She finds that point
Stronger than we can tell her, and believe it
I look by her means for a Reformation,

And

And such a one, and such a rare way carried,
That all the World shall wonder at.

Ard. 'Tis true ;
I never thought the Emperor had Wisdom,
Pity, or fair Affection to his Country,
'Till he profess this Love : Gods give 'em Children,
Such as her Virtues merit, and his Zeal.
I look to see a *Numa* from this Lady,
Or greater than *Octavius*.

Phor. Do you mark too,
Which is a noble Virtue ; how she blushes,
And what a flowing Modesty runs through her,
When we but name the Emperor ?

Ard. But mark it,
Yes, and admire it too ; for she considers,
Though she be fair as Heav'n, and virtuous
As holy Truth, yet to the Emperor
She is a kind of nothing but her Service,
Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it ;
And when her Country's Cause commands Affection,
She knows Obedience is the Key of Virtues ;
Then fly the Blushes out like *Cupid's* Arrows :
And though the tye of Marriage to her Lord
Would fain cry, Stay *Lucina* ; yet the Cause,
And general Wisdom of the Prince's Love,
Makes her find surer Ends, and happier ;
And if the first were chaste, this is twice doubled.

Phor. Her Tartness unto us too.

Ard. That's a wise one.

Phor. I rarely like, it shews a rising Wisdom,
That chides all common Fools as dare enquire
What Princes would have private.

Ard. What a Lady
Shall we be blest to serve ?

Luc. Go, get ye from me.
Ye are your Purles Agents, not the Prince's :
Is this the virtuous Lore ye train'd me out too ?
Am I a Woman fit to imp your Vices ?
But that I had a Mother, and a Woman,
Whose ever-living Fame turns all it touches,

Into

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Into the good it self is, I should now
 Even doubt my self, I have been search'd so near
 The very soul of Honour: Why should you two,
 That happily have been as chaste as I am,
 Fairer I think by much, for yet your Faces,
 Like ancient well-built Piles, shew worthy Ruins,
 After that Angel-Age, turn mortal Devils?
 For shame, for Woman-hood, for what ye have been,
 For rotten Cedars have born goodly Branches;
 If ye have hope of any Heav'n, but Court,
 Which like a Dream, you'll find hereafter vanish,
 Or at the best, but subject to Repentance,
 Study no more to be ill spoken of;
 Let Women live themselves; if they must fall,
 Their own Destruction find 'em, not your Feavers.

Ard. Madam, ye are so excellent in all,
 And I must tell it you with admiration,
 So true a Joy ye have, so sweet a Fear,
 And when ye come to Anger, 'tis so noble,
 That for mine own Part, I could still offend,
 To hear you angry; Women that want that,
 And your way guided (else I count it nothing)
 Are either Fools or Cowards.

Phor. She were a Mistress for no private Greatness,
 Could she not frown a ravish'd Kiss from Anger:
 And such an Anger as this Lady learns us,
 Stuck with such pleasing Dangers, Gods, I ask ye,
 Which of ye all could hold from?

Luc. I perceive ye,
 Your own dark Sins dwell with ye, and that Price
 You sell the Chastity of modest Wives at,
 Runs to Diseases with your Bones: I scorn ye,
 And all the Nets ye have pitch'd to catch my Virtues,
 Like Spiders Webs, I sweep away before me.
 Go, tell the Emperor, ye have met a Woman,
 That neither his own Person, which is God-like,
 The World he rules, nor what that World can purchase,
 Nor all the Glories subject to a *Cesar*,
 The Honours that he offers for my Body,
 The Hopes, Gifts, everlasting Flatteries,

Nor

Nor any thing that's his, and apt to tempt me,
No, not to be the Mother of the Empire,
And Queen of all the holy Fires he worships,
Can make a Whore of.

Ard. You mistake us, Lady.

Luc. Yet, tell him this has thus much weaken'd me,
That I have here his Knaves, and you his Matrons,
Fit Nurses for his Sins, which Gods forgive me,
But ever to be leaning to his Folly,
Or to be brought to love his Lust, assure him,
And from her Mouth, whose Life shall make it certain,
I never can : I have a Noble Husband,
Pray tell him that too, yet a Noble Name,
A Noble Family, and last a Conscience :
Thus much for your Answer : For your selves,
You have liv'd the Shame of Women, dye the better. [*Exit.*

Phor. What's now to do ?

Ard. Even as she said, to dye,
For there's no living here, and Women thus,
I am sure for us two.

Phor. Nothing stick upon her ?

Ard. We have lost a Mass of Mony ; well Dame Virtue,
Yet ye may halt, if good Luck serve.

Phor. Worms take her,
She has almost spoil'd our Trade.

Ard. So Godly !
This is ill Breeding, *Phorba.*

Phor. If the Women
Shou'd have a longing now to see this Monster,
And she Convert 'em all !

Ard. That may be, *Phorba* ;
But if it be, I'll have the young Men gelded :
Come, let's go think, she must not 'scape us thus ;
There is a certain Season, if we hit,
That Women may be rid without a Bit. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Maximus and Æcius.

Max. I cannot blame the Nations, noble Friend,
That they fall off so fast from this wild Man,
When

When (under our Allegiance be it spoken,
 And the most happy tye of our Affections) (Virtue,
 The World's Weight groans beneath him; where lives
 Honour, Discretion, Wisdom? Who are clad,
 And chosen to the steering of the Empire,
 But Bauds, and singing Girls? O my *Æcius*!
 The Glory of a Soldier, and the Truth
 Of Men made up for goodness sake, like Shells,
 Grow to the ragged Walls for want of Action:

Only your happy self, and I that love ye,
 Which is a larger Means to me than Favour. (Truths,
Æcius. No more, my worthy Friend, though these be
 And though these Truths would ask a Reformation,
 At least, a little squaring; yet remember
 We are but Subjects, *Maximus*; Obedience
 To what is done, and Grief for what is ill done,
 Is all we can call ours: The Hearts of Princes
 Are like the Temples of the Gods; pure Incence,
 Until unhallowed Hands defile those Offerings,
 Burns ever there; we must not put 'em out,
 Because the Priests that touch those Sweets are wicked;
 We dare not, dearest Friend, nay more, we cannot,
 While we consider why we are, and how,
 To what Laws bound, much more to what Law-giver;
 Whilst Majesty is made to be obey'd,
 And not inquir'd into, whilst Gods and Angels
 Make but a Rule as we do, though a stricter;
 Like desperate and unseason'd Fools, let fly
 Our killing Angers, and forsake our Honours.

Max. My noble Friend, from whose Instructions
 I never yet took Surfeit, weigh but thus much,
 Nor think I speak it with Ambition,
 For by the Gods I do not; why *Æcius*,
 Why are we thus, or how become thus wretched?

Æcius. You'll fall again into your Fit.

Max. I will not.

Or are we now no more the Sons of *Romans*,
 No more the followers of their happy Fortunes,
 But conquer'd *Gauls*, or Quivers for the *Parthians*?
 Why is this Emperor, this Man we honour,

This

This God that ought to be ?

Æci. You are too curious.

Max. Good, give me leave, why is this Author of us ?

Æci. I dare not hear ye speak thus.

Max. I'll be modest;

Thus led away, thus vainly led away ;
And we Beholders, misconceive me not,
I sow no Danger in my Words ; but wherefore,
And to what end, are we the Sons of Fathers
Famous, and fast to *Rome* ? Why are their Virtues
Stamp'd in the Dangers of a thousand Battels
For goodness sake ; their Honours, time out daring ?
I think for our Example.

Æci. Ye speak nobly.

Max. Why are we Seeds of these then, to shake Hands
With Bawds and base Informers, kiss Discredit,
And court her like a Mistress ? Pray, your leave yet ;
You'll say the Emperor is young, and apt
To take Impression rather from his Pleasures,
Than any constant Worthiness, it may be.
But, why do these, the People call his Pleasures,
Exceed the Moderation of a Man ?
Nay, to say justly Friend, why are they Vices,
And such as shake our Worths with Foreign Nations ?

Æci. You search the Sore too deep, and I must tell ye,
In any other Man this had been boldness,
And so rewarded ; pray depress your Spirit ;
For though I constantly believe ye honest,
Ye were no Friend for me else, and what now
Ye freely spake, but good ye owe to th' Empire,
Yet take heed worthy *Maximus*, all Ears
Hear not with that Distinction mine do, few
You'll find Admonishers, but Urgers of your Actions,
And to the heaviest, Friend ; and pray consider,
We are but Shadows, Motions others give us ;
And though our Pities may become the Times,
Justly our Powers cannot ; make me worthy
To be your ever Friend in fair Allegiance,
But not in Force : For, durst mine own Soul urge me
(And by that Soul, I speak my just Affections)

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To turn my Hand from Truth, which is Obedience,
And give the Helm my Virtue holds, to Anger,
Though I had both the blessings of the *Brutii*,
And both their Instigations, though my Cause
Carried a Face of Justice beyond theirs,
And as I am a Servant to my Fortunes,
That daring Soul, that first taught Disobedience,
Should feel the first Example: Say the Prince,
As I may well believe, seems vitious,
Who justly knows 'tis not to try our Honours?
Or say, he be an ill Prince, are we therefore
Fit Fires to purge him? No, my dearest Friend
The Elephant is never won with Anger,
Nor must that Man that would reclaim a Lion,
Take him by th' Teeth.

Max. I pray mistake me not.

Æci. Our honest Actions, and the Light that breaks
Like Morning from our Service, chaste and blushing,
Is that that pulls a Prince back; then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his Errors,
When Subjects Chrystal Souls are Glasses to him:

Max. My ever honour'd Friend, I'll take your Counsel:
The Emperor appears, I'll leave ye to him,
And as we both affect him, may he flourish. [Exit.

Enter the Emperor and Chilax.

Emp. Is that the best News?

Chi. Yet the best we know, Sir.

Emp. Bid *Maximus* come to me, and be gone then:
Mine own Head be my helper, these are Fools.
How now *Æcius*, are the Soldiers quiet?

Æci. Better, I hope Sir, than they were.

Emp. They are pleas'd, I hear,
To censure me extreemly for my Pleasures,
Shortly they'll fight against me.

Æci. Gods defend, Sir.

And for their Censures, they are such shrewd Judgers,
A Donative of ten Sesterties
I'll undertake shall make 'em ring your Praises,
More than they sang your Pleasures.

Emp. I believe thee.

Art thou in Love, *Æcius*, yet?

Æci. O no Sir!

I am too coarse for Ladies; my Embraces,
That only am acquainted with Alarms,
Would break their tender Bodies.

Emp. Never fear it,
They are stronger than ye think, they'll hold the Hammer
My Empress swears thou art a lusty Soldier,
A good one I believe thee.

Æci. All that Goodness
Is but your Grace's Creature.

Emp. Tell me truly,
For thou dar'st tell me.

Æci. Any thing concerns ye,
That's fit for me to speak and you to pardon.

Emp. What say the Soldiers of me, and the same Words,
Mince 'em not good *Æcius*, but deliver
The very Forms and Tongues they talk withal.

Æci. I'll tell your Grace, but with this Caution
You be not stir'd; for should the Gods live with us,
Even those we certainly believe are Righteous,
Give 'em but Drink, they would censure them too.

Emp. Forward.

Æci. Then to begin, they say you sleep too much
By which they judge your Majesty too sensual,
Apt to decline your Strength to Ease and Pleasures;
And when you do not sleep, you drink too much,
From which they fear Suspensions first, then Ruins;
And when ye neither drink nor sleep, ye wench much,
Which they affirm first breaks your Understanding,
Then takes the Edge of Honour, makes us seem,
That are the Ribs and Rampires of the Empire,
Fencers, and beaten Fools, and so regarded;
But I believe 'em not; for were these Truths,
Your Virtue can correct them.

Emp. They speak plainly.

Æci. They say moreover (since your Grace will have it,
For they will talk their Freedoms, though the Sword
Were in their Throat) that of late time, like *Nero*,
And with the same forgetfulness of Glory,

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You have got a vain of Filing, so they term it.

Emp. Some drunken Dreams, *Æcius*.

Æci. So I hope, Sir.

And that you rather study Cruelty,
And to be feared for Blood, than lov'd for Bounty,
Which makes the Nations, as they say, despise ye,
Telling your Years and Actions by their Deaths,
Whose Truth and strength of Duty made you *Cæsar*.
They say besides, you nourish strange Devourers,
Fed with the Fat o' th' Empire, they call Bawds,
Lazy and lustful Creatures that abuse ye,
A People, as they term 'em, made of Paper,
In which the secret Sins of each Man's Monies
Are sealed and sent a working

Emp. What Sin's next?

For I perceive they have no mind to spare me.

Æci. Nor hurt ye O my Soul, Sir! But such People
(Nor can the Power of Man restrain it)

When they are full of Meat and Ease, must prattle.

Emp. Forward.

Æci. I have spoken too much, Sir.

Emp. I'll have all.

Æci. It fits not

Your Ears should hear their Vanities; no Profit
Can justly rise to you from their Behaviour,
Unless ye were guilty of those Crimes.

Emp. It may be

I am so, therefore forward.

Æci. I have ever

Learn'd to obey, nor shall my Life resist it.

Emp. No more Apologies.

Æci. They grieve besides, Sir,

To see the Nations, whom our ancient Virtue
With many a weary March and Hunger conquer'd,
With loss of many a daring Life subdu'd,
Fall from their fair Obedience, and even murmur
To see the warlike Eagles mew their Honours
In obscure Towns, that wont to prey on Princes;
They cry for Enemies, and tell the Captains
The Fruits of *Italy* are luscious, give us *Egypt*,

Or

Or sandy *Africk* to display our Valours,
 There where our Swords may make us Meat, and Danger
 Digest our well-got Vyands. Here our Weapons,
 And Bodies that were made for shining Brass,
 Are both unedg'd and old with Ease and Women;
 And then they cry again, Where are the *Germans*,
 Lin'd with hot *Spain*, or *Gallia*, bring 'em on,
 And let the Son of War, steel'd *Mithridates*,
 Lead up his winged *Partbians* like a Storm,
 Hiding the Face of Heav'n with Showers of Arrows;
 Yet we dare fight like *Romans*; then, as Soldiers,
 Tyr'd with a weary March, they tell their Wounds,
 Even weeping ripe, they were no more, nor deeper,
 And glory in those Scars that make 'em lovely;
 And sitting where a Camp was, like sad Pilgrims,
 They reckon up the Times, and living Labours
 Of *Julius* or *Germanicus*, and wonder
 That *Rome*, whose Turrets once were topt with Honours,
 Can now forget the Custom of her Conquests:
 And then they blame your Grace, and say, Who leads us?
 Shall we stand here like Statues? Were our Fathers
 The Sons of lazy *Moors*, our Princes *Persians*,
 Nothing but Silks and Softness? Curses on 'em
 That first taught *Nero* Wantonness and Blood,
Tiberius Doubts, *Caligula* all Vices;
 For from the spring of these, succeeding Princes —
 Thus they talk, Sir.

Emp. Well,

Why do you hear these Things?

Æci. Why do you do 'em?

I take the Gods to Witness, with more Sorrow,
 And more Vexation, do I hear these Taintures,
 Than were my Life dropt from me through an Hour-glass.

Emp. Belike then you believe 'em, or at least
 Are glad they should be so; take heed, you were better
 Build your own Tomb, and run into it living,
 Than dare a Prince's Anger.

Æci. I am Old, Sir,
 And ten Years more addition, is but nothing:
 Now if my Life be pleasing to ye, take it,

1312 *The Tragedy of Valentinian.*

Upon my Knees, if ever any Service,
As let me brag, some have been worthy notice,
If ever any Worth, or Trust ye gave me,
Deserv'd a fair respect, if all my Actions,
The hazards of my Youth, Colds, Burnings, Wants,
For you and for the Empire, be not Vices;
By that stile ye have stamp't upon me, Soldier,
Let me not fall into the Hands of Wretches.

Emp. I understand ye not.

Æci. Let not this Body,
That has look'd bravely in his Blood for *Cæsar*,
And covetous of Wounds, and for your safety,
After the scape of Swords, Spears, Slings, and Arrows,
'Gainst which my beaten Body was mine Armour,
The Seas, and thirsty Desarts, now be purchase
For Slaves, and base Informers: I see Anger, (slaughter,
And Death look through your Eyes: I am mark'd for
And know the telling of this Truth has made me
A Man clean lost to this World; I embrace it;
Only my last Petition, Sacred *Cæsar*,
Is, I may dye a *Roman*.

Emp. Rise my Friend still,
And worthy of my Love; reclaim the Soldier,
I'll study to do so upon my self too;
Go, keep your Command, and prosper.

Æci. Life to *Cæsar*.

[*Exit.*

Enter Chilax.

Chi. Lord *Maximus* attends your Grace.

Emp. Go tell him,
I'll meet him in the Gallery.
The Honesty of this *Æcius*,
Who is indeed the Bullwark of the Empire,
Has div'd so deep into me, that of all
The Sins I cover, but this Woman's Beauty,
With much Repentance, now I could be quit of:
But she is such a Pleasure, being good,
That though I were a God, she would fire my Blood.

[*Exit.*

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter the Emperor, Maximus, Lycinius, Proculus,
and Chilax, as at Dice.*

Emp. **N**AY ye shall set my Hand out, 'tis not just
I should neglect my fortune, now 'tis prospere-

Lyc. If I have any thing to set your Grace, (rous.
But Cloaths or good Conditions, let me perish,
You have all my Mony, Sir.

Pro. And mine.

Chi. And mine too.

Max. Unless your Grace will credit us.

Emp. No bare Board.

Lyc. Then at my Garden-House.

Emp. The Orchard too.

Lyc. And't please your Grace.

Emp. Have at 'em.

Pro. They are lost.

Lyc. Why farewell Fig-trees.

Emp. Who sets more?

Chi. At my Horse, Sir.

Emp. The dapl'd Spaniard?

Chi. He.

Emp. He's mine.

Chi. He is so.

Max. Your short Horse is soon curried.

Chi. So it seems, Sir;

So may your Mare be too, if luck serve.

Max. Ha?

Chi. Nothing, my Lord, but grieving at my Fortune.

Emp. Come, *Maximus*, you were not wont to flinch

Max. By Heav'n, Sir, I have lost all. (thus.

Emp. There's a Ring yet.

Max. This was not made to lose, Sir.

Emp. Some Love Token;

Set it I say.

Max. I do beseech your Grace,
Rather name any House I have.

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Emp. How strange,
And curious you are grown of Toys? Redeem't,
If so I win it, when you please, to Morrow,
Or next Day, as ye will, I care not,
But only for my Luck sake: 'Tis not Rings
Can make me richer.

Max. Will you throw, Sir? There 'tis.

Emp. Why then have at it fairly: Mine.

Max. Your Grace

Is only ever Fortunate: To Morrow,
An't be your Pleasure, Sir, I'll pay the Price on't.

Emp. To Morrow you shall have it without price, Sir,
But this Day 'tis my Victory: Good *Maximus*,
Now I bethink my self, go to *Æcius*,
And bid him muster all the Cohorts presently;
They mutiny for Pay I hear, and be you
Assistant to him; when you know their Numbers,
Ye shall have Monies for 'em, and above
Something to stop their Tongues withal.

Max. I will, Sir:

And Gods preserve you in this mind still.

Emp. Shortly I'll see 'em March my self.

Max. Gods ever keep ye.

[*Exit.*

Emp. To what end do you think this Ring shall serve
For you are Fellows only know by rote, (now?)
As Birds record their Lessons.

Chi. For the Lady.

Emp. But how for her?

Chi. That I confess I know not.

Emp. Then pray for him that do's: Fetch me an Eunuch
That never saw her yet; and you two see [Exit *Chi.*
The Court made like a Paradise.

Lyc. We will, Sir.

Emp. Full of fair Shews and Musicks; all your Arts
(As I shall give Instructions) screw to th' highest,
For my main Piece is now a doing: And for fear
You should not take, I'll have another Engine,
Such as if Virtue be not only in her,
She shall not chuse but lean to, let the Women
Put on a graver shew of Welcome.

Pro.

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Pro. Well, Sir.

Emp. They are a thought too eager.

Enter Chilax and Lycias the Eunuch.

Chi. Here's the Eunuch.

Eun. Long Life to *Cæsar*.

Emp. I must use you, *Lycias* :

Come let's walk in, and then I'll shew ye all :

If Women may be frail, this Wench shall fall. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Claudia and Marcellina.

Clau. Sirrah, what ails my Lady, that of late
She never cares for Company ?

Mar. I know not,
Unless it be that Company causes Cuckolds.

Clau. That were a childish fear.

Mar. What were those Ladies
Came to her lately,
From the Court ?

Clau. The same, Wench.
Some grave Instructors on my life, they look
For, all the World like old hatch'd Hilts.

Mar. 'Tis true, Wench.
For here and there, and yet they painted well too,
One might discover, where the Gold was worn,
Their Iron Ages.

Clau. If my Judgment fail not,
They have been sheath'd like rotten Ships.

Mar. It may be.

Clau. For if ye mark their Rudders, they hang weakly.

Mar. They have past the Line belike: Would'st live,
'Till thou wert such as they are ? (*Claudia,*

Clau. Chimney-pieces.

Now Heav'n have Mercy on me, and young Men,
I had rather make a drallery 'till thirty,
While I were able to endure a Tempest,
And bear my Fights out bravely, 'till my Tackle
Whistled i'th' Wind, and held against all Weathers,
While I were able to bear with my Tyres,
And so discharge 'em, I would willingly

Live

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Live *Marcellina*, not 'till Barnacles
Bred in my Sides.

Mar. Thou art i'th' right, Wench:
For who wou'd live, whom Pleasures had forsaken,
To stand at Mark, and cry a Bow short Signeur?
Were there not Men came hither too?

Clau. Brave Fellows.
I fear me Bawds of five i'th' Pound.

Mar. How know you?

Clau. They gave me great lights to it.

Mar. Take heed, *Claudia*.

Clau. Let them take heed, the Spring comes on.

Mar. To me now,
They seem'd as noble Visitants.

Clau. To me now
Nothing less *Marcellina*, for I mark 'em,
And by this honest Light, for yet 'tis Morning,
Saving the Reverence of their gilded Doublets
And *Millan* Skins.

Mar. Thou art a strange Wench, *Claudia*.

Clau. Ye are deceiv'd, they shew'd to me directly
Court Crabbs that creep a side-way for their living,
I know 'em by the Breeches that they beg'd last.

Mar. Peace, my Lady comes; what may that be?

Enter Lucina, and Lycias the Eunuch.

Clau. A Sumner
That cites her to appear.

Mar. No more of that, Wench.

Eun. Madam, what answer to your Lord?

Luc. Pray tell him, I am subject to his Will.

Eun. Why weep you, Madam?

Excellent Lady, there are none will hurt you.

Luc. I do beseech you tell me, Sir.

Eun. What, Lady?

Luc. Serve ye the Emperor?

Eun. I do.

Luc. In what Place?

Eun. In's Chamber, Madam.

Luc. Do you serve his Will too?

Eun. In fair and just Commands.

Luc.

Luc. Are ye a Roman?

Eun. Yes noble Lady, and a Mantuan.

Luc. What Office bore your Parents?

Eun. One was Pretor.

Luc. Take heed then how you stain his Reputation.

Eun. Why, worthy Lady?

Luc. If ye know, I charge ye,
Ought in this Message, but what Honesty,
The Trust and fair Obedience of a Servant,
May well deliver, yet take heed, and help me.

Eun. Madam, I am no Broker.

Clau. I'll be hang'd then.

Eun. Nor base Procurer of Mens Lusts; Your Husband
Pray'd me to do this Office, I have done it,
It rests in you to come, or no.

Luc. I will, Sir.

Eun. If ye mistrust me, do not.

Luc. Ye appear so worthy,
And to all my Sense so honest,
And this is such a certain sign ye have brought me,
That I believe.

Eun. Why should I cozen you?
Or were I brib'd to do this Villany,
Can Mony prosper, or the Fool that takes it,
When such a Virtue falls?

Luc. Ye speak well, Sir;
Wou'd all the rest that serve the Emperor
Had but your way.

Clau. And so they have *ad unguem*.

Luc. Pray tell my Lord, I have receiv'd his Token,
And will not fail to meet him; yet, good Sir, thus much
Before you go, I do beseech ye too,
As little notice as ye can, deliver
Of my Appearance there.

Eun. It shall be, Madam,
And so I wish you Happiness.

Luc. I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Tumult and Noise within. Enter Æcius pursuing Pontius the Captain, and Maximus following.

Max. Temper your self, Æcius.

Pon. Hold, my Lord.

I am a *Roman*, and a Soldier.

Max. Pray, Sir.

Æci. Thou art a lying Villain, and a Traitor;
Give me my self, or by the Gods, my Friend,
You'll make me dangerous; how dar'st thou pluck
The Soldiers to Sedition, and I living,
And sow Rebellion in 'em, and even then
When I am drawing out to action?

Pon. Hear me.

Max. Are ye a Man?

Æci. I am a true hearted, *Maximus*,
And if the Villain live, we are dishonour'd.

Max. But hear him what he can say.

Æci. That's the way
To pardon him; I am so easie-natur'd,
That if he speak but humbly I forgive him.

Pon. I do beseech ye, noble General.

Æci. H'as found the way already, give me room,
One stroke, and if he scape me then, h'as Mercy.

Pon. I do not call ye Noble, that I fear ye,
I never car'd for Death; if ye will kill me,
Consider first for what, not what you can do;
'Tis true, I know ye for my General,
And by that great Prerogative may kill:
But do it justly then.

Æci. He argues with me:
By Heav'n a made up Rebel.

Max. Pray consider,
What certain grounds ye have for this.

Æci. What grounds?
Did I not take him preaching to the Soldiers
How lazily they liv'd, and what Dishonours?
It was to serve a Prince so full of Woman?
Those were his very words, Friend.

Max.

Max. These, *Æcius*,
Though they were rashly spoke, which was an Error
(A great one, *Pontius*) yet from him that hungers
For Wars, and brave Employment, might be pardon'd.
The Heart, and harbour'd Thoughts of Ill, make Traitors,
Not spleeny Speeches.

Æci. Why should you protect him?
Go too, it shews not honest.

Max. Taint me not,
For that shews worse, *Æcius*: All your Friendship,
And that pretended Love ye lay upon me,
Hold back my Honesty, is like a Favour
You do your Slave to day, to morrow hang him.
Was I your Bosom-piece for this?

Æci. Forgive me;
The Nature of my Zeal, and for my Country,
Makes me sometimes forget my self; for know,
Though I most strive to be without my Passions,
I am no God: For you, Sir, whose Infection
Has spread it self like Poyson through the Army,
And cast a killing fog on fair Allegiance,
First thank this noble Gentleman, ye had dy'd else.
Next from your Place, and honour of a Soldier,
I here seclude you.

Pon. May I speak yet?

Max. Hear him.

Æci. And while *Æcius* holds a Reputation,
At least Command, ye bear no Arms for *Rome*, Sir.

Pon. Against her I shall never: The condemn'd Man
Has yet that privilege to speak, my Lord;
Law were not equal else.

Max. Pray hear, *Æcius*,
For happily the fault he has committed,
Though I believe it mighty, yet consider'd,
If Mercy may be thought upon, will prove
Rather a hasty Sin, than heinous.

Æci. Speak.

Pon. 'Tis true, my Lord, ye took me tyr'd with Peace,
My Words almost as ragged as my Fortunes:
'Tis true, I told the Soldier whom we serv'd,

And

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And then bewail'd, we had an Emperor
Led from us by the flourishes of Fencers;
I blam'd him too for Women.

Æci. To the rest, Sir.

Pon. And like enough, I blest him then as Soldiers
Will do sometimes : 'Tis true I told 'em too,
We lay at Home, to shew our Country
We durst go naked, durst want Meat, and Mony;
And when the Slave drinks Wine, we durst be thirsty:
I told 'em this too, that the Trees and Roots
Were our best Pay-masters; the Charity
Of longing Women, that had bought our Bodies,
Our Beds, Fires, Taylors, Nurses; nay, I told 'em,
(For you shall hear the greatest Sin, I said, Sir)
By that time there be Wars again, our Bodies
Laden with Scars and Aches, and ill Lodgings,
Heats, and perpetual Wants, were fitter Prayers,
And certain Graves, then cope the Foe on Crutches:
'Tis likely too, I counsel'd 'em to turn
Their warlike Pikes to Plough-shares, their sure Targets
And Swords hatch'd with the Blood of many Nations,
To Spades, and pruning Knives, for these get Mony,
Their warlike Eagles, into Daws, or Starlings,
To give an *Ave Cesar* as he passes,
And be rewarded with a thousand Drachma's
For thus we get but Years and Beets.

Æci. What think you,
Were these Words to be spoken by a Captain,
One that should give Example?

Max. 'Twas too much.

Pon. My Lord, I did not wooe 'em from the Empire,
Nor bid 'em turn their daring Steel 'gainst *Cesar*;
The Gods for ever hate me, if that Motion
Were part of me: Give me but Imployment, Sir,
And way to live, and where you hold me vitious,
Bred up in Mutiny; my Sword shall tell ye,
And if you please, that Place I held, maintain it,
'Gainst the most daring Foes of *Rome*, I am honest,
A lover of my Country, one that holds
His Life no longer his, then kept for *Cesar*.

Weigh

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Weigh not (I thus low on my Knee beseech you)
What my rude Tongue discover'd, 'twas my Want,
No other part of *Pontius* : You have seen me,
And you, my Lord, do something for my Country,
And both beheld the Wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward Traitor.

Æci. All this Language
Makes but against you, *Pontius*, you are cast,
And by mine Honour, and my Love to *Cæsar*,
By me shall never be restored; in my Camp
I will not have a Tongue, though to himself,
Dare talk but near Sedition; as I govern,
All shall obey; and when they want, their Duty
And ready Service shall redress their Needs,
Not prating what they would be.

Pon. Thus I leave ye,
Yet shall my Prayers still, although my Fortunes
Must follow you no more, be still about ye,
Gods give ye where ye fight the Victory,
Ye cannot cast my Wishes.

Æci. Come my Lord,
Now to the Field again.

Max. Alas poor *Pontius* !

Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Chilax at one Door, Lycinius and Balbus at another.

Lyc. How now ?

Chi. She's come.

Bal. Then I'll to the Emperor.

[Exit.

Chi. Do; Is the Musick placed well ?

Lyc. Excellent.

Chi. *Lycinius*, you and *Proclus* receive her
In the great Chamber, at her Entrance,
Let me alone; and do you hear *Lycinius*,
Pray let the Ladies ply her further off,
And with much more Discretion: One Word more.

Lyc. Well.

Chi. Are the Jewels, and those ropes of Pearl,
Laid in the way she passes ?

Enter

1336 *The Tragedy of Valentinian.*

Enter Emperor, Balbus and Proculus.

Lyc. Take no care, Man.

[*Ex. Lyc.*]

Emp. What, is she come?

Chi. She is, Sir; but 'twere best
Your Grace were seen last to her.

Emp. So I mean;
Keep the Court empty, *Proculus.*

Pro. 'Tis done, Sir.

Emp. Be not too sudden to her.

Chi. Good your Grace
Retire, and Man your self; let us alone
We are no Children this way: Do you hear, Sir?
'Tis necessary that her Waiting-women
Be cut off in the Lobby, by some Ladies,
They'd break the business else.

Emp. 'Tis true, they shall.

Chi. Remember your place, *Proculus,*

Pro. I warrant ye. [*Exeunt Emp. Balb. and Pro.*]

Enter Lucina, Claudia, and Marcellina.

Chi. She enters; who are Waitors there? The Emperor
Calls for his Horse to air himself.

Luc. I am glad
I come so happily to take him absent,
This takes away a little fear; I know him,
Now I begin to fear again: Oh Honour,
If ever thou hadst Temple in weak Woman,
And Sacrifice of Modesty burnt to thee,
Hold me fast now, and help me.

Chi. Noble Madam,
Ye are welcome to the Court, most nobly welcome,
Ye are a Stranger, Lady.

Luc. I desire so.

Chi. A wondrous Stranger here,
Nothing so strange:
And therefore need a Guide, I think.

Luc. I do, Sir,
And that a good one too.

Chi. My Service, Lady,
Shall be your Guard in this place: But pray ye tell me,
Are ye resolv'd a Courtier?

Luc.

Luc. No, I hope, Sir.

Clau. You are, Sir.

Chi. Yes, my fair one.

Clau. So it seems,

You are so ready to bestow your self.

Pray what might cost those Breeches?

Chi. Would you wear 'em?

Madam, ye have a witty Woman.

Mar. Two, Sir,

Or else ye underbuy us.

Luc. Leave your talking :

But is my Lord here, I beseech ye, Sir?

Chi. He is, sweet Lady, and must take this kindly,
Exceeding kindly of ye, wondrous kindly,
Ye come so far to visit him: I'll guide ye.

Luc. Whither?

Chi. Why, to your Lord.

Luc. Is it so hard, Sir,

To find him in this place without a Guide?

For I would willingly not trouble you.

Chi. It will be so for you that are a Stranger;
Nor can it be a trouble to do service
To such a worthy Beauty, and besides——

Mar. I see he will go with us.

Clau. Let him amble.

Chi. It fits not that a Lady of your reckoning,
Should pass without Attendants.

Luc. I have two, Sir.

Chi. I mean without a Man: You'll see the Emperor?

Luc. Alas, I am not fit, Sir.

Chi. You are well enough;

He'll take it wondrous kindly: Hark.

Luc. Ye flatter;

Good Sir, no more of that.

Chi. Well, I but tell ye.

Luc. Will ye go forward; since I must be Man'd,
Pray take your Place.

Clau. Cannot ye Man us too, Sir?

Chi. Give me but time.

Mar. And you'll try all things?

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X

Chi.

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Chi. No,
I'll make ye no such promise.

Claud. If ye do, Sir,
Take heed ye stand to't.

Chi. Wondrous merry Ladies.

Luc. The Wenches are dispos'd, pray keep your way, Sir.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lycinius, Proculus, and Balbus.

Lyc. She is coming up the Stairs; Now the Musick;
And as that stirs her, let's set on: Perfumes there.

Pro. Discover all the Jewels.

Lyc. Peace.

[*Musick.*]

S O N G S.

*Now the lusty Spring is seen,
Golden Yellow, gaudy Blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every Green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And inticing Men to pull,
Lillies whiter than the Snow,
Woodbines of sweet Hony full.
All Love's Emblems, and all cry,
Ladies, if not pluck'd we die.*

*Yet the lusty Spring hath staid,
Blushing red and purest white,
Daintily to Love invite,
Every Woman, every Maid;
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting Men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waste,
All Loves Emblems, and all cry,
Ladies, if not pluck'd we dye.*

S E C O N D.

*Hear ye, Ladies, that despise,
What the mightry Love has done,
Fear Examples, and be wise,
Fair Calisto was a Nun,*

Læda

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*Læda sailing on the Stream,
To deceive the hopes of Man,
Love accounting but a Dream,
Doated on a silver Swan.
Danae in a Brazen Tower,
Where no Love was, lov'd a Shower.*

*Hear ye Ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do :
Fear the fierceness of the Boy,
The chaste Moon he makes to woo :
Vesta kindling holy Fires,
Circled round about with Spies,
Never dreaming loose Desires,
Doating at the Altar dies.
Ilion in a short Hour higher,
He can build, and once more fire.*

Enter Chilax, Lucina, Claudia, and Marcellina.

Luc. Pray Heav'n my Lord be here, for now I fear it.
Well Ring, if thou bee'st counterfeit, or stol'n,
As by this Preparation I suspect it,
Thou hast betray'd thy Mistress : Pray, Sir, forward,
I would fain see my Lord.

Chi. But tell me, Madam,
How do ye like the Song?

Luc. I like the Air well,
But for the Words, they are lascivious,
And over-light for Ladies.

Chi. All ours love 'em.

Luc. 'Tis like enough, for yours are loving Ladies.

Lyc. Madam, ye are welcome to the Court. Who waits?
Attendants for this Lady.

Luc. Ye mistake, Sir;
I bring no Triumph with me.

Lyc. But much Honour.

Pro. Why this was nobly done, and like a Neighbour;
So freely of your self to be a Visitant,
The Emperor shall give ye thanks for this.

Luc. O no, Sir;
There's nothing to deserve 'em.

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Pro. Yes, your Presence.

Luc. Good Gentlemen be patient, and believe
I come to see my Husband, on Command too,
I were no Courtier else.

Lyc. That's all one, Lady,
Now ye are here, you're welcome; and the Emperor,
Who loves ye but too well——

Luc. No more of that, Sir,
I came not to be Catechiz'd.

Pro. Ah, Sirrah;
And have we got you here? faith, Noble Lady,
We'll keep ye one Month Courtier.

Luc. Gods defend, Sir,
I never lik'd a Trade worse.

Pro. Hark ye.

Luc. No, Sir.

Pro. Ye are grown the strangest Lady.

Luc. How?

Pro. By Heav'n,
'Tis true I tell ye, and you'll find it.

Luc. I?

I'll rather find my Grave, and so inform him.

Pro. Is it not pity, Gentlemen, this Lady
(Nay, I'll deal roughly with ye, yet not hurt ye)
Should live alone, and give such heav'nly Beauty
Only to Walls and Hangings?

Luc. Good Sir, Patience:
I am no Wonder, neither come to that end,
Ye do my Lord an injury to stay me,
Who, though you are the Prince's, yet dare tell ye,
He keeps no Wife for your ways.

Bal. Well, well, Lady;
However you are pleas'd to think of us,
Ye are welcome, and ye shall be welcome.

Luc. Shew it
In that I come for then, in leading me
Where my lov'd Lord is, not in flattery: [*Jewels shew'd.*
Nay ye may draw the Curtain, I have seen 'em,
But none worth half my Honesty.

Clau.

Clau. Are these, Sir,
Laid here to take ?

Pro. Yes, for your Lady, Gentlewomen.

Mar. We had been doing else.

Bal. Meaner Jewels
Would fit your Worths.

Clau. And meaner Cloaths your Bodies.

Luc. The Gods shall kill me first.

Lyc. There's better dying
I'th' Emperor's Arms ; go to, but be not angry—
These are but Talks, sweet Lady.

Enter Phorba and Ardelia.

Phor. Where is this Stranger ? Rushes, Ladies, Rushes,
Rushes as green as Summer for this Stranger.

Pro. Here's Ladies come to see you.

Luc. You are gone then ?
I take it 'tis your *Cue*.

Pro. Or rather Manners ;
You are better fitted, Madam, we but tire ye,
Therefore we'll leave you for an Hour, and bring
Your much lov'd Lord unto you. [*Exeunt.*

Luc. Then I'll thank ye.
I am Betray'd for certain ; well *Lucina*,
If thou do'st fall from Virtue, may the Earth,
That after Death should shoot up Gardens of thee,
Spreading thy living Goodness into Branches,
Fly from thee, and the hot Sun find thy Vices.

Phor. You are a welcome Woman.

Ard. Bless me Heav'n,
How did you find the way to Court ?

Luc. I know not ;
Would I had never trod it.

Phor. Prithee tell me,
Good Noble Lady, and good sweet Heart love us,
For we love thee extreamly ; is not this Place
A Paradiſe to live in ?

Luc. To those People
That know no other Paradiſe but Pleasure ;
That little I enjoy contents me better.

Ard. What, heard ye any Musick yet ?

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Luc. Too much.

Phor. You must not be thus froward; what, this Gown
Is one o'th' prettiest by my Troth, *Ardelia*,
I ever saw yet; 'twas not to frown in, Lady,
Ye put this Gown on when ye came.

Ard. How do ye?

Alas poor Wretch, how cold it is!

Luc. Content ye;

I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
If ye will let me be so: Where's my Lord?
For there's the business that I came for, Ladies.

Phor. We'll lead ye to him, he's i'th' Gallery.

Ard. We'll shew ye all the Court too.

Luc. Shew me him,

And ye have shew'd me all I come to look on.

Phor. Come on, we'll be your Guides, and as ye go,
We have some pretty Tales to tell ye, Lady,
Shall make ye merry too; ye come not here,
To be a sad *Lucina*.

Luc. Would I might not.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chilax and Balbus.

Chi. Now the soft Musick; *Balbus* run.

Bal. I fly, Boy.

Exit Balbus.

Chi. The Women by this time are worming of her,---
If she can hold out them, the Emperor [Musick.
Takes her to task: He has her; hark the Musick.

Enter Emperor and Lucina.

Luc. Good your Grace,
Where are my Women, Sir?

Emp. They are wise, beholding
What you think scorn to look on, the Court's Bravery:
Would you have run away so flily, Lady,
And not have seen me?

Luc. I beseech your Majesty,
Consider what I am, and whose.

Emp. I do so.

Luc. Believe me, I shall never make a Whore, Sir.

Emp. A Friend ye may, and to that Man that loves ye,
More than you love your Virtue.

Luc. Sacred *Cæsar*.

Emp.

Emp. You shall not kneel to me, Sweet.

Luc. Look upon me,
And if ye be so cruel to abuse me,
Think how the Gods will take it; Does this Beauty
Afflict your Soul? I'll hide it from you ever,
Nay more, I will become so leprous,
That ye shall curse me from ye: My dear Lord,
Has serv'd ye ever truly, fought your Battels,
As if he daily long'd to dye for *Cæsar*;
Was never Traitor, Sir, nor never tainted
In all the Actions of his Life.

Emp. I know it.

Luc. His Fame and Family have grown together,
And spread together like to sailing Cedars,
Over the *Roman* Diadem; oh let not,
As ye have any Flesh that's human in you,
The having of a modest Wife decline him,
Let not my Virtue be the Wedge to break him;
I do not think ye are lascivious,
These wanton Men belye ye, you are *Cæsar*,
Which is the Father of the Empire's Honour,
Ye are too near the Nature of the Gods,
To wrong the weakest of all Creatures, Women.

Emp. I dare not do it here. Rise fair *Lucina*,
I did but try your Temper, ye are honest,
And with the Commendations wait on that
I'll lead ye to your Lord, and ye to him:
Wipe your fair Eyes: He that endeavours Ill,
May well delay, but never quench his Hell. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Chilax, Lycinius, Proculus, and Balbus.

Chi. 'TIS done, *Lycinius*.

Lyc. How?

Chi. I shame to tell it,
If there be any Justice, we are Villains,
And must be so rewarded.

X 4

Bal.

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Bal. If it be done,
I take it 'tis no time now to Repent it;
Let's make the best o'th' Trade.

Pro. Now Veng'ance take it.
Why should not he have settled on a Beauty,
Whose Honesty stuck in a piece of Tissue,
Or one a Ring might rule, or such a one
That had an itching Husband to be honourable,
And Ground to get it: If he must have Women,
And no allay without 'em, why not those
That know the Misery, and are best able
To play again with Judgment? Such as she is,
Grant they be won with long Seige, endless Travel,
And brought to Opportunity with Millions,
Yet when they come to Motion, their cold Virtue
Keeps 'em like Cakes of Ice; I'll melt a Chrystal,
And make a dead Flint fire himself, e'er they
Give greater Heat, than now departing Embers
Give to old Men that watch 'em.

Lyc. A good Whore
Had sav'd all this, and happily as wholesome,
Ay, and the thing once done too, as well thought of;
But this same Chastity forsooth.

Pro. A Pox on't.
Why should not Women be as free as we are?
They are, but not in open, and far free'r,
And the more bold ye bear your self, more Welcome,
And there is nothing ye dare say, but Truth,
But they dare hear.

Enter Emperor and Lucina.

Cbi. The Emperor! Away,
And if we can repent, let's Home and pray. [*Exeunt.*]

Emp. Your only Virtue now is Patience,
Take heed, and save your Honour; if you talk——

Luc. As long as there is Motion in my Body,
And Life to give me Words, I'll cry for Justice.

Emp. Justice shall never hear ye, I am Justice.

Luc. Wilt thou not kill me, Monster, Ravisher,
Thou bitter Bane o'th' Empire, look upon me,
And if thy guilty Eyes dare see these Ruins,

Thy

Thy wild Lust hath laid level with Dishonour,
 The Sacrilegious Razing of this Temple,
 The Mother of thy black Sins would have blush'd at;
 Behold and Curse thy self; the Gods will find thee,
 That's all my Refuge now, for they are Righteous,
 Vengeance and Horror circle thee; the Empire,
 In which thou liv'st a strong continued Surfeit,
 Like Poison will disgorge thee, good Men raze thee
 For ever being read again,——but Vicious
 Women, and fearful Maids, make Vows against thee;
 Thy own Slaves, if they hear of this, shall hate thee;
 And those thou hast corrupted first fall from thee;
 And if thou let'st me live, the Soldier,
 Tyr'd with thy Tyrannies, break through Obedience,
 And shake his strong Steel at thee,

Emp. This prevails not;
 Nor any Agony ye utter, Lady.
 If I have done a Sin, curse her that drew me,
 Curse the first Cause, the Witchcraft that abus'd me,
 Curse those fair Eyes, and curse that heav'nly Beauty,
 And curse your being Good too.

Luc. Glorious Thief,
 What Restitution can'st thou make to save me?

Emp. I'll ever Love, and Honour you.

Luc. Thou can'st not,
 For that which was mine Honour, thou hast murder'd,
 And can there be a Love in Violence?

Emp. You shall be only mine.

Luc. Yet I like better
 Thy Villany, than Flattery, that's thine own,
 The other basely counterfeit; fly from me,
 Or for thy Safety sake and Wisdom kill me,
 For I am worse than thou art; thou may'st pray,
 And so recover Grace; I am lost for ever,
 And if thou let'st me live, th' art lost thy self too.

Emp. I fear no Loss but Love, I stand above it.

Luc. Call in your Lady Bawds, and gilded Pandars,
 And let them triumph too, and sing to *Cæsar*,
Lucina's fallen, the chaste *Lucina's* conquer'd;
 Gods, what a wretched Thing has this Man made me?

For I am now no Wife for *Maximus*,
 No Company for Women that are virtuous,
 No Family I now can claim, nor Country,
 Nor Name, but *Cæsar's* Whore; O sacred *Cæsar*,
 (For that should be your Title) was your Empire,
 Your Rods, and Axes, that are Types of Justice,
 Those Fires that ever burn, to beg you Blessings,
 The Peoples Adoration, Fear of Nations,
 What Victory can bring ye Home, what else
 The useful Elements can make your Servants,
 Even Light it self, and Suns of Light, Truth, Justice,
 Mercy, and Starlike Piety, sent to you,
 And from the Gods themselves, to ravish Women?
 The Curses that I owe to Enemies,
 Even those the *Sabines* sent, when *Romulus*
 (As thou hast me) ravish'd their noble Maids,
 Made more, and heavier, light on thee.

Emp. This helps not.

Luc. The Sins of *Tarquin* be remember'd in thee,
 And where there has a chaste Wife been abus'd,
 Let it be thine, the Shame thine, thine the Slaughter,
 And last for ever, thine, the fear'd Example.
 Where shall poor Virtue live, now I am fall'n?
 What can your Honours now, and Empire make me,
 But a more glorious Whore?

Emp. A better Woman:

But if ye will be blind, and scorn it, who can help it?
 Come leave these Lamentations, they do nothing,
 But make a Noise, I am the same Man still,
 Were it to do again; therefore be wiser,
 By all this holy Light, I should attempt it,
 Ye are so Excellent, and made to ravish,
 There were no Pleasure in you else.

Luc. Oh Villain!

Emp. So bred for Man's amazement, that my Reason
 And every help to hold me right has lost me;
 The God of Love himself had been before me,
 Had he but Power to see ye; tell me justly,
 How can I chuse but Err then? If I dare,
 Be mine, and only mine, for ye are so precious,

I envy any other should enjoy ye,
Almost look on ye; and your daring Husband
Shall know h'as kept an Off'ring from the Empire,
Too Holy for his Altars; be the mightiest,
More than my self I'll make it: If ye will not,
Sit down with this, and silence, for which Wisdom
Ye shall have Use of me, and much Honour ever,
And be the same you were; if ye divulge it,
Know I am far above the Faults I do,
And those I do, I am able to forgive too;
And where your Credit in the Knowledge of it,
May be with Gloss enough suspected, mine
Is as mine own Command shall make it:
Princes, though they be sometime subject to loose Whispers,
Yet wear they two edg'd-Swords for open Censures:
Your Husband cannot help ye, nor the Soldier;
Your Husband is my Creature, they my Weapons,
And only where I bid 'em, strike; I feed 'em.
Nor can the Gods be angry at this Action,
For as they make me most, they mean me happiest,
Which I had never been without this Pleasure:
Consider, and farewell: You'll find your Women
At Home before ye, they have had some Sport too,
But are more thankful for it. *[Exit Emperor.]*

Luc. Destruction find thee.

Now which way must I go? My honest House
Will shake to shelter me, my Husband fly me,
My Family, because they are Honest, and desire to be so,
Must not endure me, not a Neighbour know me:
What Woman now dare see me without Blushes,
And pointing as I pass, There, there, behold her,
Look on her little Children, that is she,
That handsome Lady, mark. O my sad Fortunes!
Is this the end of Goodness, this the Price
Of all my early Prayers to protect me?
Why then I see there is no God but Power,
Nor Virtue now alive that cares for us,
But what is either Lame or Sensual,
How had I been thus wretched else?

Enter

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Enter Maximus and Æcius.

Æci. Let *Titius*

Command the Company that *Pontius* lost,
And see the Fosses deeper.

Max. How now sweet Heart,
What make you here, and thus?

Æci. *Lucina* weeping?
This must be much Offence,

Max. Look up and tell me,
Why are you thus? My Ring? O Friend, I have found it!
Ye were at Court, Sweet?

Luc. Yes, this brought me thither.

Max. Rise, and go Home: I have my Fears, *Æcius*:
Oh my best Friend, I am ruin'd; go *Lucina*,
Already in thy Tears, I have read thy Wrongs,
Already found a *Cæsar*; go thou Lilly,
Thou sweetly drooping Flow'r: Go silver Swan,
And sing thine own sad Requiem: Go *Lucina*,
And if thou dar'st, out-live this Wrong.

Luc. I dare not.

Æci. Is that the Ring ye lost?

Max. That, that, *Æcius*,
That cursed Ring, my self, and all my Fortunes:
'T has pleas'd the Emperor, my noble Master,
For all my Services, and Dangers for him,
To make me mine own Pandar; was this Justice
Oh my *Æcius*, have I liv'd to bear this?

Luc. Farewel for ever, Sir.

Max. That's a sad saying;
But such a one becomes ye well, *Lucina*:
And yet methinks we should not part so lightly,
Our Loves have been of longer growth, more rooted
Than the sharp Word of one Farewel can scatter.
Kiss me: I find no *Cæsar* here; these Lips
Taste not of Ravisher in my Opinion.
Was it not so?

Luc. O! Yes.

Max. I dare believe thee,
For thou wert ever Truth it self, and Sweetness:
Indeed she was, *Æcius*.

Æci.

Æci. So she is still.

Max. Once more: O my *Lucina*; O my Comfort,
The Blessing of my Youth, the Life of my Life.

Æci. I have seen enough to stagger my Obedience:
Hold me ye equal Gods, this is too sinful.

Max. Why wert thou chosen out to make a Whore of?
To me thou wert too chaste: Fall Chrystal Fountains,
And ever feed your Streams you rising Sorrows,
Till you have dropt your Mistress into Marble.
Now go for ever from me.

Luc. Long farewell, Sir.
And as I have been Loyal, Gods think on me.

Max. Stay, let me once more bid Farewel, *Lucina*,
Farewel thou excellent Example of us,
Thou starry Virtue, fare thee well, seek Heav'n,
And there by *Cassiopeia* shine in Glory,
We are too base and dirty to preserve thee.

Æci. Nay, I must kiss too: Such a Kiss again,
And from a Woman of so ripe a Virtue,
Æcius must not take: Farewel thou *Phœnix*,
If thou wilt die, *Lucina*; which well weigh'd
If you can cease a while from these strange Thoughts,
I wish were rather alter'd.

Luc. No.

Æci. Mistake not.
I would not stain your Honour for the Empire,
Nor any way decline you to Discredit,
'Tis not my fair Profession, but a Villain's:
I find and feel your Loss as deep as you do,
And am the same *Æcius*, still as Honest,
The same Life I have still for *Maximus*,
The same Sword wear for you, where Justice wills me,
And 'tis no dull one: Therefore misconceive not:
Only I would have you live a little longer,
But a short Year.

Max. She must not.

Luc. Why so long, Sir,
Am I not grey enough with Grief already?

Æci. To draw from that wild Man a sweet Repentance,
And Goodness in his Days to come.

Max.

Max. They are so,
And will be ever coming, my *Æcius*.

Æci. For who knows, but the sight of you, presenting
His swoln Sins at the full, and your fair Virtues,
May like a fearful Vision fright his Follies,
And once more bend him right again, which Blessing
(If your dark Wrongs would give you leave to read)
Is more than Death, and the Reward more glorious:
Death only eases you; this, the whole Empire:
Besides compell'd, and forc'd with Violence,
To what ye have done, the Deed is none of yours,
No nor the Justice neither; ye may live,
And still a worthier Woman, still more honour'd:
For are those Trees the worse we tear the Fruits from?
Or should the Eternal Gods desire to perish,
Because we daily violate their Truths,
Which is the Chastity of Heav'n? No Lady,
If ye dare live, ye may: And as our Sins
Makes them more full of Equity and Justice,
So this compulsive Wrong makes you more perfect:
The Empire too will bless ye.

Max. Noble Sir,
If she were any thing to me but Honour,
And that that's wedded to me too, laid in,
Not to be worn away without my Being;
Or could the Wrong be hers alone, or mine,
Or both our Wrongs, not ty'd to after Issues,
Not born anew in all our Names and Kindreds,
I would desire her live; nay more, compel her:
But since it was not Youth, but Malice did it;
And not her own, nor mine, but both our Losses,
Nor stays it there, but that our Names must find it,
Even those to come; and when they Read, she liv'd,
Must they not ask how often she was ravish'd,
And make a doubt she lov'd that more than Wedlock?
Therefore she must not live.

Æci. Therefore she must live,
To teach the World such Deaths are superstitious.

Luc. The Tongues of Angels cannot alter me;
For could the World again restore my Credit,

As

As fair and absolute as first I bred it,
That World I should not trust again. The Empire
By my Life can get nothing but my Story,
Which whilst I Breathe must be but his Abuses:
And where ye counsel me to live, that *Cæsar*
May see his Errors, and repent, I'll tell ye,
His Penitence is but Encrease of Pleasures,
His Prayers never said but to deceive us;
And when he weeps, as you think for his Vices,
'Tis but as killing Drops from baleful Eugh-Trees
That rot their honest Neighbour: If he can grieve,
As one that yet desires his free Conversion,
And almost glories in his Penitence,
I'll leave him Robes to mourn in, my sad Ashes.

Æci. The farewels then of happy Souls be with thee,
And to thy Memory be ever sung
The Prailes of a just and constant Lady;
This sad Day whilst I live, a Soldier's Tears
I'll offer on thy Monument, and bring
Full of thy noble self with Tears untold yet,
Many a worthy Wife, to weep thy Ruin.

Max. All that is Chast, upon thy Tomb shall flourish,
All living Epitaphs be thine; Time, Story,
And what is left behind to piece our Lives,
Shall be no more abus'd with Tales and Trifles,
But full of thee, stand to Eternity.

Æci. Once more farewell, go find *Elysium*, (sings,
There where the happy Souls are crown'd with Bles-
There where 'tis ever Spring, and ever Summer.

Max. There where no bed-rid Justice comes; Truth,
Are Keepers of that blessed Place; go thither, (Honour,
For here thou livest chaste Fire in rotten Timber.

Æci. And so our last Farewels.

Max. Gods give thee Justice. [Exit Lucina.

Æci. His Thoughts begin to work; I fear him, yet
He ever was a noble *Roman*, but
I know not what to think on't, he hath suffer'd
Beyond a Man, if he stand this.

Max. Æcius,
Am I alive, or has a dead Sleep seiz'd me?

It

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It was my Wife the Emperor abus'd thus ;
And I must say, I am glad I had her for him ;
Must I not, my *Æcius* ?

Æci. I am stricken
With such a stiff Amazement, that no Answer
Can readily come from me, nor no Comfort :
Will ye go Home, or go to my House ?

Max. Neither :
I have no Home, and you are mad *Æcius*
To keep me Company, I am a Fellow
My own Sword would forsake, not ty'd unto me :
A Pandar is a Prince, to what I am fallen ;
By Heav'n I dare do nothing.

Æci. Ye do better.

Max. I am made a branded Slave, *Æcius*,
And yet I bless the Maker ;
Death O' my Soul, must I endure this tamely ?
Must *Maximus* be mention'd for his Tales ?
I am a Child too ; what should I do railing ?
I cannot mend my self, 'tis *Cæsar* did it,
And what am I to him ?

Æci. 'Tis well consider'd ;
However you are tainted, be no Traitor.
Time may out-wear the first, the last lives ever.

Max. O that thou wert not living, and my Friend.

Æci. I'll bear a wary Eye upon your Actions,
I fear ye *Maximus*, nor can I blame thee
If thou break'st out, for by the Gods thy Wrong
Deserves a general Ruin: Do ye love me ?

Max. That's all I have to live on.

Æci. Then go with me,
Ye shall not to your own House.

Max. Nor to any ;
My Griefs are greater far than Walls can compass,
And yet I wonder how it happens with me,
I am not dangerous, and O' my Conscience
Should I now see the Emperor i'th' heat on't,
I should not chide him for't, an Awe runs through me,
I feel it sensibly, that binds me to it,
'Tis at my Heart now, there it sits and rules,

And

And methinks 'tis a pleasure to obey it.

Æci. This is a Mask to cozen me; I know ye,
And how far ye dare do; no *Roman* farther,
Nor with more fearless Valour; and I'll watch ye:
Keep that Obedience still.

Max. Is a Wife's loss
(For her abuse, much good may do his Grace,
I'll make as bold with his Wife, if I can)
More than the fading of a few fresh Colours,
More than a lusty Spring lost?

Æci. No more, *Maximus*,
To one that truly lives.

Max. Why then I care not, I can live well enough, *Æcius*.
For look you, Friend, for Virtue, and those Trifles,
They may be bought, they say.

Æci. He's craz'd a little,
His Grief has made him talk things from his Nature.

Max. But Chastity is not a thing, I take it,
To get in *Rome*, unless it be bespoken
A hundred Year before; is it *Æcius*?
By'r Lady, and well handled too i'th' breeding.

Æci. Will ye go any way?

Max. I'll tell thee, Friend,
If my Wife for all this should be a Whore now,
A kind of kicker out of Sheets, 'twould vex me,
For I am not angry yet; the Emperor
Is young and handsome, and the Woman Flesh,
And may not these two couple without scratching?

Æci. Alas, my noble Friend.

Max. Alas not me,
I am not wretched, for there's no Man miserable
But he that makes himself so.

Æci. Will ye walk yet? (truth on't,

Max. Come, come, she dare not dye, Friend, that's the
She knows the inticing Sweets and Delicacies
Of a young Prince's pleasures, and I thank her,
She has made a way for *Maximus* to rise by:
Will't not become me bravely? Why do you think
She wept, and said she was Ravish'd? Keep it here
And I'll discover to you.

Æci. Well.

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Max. She knows

I love no bitten Flesh, and out of that hope
She might be from me, she contriv'd this Knavery;
Was it not monstrous, Friend?

Æci. Does he but seem so,
Or is he Mad indeed?

Max. O Gods, my Heart!

Æci. Would it wou'd fairly break.

Max. Methinks I am somewhat wilder than I was,
And yet I thank the Gods I know my Duty.

Enter Claudia.

Clau. Nay ye may spare your Tears; she's dead,
She is so.

Max. Why so it should be: How?

Clau. When first she enter'd

Into her House, after a world of weeping,
And blushing like the Sun-set, as we see her;
Dare I, said she, defile this House with Whore,
In which his noble Family has flourish'd?

At which she fell, and stir'd no more; we rub'd her.

Max. No more of that; be gone. Now my *Æcius*,
[*Exit Clau.*

If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little,
I am so parch'd I cannot: Your Example
Has brought the Rain down now: Now lead me, Friend,
And as we walk together, let's pray together truly,
I may not fall from Faith.

Æci. That's nobly spoken.

Max. Was I not wild, *Æcius*?

Æci. Somewhat troubled.

Max. I felt no Sorrow then: Now I'll go with ye,
But do not name the Woman: Fye, what Fool
Am I to weep thus? Gods, *Lucina*, take thee,
For thou wert even the best, and worthiest Lady.

Æci. Good Sir, no more, I shall be melted with it.

Max. I have done, and good Sir comfort me.
Would there were Wars now.

Æci. Settle your Thoughts, come.

Max. So I have now, Friend,
Of my deep Lamentations here's an end.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

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Enter Pontius, Phidias, and Aretus.

Phi. By my Faith, Captain *Pontius*, besides pity
Of your fall'n Fortunes, what to say I know not,
For 'tis too true the Emperor desires not,
But my best Master, any Soldier near him.

Are. And when he understands, he cast your Fortunes
For Disobedience, how can we incline him
(That are but under Persons to his Favours)
To any fair Opinion? Can ye Sing?

Pon. Not to please him, *Aretus*, for my Songs
Go not to th' Lute, or Viol, but to th' Trumpet,
My Tune kept on a Target, and my Subject
The well struck Wounds of Men, not Love, or Women.

Phi. And those he understands not.

Pon. He should, *Phidias*.

Are. Could you not leave this killing way a little?
You must if here you would plant your self, and rather
Learn as we do, to like what those affect
That are above us: Wear their Actions,
And think they keep us warm too: What they say,
Though oftentimes they speak a little foolishly,
Not stay to construe, but prepare to execute,
And think however the end falls, the business
Cannot run empty-handed.

Phi. Can ye flatter,
And if it were put to you, lie a little?

Pon. Yes, if it be a Living.

Are. That's well said then.

Pon. But must these Lies and Flatteries be believ'd, then?

Phi. Oh yes, by any means.

Pon. By any means then,
I cannot lie, nor flatter.

Are. Ye must swear too,
If ye be there.

Pon. I can swear, if they move me.

Phi. Cannot ye forswear too.

Pon. The Court for ever,
If it be grown so wicked.

Are. You should procure a little too.

Y 2

Pon.

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Pon. What's that?

Mens honest sayings for my Truth?

Are. Oh no, Sir:

But Womens honest Actions for your trial.

Pon. Do you do all these things?

Pbi. Do you not like 'em?

Pon. Do ye ask me seriously, or trifle with me?
I am not so low yet, to be your Mirth.

Are. You do mistake us, Captain, for sincerely,
We ask you how you like 'em?

Pon. Then sincerely

I tell ye I abhor 'em: They are ill ways,
And I will starve before I fall into 'em.

The doers of 'em Wretches, their base hungers
Cares not whose Bread they eat, nor how they get it.

Are. What then, Sir?

Pon. If you profess this Wickedness,
Because ye have been Soldiers, and born Arms,
The Servants of the brave *Æcius*,
And by him put to th' Emperor, give me leave,
Or I must take it else, to say ye are Villains,
For all your Golden Coats, Deboish'd, base Villains,
Yet I do wear a Sword to tell ye so.

Is this the way you mark out for a Soldier,
A Man that has commanded for the Empire,
And born the Reputation of a Man?

Are there not lazy things enough call'd Fools and Cowards,
And poor enough to be preferr'd for Pandars,

But wanting Soldiers must be Knaves too? ha:

This the trim course of Life: Were not ye born Bawds,
And so inherit but your Rights? I am poor,

And may expect a worse; yet digging, pruning,
Mending of broken Ways, carrying of Water,
Planting of Worts, and Onions, any thing

That's honest, and a Man's, I'll rather chuse,

Ay, and live better on it, which is juster,

Drink my well-gotten Water with more Pleasure,

When my Endeavour's done, and Wages paid me,

Than you do Wine, eat my course Bread not curst,

And mend upon't; your Diets are Diseases;

And

And sleep as soundly, when my Labour bids me,
As any forward Pandar of ye all,
And rise a great deal honefter; my Garments,
Though not as yours, the soft fins of the Empire,
Yet may be warm, and keep the biting Wind out,
When every single Breath of poor Opinion
Finds you through all your Velvets.

Are. You have hit it,
Nor are we those we seem; the Lord *Æcius*
Put us good Men to th' Emperor, so we have serv'd him,
Though much neglected for it: So dare be still:
Your Curses are not ours: We have seen your Fortune,
But yet know no way to redeem it: Means,
Such as we have, ye shall not want, brave *Pontius*,
But pray be temperate, if we can wipe out
The way of your Offences, we are yours, Sir;
And you shall live at Court an honest Man too.

Pbi. That little Meat and Means we have, we'll share it,
Fear not to be as we are; what we told ye,
Were but meer tryals of your Truth: You're worthy,
And so we'll ever hold ye; suffer better,
And then ye are a right Man, *Pontius*;
If my good Master be not ever angry,
Ye shall command again.

Pon. I have found two good Men: Use my Life,
For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Maximus.

Max. There's no way else to do it, he must die,
This Friend must die, this Soul of *Maximus*,
Without whom I am nothing but my Shame,
This perfectness that keeps me from Opinion,
Must dye, or I must live thus branded ever:
A hard choice, and a fatal; Gods ye have given me
A way to credit, but the Ground to go on,
Ye have levell'd with that precious Life I love most,
Yet I must on, and through; for if I offer
To take my way without him, like a Sea
He bears his high Command, 'twixt me and Vengeance

And in my own Road sinks me, he is honest,
 Of a most constant Loyalty to *Cæsar*,
 And when he shall but doubt, I dare attempt him,
 But make a question of his Ill, but say
 What is a *Cæsar*, that he dare do this,
 Dead sure he cuts me off: *Æcius* dies,
 Or I have lost my self: Why should I kill him?
 Why should I kill my self? for 'tis my killing,
Æcius is my Root, and wither him,
 Like a decaying Branch, I fall to nothing.
 Is he not more to me, than Wife, than *Cæsar*?
 Though I had now my safe Revenge upon him,
 Is he not more than Rumour, and his Friendship
 Sweeter than the love of Women? What is Honour
 We all so strangely are bewitch'd withal?
 Can it relieve me if I want? he has;
 Can Honour, 'twixt the incensed Prince, and Envy,
 Bear up the Lives of worthy Men? he has;
 Can Honour pull the Wings of fearful Cowards,
 And make 'em turn again like Tygers? he has,
 And I have liv'd to see this, and preserv'd so;
 Why should this empty word incite me then
 To what is ill, and cruel? let her perish:
 A Friend is more than all the World, than Honour;
 She is a Woman, and her Loss the less,
 And with her go my Grievs: But hark ye, *Maximus*,
 Was she not yours? Did she not dye, to tell ye
 She was a Ravish'd Woman? Did not Justice
 Nobly begin with her, that not deserv'd it,
 And shall he live that did it? Stay a little,
 Can this Abuse die here? Shall not Mens Tongues
 Dispute it afterward, and say I gave
 (Affecting dull Obedience, and tame Duty,
 And led away with fondness of a Friendship)
 The only Virtue of the World to Slander?
 Is not this certain, was not she a chaste one,
 And such a one, that no compare dwelt with her,
 One of so sweet a Virtue, that *Æcius*,
 Even he himself, this Friend that holds me from it,
 Out of his worthy Love to me, and Justice,

Had

Had it not been on *Cæsar*, he'd reveng'd her?
By Heav'n he told me so; what shall I do then?

Enter a Servant.

Can other Men affect it, and I cold?

I fear he must not live.

Serv. My Lord, the General
Is come to seek ye.

Max. Go, intreat him to enter:
O brave *Æcius*, I could wish thee now
As far from Friendship to me, as from Fears,
That I might cut thee off, like that I weigh'd not.
Is there no way without him, to come near it?
For out of honesty he must destroy me
If I attempt it; he must dye as others,
And I must lose him; 'tis necessity,
Only the time, and means is all the difference;
But yet I would not make a Murther of him,
Take him directly for my doubts; he shall dye,
I have found a way to do it, and a safe one,
It shall be Honour to him too: I know not
What to determine certain, I am so troubled,
And such a deal of Conscience presses me;
Would I were dead my self.

Enter Æcius.

Æci. You run away well;
How got you from me, Friend?

Max. That that leads mad Men;
A strong Imagination made me wander.

Æci. I thought ye had been more settled.

Max. I am well,
But you must give me leave a little sometimes
To have a buzzing in my Brains.

Æci. Ye are dangerous,
But I'll prevent it if I can; ye told me
You would go to th' Army.

Max. Why, to have my Throat cut,
Must he not be the bravest Man, *Æcius*,
That strikes me first?

Æci. You promised me a Freedom
From all these Thoughts, and why should any strike you?

Max. I am an Enemy, a wicked one,
Worse than the Foes of Rome, I am a Coward,
A Cuckold, and a Coward, that's two causes
Why every one should beat me.

Æci. Ye are neither;
And durst another tell me so, he dy'd for't.
For thus far on mine Honour, I'll assure you
No Man more lov'd than you, and for your Valour,
And what ye may be, fair; no Man more follow'd.

Max. A doughty Man indeed: But that's all one,
The Emperor, nor all the Princes living
Shall find a flaw in my Coat; I have suffer'd,
And can yet; let them find Infections,
I'll find a Body for 'em, or I'll break it.
'Tis not a Wife can thrust me out; some look'd for't,
But let 'em look 'till they are blind with looking,
They are but Fools; yet there is Anger in me,
That I would fain disperse, and now I think on't,
You told me, Friend, the Provinces are stirring,
We shall have sport I hope then, and what's dangerous
A Battel shall beat from me.

Æci. Why do ye eye me
With such a settled look?

Max. Pray tell me this,
Do we not love extremely? I love you so.

Æci. If I should say I lov'd not you as truly,
I should do that I never durst do, lie.

Max. If I should dye, would it not grieve you much?

Æci. Without all doubt.

Max. And could you live without me?

Æci. It would much trouble me to live without ye,
Our Loves, and loving Souls have been so us'd
But to one Household in us: But to dye
Because I could not make you live, were Woman,
Far much too weak; were it to save your Worth,
Or to redeem your Name from rooting out,
To quit you bravely fighting from the Foe,
Or fetch ye off, where Honour had ingag'd ye,
I ought, and would dye for ye.

Max.

Max. Truly spoken.

What Beast but I, that must, could hurt this Man now?
Would he had ravish'd me, I would have paid him,
I would have taught him such a Trick, his Eunuchs
Nor all his black-ey'd Boys dreamt of yet;
By all the Gods I am mad now; now were *Cæsar*
Within my reach, and on his glorious top
The Pile of all the World, he went to nothing;
The Destinies, nor all the Dames of Hell,
Were I once grap'd with him, should relieve him,
No not the hope of Mankind more; all perished;
But this is Words, and Weakness.

Æci. Ye look strangely.

Max. I look but as I am, I am a Stranger.

Æci. To me?

Max. To every one, I am no *Roman*;
Nor what I am do I know.

Æci. Then I'll leave ye.

Max. I find I am best so, if ye meet with *Maximus*
Pray bid him be an honest Man for my sake,
You may do much upon him; for his Shadow,
Let me alone.

Æci. Ye were not wont to talk thus,
And to your Friend; ye have some Danger in you,
That willingly would run to Action.
Take heed, by all our love take heed.

Max. I, Danger?

I, willing to do any thing, I dig.
Has not my Wife been dead two Days already?
Are not my Mournings by this time Moth-eaten?
Are not her Sins dispers'd to other Women,
And many one ravish'd to relieve her?
Have I shed Tears these twelve Hours?

Æci. Now ye weep.

Max. Some lazy Drops that stay'd behind.

Æci. I'll tell ye,

And I must tell ye Truth, were it not hazard,
And almost certain Loss of all the Empire,
I would join with ye: Were it any Man's
But his Life, that is Life of us, he lost it

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For doing of this Mischief: I would take it,
 And to your rest give ye a brave Revenge:
 But as the Rule now stands, and as he rules,
 And as the Nations hold in Disobedience,
 One Pillar failing, all must fall; I dare not:
 Nor is it just you should be suffer'd in it,
 Therefore again take heed: On foreign Foes
 We are our own Revengers, but at Home
 On Princes that are Eminent and ours,
 'Tis fit the Gods should judge us: Be not rash,
 Nor let your angry Steel cut those ye know not;
 For by this fatal Blow, if ye dare strike it,
 As I see great Aims in ye, those unborn yet,
 And those to come, of them and these succeeding,
 Shall bleed the Wrath of *Maximus*: For me,
 As ye now bear your self, I am your Friend still,
 If ye fall off I will not flatter ye;
 And in my Hands, were ye my Soul, you perish'd:
 Once more be careful, stand, and still be worthy,
 I'll leave ye for this Hour. [Exit.]

Max. Pray do. 'Tis done:
 And Friendship, since thou canst not hold in Dangers,
 Give me a certain Ruin, I must through it. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Emperor, Lycinius, Chilax, and Balbus.

Emp. DEAD?

Chi. So 'tis thought, Sir.

Emp. How?

Lyc. Grief, and Disgrace,
 As People say.

Emp. No more, I have too much on't,
 Too much by you, you whetters of my Follies,
 Ye Angel formers of my Sins, but Devils;
 Where is your cunning now? You would work Wonders,
 There was no Chastity above your Practice,
 You would undertake to make her love her Wrongs,
And

And doat upon her Rape: Mark what I tell ye,
If she be dead——

Chi. Alas, Sir!

Emp. Hang ye Rascals,
Ye blasters of my Youth, if she be gone,
'Twere better ye had been your Fathers Camels,
Ground under daily weights of Wood and Water:
Am I not *Cæsar*?

Lyc. Mighty, and our Maker.

Emp. Than thus have given my Pleasures to Destruction.
Look she be living, Slaves.

Lyc. We are no Gods, Sir,
If she be dead, to make her new again.

Emp. She cannot dye, she must not dye; are those
I plant my Love upon but common Livers?
Their Hours as others, told 'em? Can they be Ashes?
Why do ye flatter a Belief into me
That I am all that is, the World's my Creature,
The Trees bring forth their Fruits when I say Summer,
The Wind, that knows no limit but his wildness,
At my Command moves not a Leaf; the Sea
With his proud Mountain Waters envying Heav'n,
When I say still, run into chrystal Mirrors,
Can I do this and she dye? Why ye Bubbles,
That with my least Breath break, no more remembred;
Ye Moths that fly about my Flame and perish,
Ye golden Canker-worms, that eat my Honours,
Living no longer than my spring of Favour:
Why do ye make me God that can do nothing?
Is she not dead?

Chi. All Women are not with her.

Emp. A common Whore serves you, and far above ye,
The Pleasures of a Body lam'd with Lewdness;
A meer perpetual Motion makes ye happy:
Am I a Man to traffick with Diseases?
Can any but a Chastity serve *Cæsar*?
And such a one the Gods would kneel to purchase?
You think, because you have bred me up to Pleasures,
And almost run me over all the rare ones,
Your Wives will serve the turn: I care not for 'em,
Your

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Your Wives are Fencers Whores, and shall be Footmens.
 Though sometimes my nice Will, or rather Anger
 Have made ye Cuckolds for variety;
 I would not have ye hope, nor dream, ye poor ones,
 Always so great a Blessing from me; go
 Get your own Infamy hereafter, Rascals,
 I have done too nobly for ye, ye enjoy
 Each one an Heir, the royal Seed of *Cæsar*,
 And I may curse ye for't; your wanton Gennets,
 That art so Proud, the Wind gets 'em with Fillies,
 Taught me this foul Intemperance: Thou *Licinius*,
 Hast such a *Messalina*, such a *Lais*,
 The Backs of Bulls cannot content, nor Stallions,
 The Sweat of fifty Men a Night do's nothing.

Lic. Your Grace but jests, I hope.

Emp. 'Tis Oracle.

The Sins of other Women put by hers
 Shew off like Sanctities: Thine's a Fool, *Chilax*,
 Yet she can tell to twenty, and all Lovers,
 And all lien with her too, and all as she is,
 Rotten, and ready for an Hospital.
 Yours is a holy Whore, Friend *Balbus*.

Bal. Well, Sir.

Emp. One that can pray away the Sins she suffers,
 But not the Punishments: She has had ten Bastards,
 Five of 'em now are Lictors, yet she prays;
 She has been the Song of *Rome*, and common *Pasquil*;
 Since I durst see a Wench, she was Camp Mistress,
 And muster'd all the Cohorts, paid 'em too,
 They have it yet to shew, and yet she prays;
 She is now to enter old Men that are Children,
 And have forgot their Rudiments: Am I
 Left for these wither'd Vices? And but one,
 But one of all the World that could content me,
 And snatch'd away in shewing? If your Wives
 Be not yet Witches, or your selves, now be so
 And save your Lives, raise me this noble Beauty
 As when I forc'd her, full of Constancy,
 Or by the Gods——

Lic. Most sacred *Cæsar*.

Emp.

Emp. Slaves.

Lic. Good *Proculus*.

Pro. By Heav'n you shall not see it,
It may concern the Empire.

Emp. Ha ! What said'st thou ?
Is she not dead ?

Pro. Not any one I know, Sir ;
I come to bring your Grace a Letter, here
Scatter'd belike i'th' Court : 'Tis sent to *Maximus*,
And bearing Danger in it.

Emp. Danger ? Where ?
Double our Guard.

Pro. Nay no where, but i'th' Letter.

Emp. What an afflicted Conscience do I live with,
And what a Beast I am grown ? I had forgotten
To ask Heav'n Mercy for my Fault, and was now
Even ravishing again her Memory,
I find there must be Danger in this Deed :
Why do I stand disputing then, and whining ?
For what is not the Gods to give, they cannot, (chief.
Though they would link their Powers in one, do mis-
This Letter may betray me ; get ye gone ; [Exeunt.
And wait me in the Garden, guard the House well,
And keep this from the Empress. The Name *Maximus*
Runs through me like a Feaver ; this may be
Some private Letter upon private Business,
Nothing concerning me : Why should I open't ?
I have done him Wrong enough already ; yet
It may concern me too, the Time so tells me ;
The wicked Deed I have done, assures me 'tis so.
Be what it will, I'll see it, if that be not
Part of my Fears, among my other Sins,
I'll purge it out in Prayers :
How ? What's this ?

Letter read. Lord *Maximus*, you love *Æcius*,
And are his noble Friend too ; bid him be less,
I mean less with the People, Times are dangerous :
The Army is his ; the Emperor in doubts,
And as some will not stick to say, declining ;
You stand a constant Man in either Fortunes ;

Perfwade

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Perswade him, he is lost else: Though Ambition
 Be the last Sin he touches at, or never;
 Yet what the People mad with loving him,
 And as they willingly desire another,
 May tempt him too, or rather force his Goodness,
 Is to be doubted mainly: He is all,
 (As he stands now) but the meer Name of *Cæsar*,
 And should the Emperor inforce him lesser,
 Not coming from himself, it were more dangerous:
 He is Honest, and will hear you: Doubts are scatter'd,
 And almost come to growth in every Household:
 Yet in my foolish Judgment, were this master'd;
 The People that are now but Rage, and his,
 Might be again Obedience: You shall know me
 When *Rome* is fair again; 'till when I love you.
 No Name! This may be cunning, yet it seems not;
 For there is nothing in it but is certain,
 Besides my safety.

Had not good *Germanicus*,
 That was as Loyal, and as straight as he is,
 If not prevented by *Tiberius*,
 Been by the Soldiers forc'd their Emperor?
 He had, and 'tis my Wisdom to remember it.
 And was not *Corbulo*, even that *Corbulo*,
 That ever Fortunate and living *Roman*,
 That broke the Heart Strings of the *Parthians*,
 And brought *Arshases* line upon their Knees,
 Chain'd to the Awe of *Rome*, because he was thought
 (And but in Wine once) fit to make a *Cæsar*,
 Cut off by *Nero*? I must seek my Safety:
 For 'tis the same again, if not beyond it:
 I know the Soldier loves him more than Heav'n,
 And will adventure all his Gods to raise him;
 Me he hates more than Peace: What this may breed,
 If dull Security and Confidence
 Let him grow up, a Fool may find, and laugh at.
 But why Lord *Maximus*, I injur'd so,
 Should be the Man to counsel him, I know not;
 More than he has been Friend, and lov'd Allegiance:
 What now he is I fear, for his Abuses

Without

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Without the People dare draw Blood. Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Your Grace.

Emp. Call *Phidias* and *Aretus* hither :

I'll find a Day for him too ; times are dangerous,

The Army his, the Emperor in doubts:

I find it is too true; did he not tell me

1. As if he had intent to make me Odious,

2. And to my Face; and by a way of Terror,

What Vices I was grounded in, and almost

Proclaim'd the Soldiers hate against me? Is not

The sacred Name and Dignity of *Cæsar*

(Were this *Æcius* more than Man) sufficient

To shake off all his Honesty? He's dangerous

Though he be good, and though a Friend, a fear'd one,

And such I must not sleep by: Are they come yet?

I do believe this Fellow, and I thank him;

'Twas time to look about, if I must perish,

Yet shall my Fears go foremost.

Enter Phidias and Aretus.

Phi. Life to *Cæsar*.

Emp. Is Lord *Æcius* waiting?

Phi. Not this Morning,

I rather think he's with the Army.

Emp. Army?

I do not like that Army: Go unto him,

And bid him straight attend me, and do ye hear,

Come private without any; I have Business

Only for him.

Phi. Your Grace's Pleasure.

[*Exit Phidias.*

Emp. Go;

What Soldier is the same, I have seen him often,

That keeps you Company, *Aretus*?

Are. Me, Sir?

Emp. Ay, you Sir.

Are. One they call *Pontius*,

An't please your Grace.

Emp. A Captain?

Are. Yes, he was so;

But speaking something roughly in his Want,

Especially

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Especially of Wars, the noble General
Out of a strict Allegiance cast his Fortunes.

Emp. H'as been a valiant Fellow.

Are. So he's still.

Emp. Alas, the General might have pardon'd Follies,
Soldiers will Talk sometimes.

Are. I am glad of this.

Emp. He wants Preferment, as I take it.

Are. Yes, Sir ;

And for that noble Grace his Life shall serve.

Emp. I have a Service for him :

I shame a Soldier should become a Beggar ;

I like the Man, *Aretus*.

Are. Gods protect ye.

Emp. Bid him repair to *Proculus*, and there
He shall receive the Business, and Reward for't:
I'll see him settled too, and as a Soldier,
We shall want such.

The Sweets of Heav'n still Crown ye,

I have a fearful Darkness in my Soul,

And 'till I be deliver'd, still am dying.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Maximus alone.

Max. My way has taken: All the Court's in Guard,
And Business every where, and every Corner
Full of strange Whispers: I am least in Rumour,

Enter Æcius and Phidias.

And so I'll keep my self. Here comes *Æcius*,

I see the Bait is swallow'd: If he be lost

He is my Martyr, and my way stands open,

And Honour on thy Head, his Blood is reckon'd. (arm'd?)

Æci. Why how now Friend, what make ye here un-
Are ye turn'd Merchant?

Max. By your fair persuasions,
And such a Merchant trafficks without danger ;

I have forgotten all, *Æcius*,

And which is more, forgiven.

Æci. Now I love ye,
Truly I do, ye are a worthy Roman.

Max.

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Max. The fair Repentance of my Prince to me
Is more than Sacrifice of Blood and Vengeance ;
No Eyes shall weep her Ruins, but mine own.

Æci. Still ye take more Love from me : Virtuous Friend,
The Gods make poor *Æcius* worthy of thee.

Max. Only in me y'are poor, Sir: And I worthy
Only in being yours :

But why your Arm thus,
Have ye been hurt, *Æcius* ?

Æci. Bruis'd a little;
My Horse fell with me, Friend; which 'till this Morning
I never knew him do.

Max. Pray Gods it bode well ;
And now I think on't better, ye shall back,
Let my Perswasions rule ye.

Æci. Back ! why, *Maximus* ?
The Emperor commands me come.

Max. I like not
At this Time his Command.

Æci. I do at all Times,
And all Times will obey it, why not now then?

Max. I'll tell ye why, and as I have been govern'd,
By you so, noble Friend : The Court's in Guard,
Arm'd strongly, for what Purpose, let me fear ;
I do not like your going.

Æci. Were it Fire;
And that Fire certain to consume this Body,
If *Cæsar* sent, I would go ; never fear Man,
If he take me, he takes his Arms away.
I am too plain and true to be suspected.

Max. Then I have dealt unwisely.

Æci. If the Emperor,
Because he meerly may, will have my Life,
That's all he has to work on, and all shall have :
Let him, he loves me better: Here I wither,
And happily may live, 'till ignorantly
I run into a Fault worth Death : Nay more, Dishonour.
Now all my Sins, I dare say those of Duty
Are printed here, and if I fall so happy,
I bless the Grave I lye in, and the Gods

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Equal, as dying on the Enemy,
Must take me up a Sacrifice.

Max. Go on then,
And I'll go with ye.

Æci. No, ye may not, Friend.

Max. He cannot be a Friend, bars me *Æcius*;
Shall I forsake ye in my doubts?

Æci. Ye must.

Max. I must not, nor I will not; have I liv'd
Only to be a Carpet Friend for pleasure?
I can endure a Death as well as *Cato*.

Æci. There is no Death nor Danger in my going,
Nor none must go along.

Max. I have a Sword too,
And once I could have us'd it for my Friend.

Æci. I need no Sword, nor Friend in this, pray leave me;
And as ye love me, do not over love me;
I am commanded none shall come: At Supper
I'll meet ye, and we'll drink a Cup or two;
Ye need good Wine, ye have been sad: Farewel.

Max. Farewel my noble Friend, let me embrace ye
E'er ye depart; it may be one of us
Shall never do the like again.

Æci. Yes often.

Max. Farewel, good dear *Æcius*.

Æci. Farewel *Maximus*,

'Till Night: Indeed you doubt too much.

[Exit.

Max. I do not:

Go worthy Innocent, and make the number
Of *Cæsar's* sins so great, Heav'n may want Mercy.

I'll hover hereabout to know what passes:

And if he be so devilish to destroy thee,

In thy Blood shall begin his Tragedy.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Proculus, and Pontius.

Pro. Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble Name *Patrician*: More than that too,

The

The Friend of *Cæsar* ye are stil'd: there's nothing
Within the hopes of *Rome*, or present being,
But you may safely say is yours.

Pon. Pray stay, Sir;
What has *Æcius* done to be destroy'd?
At least I would have a colour.

Pro. Ye have more,
Nay all that may be given, he is a Traitor,
One, any Man would strike that were a Subject.

Pon. Is he so foul?

Pro. Yes, a most fearful Traitor.

Pon. A fearful Plague upon thee, for thou lye'st;
I ever thought the Soldier would undo him
With his too much Affection.

Pro. Ye have hit it,
They have brought him to Ambition.

Pon. Then he is gone.

Pro. The Emperor, out of a foolish pity,
Would save him yet.

Pon. Is he so mad?

Pro. He's madder!
Would go to th' Army to him.

Pon. Would 'a so?

Pro. Yes, *Pontius*; but we consider——

Pon. Wisely.

Pro. How else, Man, that the State lies in it.

Pon. And your Lives too.

Pro. And every Man's.

Pon. He did me
All the Disgrace he could.

Pro. And scurvily.

Pon. Out of a Mischief meerly: Did you mark it?
Yes, well enough.

Pro. Now ye have means to quit it;
The deed done, take his Place.

Pon. Pray let me think on't,
'Tis ten to one I do it.

Pro. Do, and be happy.

Pon. This Emperor is made of nought but mischief,
Sure, Murther was his Mother: None to lop,

[Exit Pro

But

But the main Link he had? Upon my Conscience
 The Man is truly honest, and that kills him;
 For to live here, and study to be true,
 Is all one to be Traitors: Why should he dye?
 Have they not Slaves and Rascals for their Off'rings
 In full abundance; Bawds more than Beasts for slaughter?
 Have they not singing Whores enough, and Knavestoo,
 And millions of such Martyrs to sink *Charon*,
 But the best Sons of *Rome* must sail too? I will shew him
 (Since he must Dye) a way to do it truly:
 And though he bears me hard, yet shall he know,
 I am born to make him blest me for a Blow. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Phidias, Aretus and Æcius.

Phi. Yet ye may'scape to th' Camp, we'll hazard with ye.

Are. Lose not your Life so basely, Sir: Ye are arm'd,
 And many when they see your Sword out, and know why,
 Must follow your Adventure.

Æci. Get ye from me:

Is not the Doom of *Cæsar* on this Body,
 Do not I bear my last Hour here, now sent me?
 Am I not old *Æcius*, ever dying?
 You think this Tenderness and Love you bring me,
 'Tis Treason, and the strength of Disobedience,
 And if ye tempt me further, ye shall feel it:
 I seek the Camp for Safety, when my Death
 Ten times more glorious than my Life, and lasting
 Bids me be happy: Let the Fool fear dying,
 Or he that weds a Woman for his Honour,
 Dreaming no other Life to come but Kisses;

Æcius is not now to learn to Suffer:

If ye dare shew a just Affection, kill me,
 I stay but those that must: Why do ye weep?
 Am I so wretched to deserve Mens Pities?

Go give your Tears to those that lose their Worths,
 Bewail their Miseries, for me wear Garlands,
 Drink Wine, and much; sing Peans to my Praise,
 I am to triumph Friends, and more than *Cæsar*,

For

For *Cæsar* fears to die, I love to die.

Phi. O my dear Lord!

Æci. No more, go, go, I say;
Shew me not signs of Sorrow, I deserve none;
Dare any Man lament, I should die nobly?
Am I grown Old to have such Enemies?
When I am dead, speak honourably of me,
That is, preserve my Memory from dying;
There if you needs must weep your ruin'd Master,
A Tear or two will seem well: This I charge ye,
(Because ye say you yet love Old *Æcius*)
See my poor Body burnt, and some to sing
About my Pile, and what I have done and suffer'd,
If *Cæsar* kill not that too: At your Banquets,
When I am gone, if any chance to number
The Times that have been sad and dangerous,
Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient:
No more I say, he that laments my End
By all the Gods dishonours me; be gone
And suddenly, and wisely from my Dangers,
My Death is catching else.

Phi. We fear not dying:

Æci. Yet fear a wilful Death, the just Gods hate it,
I need no Company to that, that Children
Dare do alone, and Slaves are proud to purchase;
Live 'till your Honesties, as mine has done,
Make this corrupted Age sick of your Virtues,
Then die a Sacrifice, and then ye know
The noble Use of dying well, and *Roman*.

Are. And must we leave ye, Sir?

Æci. We must all die,
All leave our selves, it matters not, where, when,
Nor how, so we die well: And can that Man that does so
Need Lamentation for him? Children weep
Because they have offended, or for Fear,
Women for want of Will, and Anger; is there
In noble Man, that truly feels both poises
Of Life and Death, so much of this wet weakness,
To drown a glorious Death in Child and Woman?
I am asham'd to see ye; yet ye move me,

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And were it not my Manhood would accuse me,
For covetous to live, I should weep with ye.

Phi. O we shall never see you more.

Æci 'Tis true;

Nor I the miseries that *Rome* shall suffer,
Which is a benefit Life cannot reckon:
But what I have been, which is just and faithful;
One that grew old for *Rome*, when *Rome* forgot him,
And for he was an honest Man durst die,
Ye shall have daily with ye: Could that dye too,
And I return no Traffick of my Travels,
No pay to have been Soldier, but this Silver,
No *Annals* of *Æcius*, but he liv'd,
My Friends ye had cause to weep, and bitterly;
The common Overflows of tender Women,
And Children new born crying, were too little
To shew me then most Wretched: If Tears must be,
I should in Justice weep 'em, and for you,
You are to live, and yet behold those slaughters
The dry and wither'd Bones of Death would bleed at:
But sooner, than I have time to think what must be,
I fear you'll find what shall be;
If ye love me,
Let that word serve for all; be gone and leave me;
I have some little practice with my Soul,
And then the sharpest Sword is welcom't; go,
Pray be gone, ye have obey'd me living,
Be not for shame now stubborn; so I thank ye,
And farewell, a better Fortune guide ye. [*Ex. Phi. and Arc.*]
I am a little thirsty, not for fear,
And yet it is a kind of fear, I say so;
Is it to be a just Man now again,
And leave my Flesh unthought of? 'Tis departed:
I hear 'em come, who strikes first?
I stay for ye:

Enter Balbus, Chilax and Lycinius.

Yet I will dye a Soldier, my Sword drawn,
But against none:
Why do ye fear? Come forward.

Bal.

Bal. You were a Soldier, *Chilax.*

Chi. Yes, I muster'd,
But never saw the Enemy.

Lyc. He's drawn,
By Heav'n I dare not do it.

Æci. Why do ye tremble?
I am to die, come ye not now from *Cæsar*,
To that end, speak?

Bal. We do, and we must kill ye,
'Tis *Cæsar*'s will.

Chi. I charge you put your Sword up,
That we may do it handsomely.

Æci. Ha, ha, ha,
My Sword up, handsomly? where were ye bred?
Ye are the merriest Murderers, my Masters,
I ever met withal; come forward Fools,
Why do ye stare? Upon mine Honour, Bawds,
I will not strike ye.

Lyc. I'll not be first.

Bal. Nor I.

Chi. You had best die quietly: The Emperor
Sees how you bear your self.

Æci. I would die, Rascals,
If you would kill me quietly.

Bal. ——— Of *Proculus*,
He promis'd us to bring a Captain hither,
That has been us'd to kill.

Æci. I'll call the Guard,
Unless you will kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beastly, base, and cowardly Companions,
The Emperor has trusted with his safety:
Nay I'll give out, ye fell of my side, Villains.
Strike home, ye bawdy Slaves

Chi. By Heav'n he will kill us,
I mark'd his Hand, he waits but time to reach us,
Now do you offer.

Æci. If ye do mangle me,
And kill me not at two Blows, or at three,
Or not so stagger me, my Senses fail me,
Look to your selves.

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Chi. I told ye.

Æci. Strike me manly,
And take a thousand Strokes.

Enter Pontius.

Bal. Here's *Pontius*.

Pon. Not kill'd him yet?
Is this the Love ye bear the Emperor?
Nay then, I see ye are Traitors all, have at ye.

[*Lyc. runs away.*]

Chi. Oh I am hurt!

Bal. And I am kill'd.

[*Exeunt Chi. and Bal.*]

Pon. Die Bawds;
As ye have liv'd and flourish'd.

Æci. Wretched Fellow,
What hast thou done?

Pon. Kill'd them that durst not kill,
And you are next.

Æci. Art thou not *Pontius*?

Pon. I am the same you cast, *Æcius*,
And in the Face of all the Camp disgrac'd.

Æci. Then so much nobler, as thou wert a Soldier,
Shall my Death be: Is it Revenge provok'd thee,
Or art thou hir'd to kill me?

Pon. Both.

Æci. Then do it.

Pon. Is that all?

Æci. Yes.

Pon. Would you not live?

Æci. Why should I,
To thank thee for my Life?

Pon. Yes, if I spare it.

Æci. Be not deceiv'd, I was not made to thank
For any Courtesie, but killing me,
A Fellow of thy Fortune; do thy Duty.

Pon. Do not you fear me?

Æci. No.

Pon. Nor love me for it?

Æci. That's as thou dost thy Business.

Pon. When you are dead,
Your Place is mine, *Æcius*.

Æci.

Æci. Now I fear thee,
And not alone thee *Pontius*, but the Empire.

Pon. Why, I can govern, Sir.

Æci. I would thou could'st,
And first thy self: Thou canst fight well, and bravely,
Thou canst endure all Dangers, Heats, Colds, Hungers;
Heav'n's angry Flashes are not suddener,
Than I have seen thee execute; nor more mortal;
The winged Feet of flying Enemies
I have stood and view'd thee Mow away like Rushes,
And still kill the Killer: Were thy Mind
But half so sweet in Peace, as rough in Dangers,
I dy'd to leave a happy Heir behind me;
Come strike, and be a General.

Pon. Prepare then:
And for I see your Honour cannot lessen,
And 'twere a shame for me to strike a dead Man,
Fight your short Span out.

Æci. No, thou know'st I must not,
I dare not give thee so much 'Vantage of me,
As Disobedience.

Pon. Dare ye not defend ye,
Against your Enemy?

Æci. Not sent from *Cæsar*,
I have no Power to make such Enemies;
For as I am condemn'd, my naked Sword
Stands but a Hatchment by me; only held
To shew I was a Soldier. Had not *Cæsar*
Chain'd all Defence in this Doom, Let him die,
Old as I am, and quench'd with Scars, and Sorrows,
Yet would I make this wither'd Arm do Wonders,
And open in an Enemy such Wounds
Mercy would weep to look on.

Pon. Then have at ye,
And look upon me, and be sure ye fear not:
Remember who you are, and why you live,
And what I have been to you: Cry not hold,
Nor think it base Injustice I should kill ye.

Æci. I am prepar'd for all.

Pon.

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Pon. For now, *Æcius*,
Thou shalt behold and find I was no Traitor,
And as I do it, bless me; die as I do. [*Pon. kills himself.*]

Æci. Thou hast deceiv'd me, *Pontius*, and I thank thee;
By all my hopes in Heav'n, thou art a *Roman*.

Pon. To shew you what you ought to do, this is not;
For slanders self would shame to find you Coward,
Or willing to out-live your Honesty:
But noble Sir, ye have been jealous of me,
And held me in the Ranks of dangerous Persons,
And I must dying say it was but Justice,
Ye cast me from my Credit; yet believe me,
For there is nothing now but Truth to save me,
And your Forgiveness, though ye held me hainous,
And of a troubled Spirit, that like Fire
Turns all to Flames it meets with, ye mistook me;
If I were Foe to any thing, 'twas Ease,
Want of the Soldiers Due, the Enemy,
The Nakedness we found at home, and Scorn,
Children of Peace, and Pleasures, no regard
Nor comfort for our Scars, but how we got 'em,
To rusty Time, that eat our Bodies up,
And even began to prey upon our Honours,
To Wants at home, and more than Wants, Abuses;
To them, that when the Enemy invaded
Made us their Saints, but now the Sores of *Rome*;
To silken Flattery, and Pride plain'd over,
Forgetting with what Wind their Feathers sail,
And under whose Protection their soft Pleasures
Grow full and numberless: To this I am Foe,
Not to the State, or any point of Duty:
And let me speak but what a Soldier may,
Truly I ought to be so; yet I err'd,
Because a far more noble Sufferer
Shew'd me the way to Patience, and I lost it:
This is the end I die, Sir; to live basely,
And not the Follower of him that bred me,
In full account and Virtue, *Pontius* dare not,
Much less to out-live what is good, and flatter.

Æci.

Æci. I want a Name to give thy Virtue, Soldier,
For only Good is far below thee, *Pontius*,
The Gods shall find thee one; thou hast fashion'd Death,
In such an Excellent and Beauteous manner,
I wonder Men can live: Canst thou speak once more,
For thy Words are such Harmony, a Soul
Would chuse to fly to Heav'n in.

Pon. A farewell:

Good noble General your Hand, forgive me,
And think what ever was displeasing you,
Was none of mine: Ye cannot live.

Æci. I will not:

Yet one word more.

Pon. Dye nobly: *Rome* farewell:

And *Valentinian* fall, thou hast broke thy bates.
In Joy ye have given me a quiet Death,
I would strike more Wounds, if I had more Breath. [*Dies.*

Æci. Is there an hour of Goodne's beyond this?
Or any Man would out-live such a dying,
Would *Cæsar* double all my Honours on me,
And stick me o'er with Favours, like a Mistress;
Yet would I grow to this Man: I have lov'd,
But never doated on a Face 'till now:
O Death thou art more than Beauty, and thy pleasure
Beyond Posterity: Come Friends and kill me;
Cæsar be kind, and send a thousand Swords,
The more, the greater is my fall: Why stay ye?
Come, and I'll kiss your Weapons: Fear me not,
By all the Gods I'll honour ye for killing:
Appear, or through the Court, and World, I'll search ye:
My Sword is gone; Ye are Traitors if ye spare me,
And *Cæsar* must consume ye; all base Cowards?
I'll follow ye, and e'er I dye proclaim ye,
The Weeds of *Italy*; the Dross of Nature.
Where are ye, Villains, Traitors, Slaves. [*Exit.*

Enter Proculus, and three others running over the Stage.

Pro. I knew

Had kill'd the Captain.

1. Here's his Sword.

Pro

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Pro. Let it alone, 'twill fight it self else; Friends,
An hundred Men are not enough to do it,
I'll to the Emperor, and get more Aid.

Æci. None strike a poor condemn'd Man !

Pro. He is Mad :

Shift for your selves, my Masters.

[*Exeunt*

Enter Æcius.

Æci. Then *Æcius*,

See what thou dar'st thy self; hold my good Sword,
Thou hast been kept from Blood too long, I'll kiss thee,
For thou art more than Friend now, my Preserver,
Shew me the way to Happiness, I seek it :

And all you great ones, that have fall'n as I do,
To keep your Memories and Honours living,

Be present in your Virtues, and assist me,

That like strong *Cato*, I may put away

All Promises, but what shall crown my Ashes ;

Rome, Fare thee well : Stand long, and know to Conquer
Whilst there is People, and Ambition :

Now for a Stroke shall turn ~~to~~ me ^{to} a Star :

I come ye blessed Spirits, make me ^a Room

To live for ever in *Elizium* :

Do Men fear this? O that Posterity

Could learn from him but this, that loves his Wound,

There is no Pain at all in dying well,

Nor none are lost, but those that makes their Hell.

[*Kills himself.*

Enter Proculus and two others.

1. *Wirbin.* He's dead, draw in the Guard again.

Pro. He's dead indeed,

And I am glad he's gone ; he was a Devil :

His Body, if his Eunuchs come, is theirs ;

The Emperor, out of his Love to Virtue,

Has given 'em that : Let no Man stop their Entrance [*Exit.*

Enter Phidias and Aretus.

Phi. O my most noble Lord ! Look here *Aretus*,
Here's a sad sight.

Are. O Cruelty ! O *Cæsar* !

O Times that bring forth nothing but Destruction,

And Overflows of Blood ! Why wast thou kill'd ?

Is it to be a just Man now again.

As

As when *Tiberius* and wild *Nero* reign'd,
Only assurance of his Overthrow?

Phi. It is, *Aretus*: He that would live now,
Must, like the Toad, feed only on Corruptions,
And grow with those to Greatness: Honest Virtue,
And the true *Roman* Honour, Faith and Valour,
That have been all the Riches of the Empire,
Now like the fearful Tokens of the Plague,
Are meer fore-runners of their ends that owe 'em.

Are. Never enough lamented Lord: Dear Master,
Enter Maximus.

Of whom now shall we learn to live like Men?
From whom draw out our Actions just and worthy?
Oh thou art gone, and gone with thee all Goodness,
The great Example of all Equity,
O thou alone a *Roman*, thou art perish'd,
Faith, Fortitude, and constant Nobleness;
Weep *Rome*, weep *Italy*, weep all that knew him,
And you that fear'd him as a noble Foe,
(If Enemies have honourable Tears)
Weep this decay'd *Æcius* fall'n, and scatter'd —
By foul and base Suggestion.

Phi. O Lord *Maximus*,
This was your worthy Friend.

Max. The Gods forgive me:
Think not the worse, my Friends, I shed not Tears,
Great Grievs lament within; yet now I have found 'em:
Would I had never known the World, nor Women,
Nor what that cursed Name of Honour was,
So this were once again *Æcius*:
But I am destin'd to a mighty Action,
And beg my pardon, Friend, my Vengeance taken,
I will not be long from thee: Ye have a great loss,
But bear it patiently, yet to say Truth,
In Justice 'tis not sufferable: I am next,
And were it now, I would be glad on't: Friends,
Who shall preserve you now?

Are. Nay, we are lost too.

Max. I fear ye are, for likely such as love
The Man that's fall'n, and have been nourish'd by him,
Do not stay long behind: 'Tis held no Wisdom.

I know

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I know what I must do, O my *Æcius*,
Canst thou thus perish, pluck'd up by the Roots,
And no Man feel thy Worthiness? From Boys
He bred you both, I think.

Pbi. And from the poorest.

Max. And lov'd ye as his own.

Are. We found it, Sir.

Max. Is not this a loss then?

Pbi. O, a loss of losses;
Our Lives, and ruins of our Families,
The utter being nothing of our Names,
Were nothing near it.

Max. As I take it too,
He put ye to the Emperor.

Are. He did so.

Max. And kept ye still in Credit.

Pbi. 'Tis most true, Sir.

Max. He fed your Fathers too, and made them Means,
Your Sisters he prefer'd to noble Wedlocks,
Did he not, Friends?

Are. O yes, Sir.

Max. As I take it
This worthy Man would not be now forgotten,
I tell ye to my Grief, he was basely murder'd;
And something would be done, by those that lov'd him:
And something may be: Pray stand off a little.
Let me bewail him private: O my dearest.

Pbi. *Aretus*, if we be not sudden, he out-does us,
I know he points at Vengeance; we are cold,
And base ungrateful Wretches, if we shun it:
Are we to hope for more Rewards or Greatness,
Or any thing but Death, now he is Dead?
Darest thou resolve?

Are. I am perfect.

Pbi. Then like Flowers
That grew together all we'll fall together,
And with us that that bore us: When 'tis done,
The World shall stile us two deserving Servants:
I fear he will be before us.

Are. This Night, *Phidias*.

Pbi.

Phi. No more.

Max. Now worthy Friends I have done my mournings,
Let's burn this noble Body: Sweets as many
As Sun-burnt *Meroe* breeds, I'll make a Flame of
Shall reach his Soul in Heav'n: He that shall live
Ten Ages hence, but to reherse this Story,
Shall with the sad Discourse on't darken Heav'n,
And force the painful Burdens from the Wombs
Conceiv'd a-new with Sorrow: Even the Grave
Where mighty *Sylla* sleeps shall rend asunder
And give her shadow up, to come and groan
About our Piles, which will be more, and greater
Than green *Olympus*, *Ida*, or old *Latmus*
Can feed with Cedar, or the East with Gums,
Greece with her Wines, or *Thessaly* with Flowers,
Or willing Heav'n can weep for in her Showers. [*Exe.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Phidias with his Dagger in him, and Aretus
Poison'd.*

Are. HE has his last.

Phi. Then come the worst of Danger,
Æcius, to thy Soul we give a *Cæsar*;
How long is't since ye gave it him?

Are. An hour,
Mine own two hours before him: How it boils me!

Phi. It was not to be cur'd, I hope.

Are. No, *Phidias*,
I dealt above his Antidotes: Physicians
May find the Cause, but where the Cure?

Phi. Done bravely,
We are got before his Tyranny, *Aretus*.

Are. We had lost our worthiest end else, *Phidias*.

Phi. Canst thou hold out a while?

Are. To torture him
Anger would give me leave, to live an Age yet;
That Man is poorly spirited, whose Life

Runs

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Runs in his Blood alone, and not in's Wishes.
And yet I swell, and burn like flaming *Ætna*,
A thousand new found Fires are kindled in me,
But yet I must not dye this four Hours, *Phidias*.

Phi. Remember whodyes with thee, and despise Death.

Are. I need no Exhortation; the Joy in me,
Of what I have done, and why, makes Poison Pleasure,
And my most killing Torments, Mistresses.
For how can he have time to die, or pleasure,
That falls as Fools unsatisfied, and simple?

Phi. This that consumes my Life, yet keeps it in me,
Nor do I feel the danger of a dying,
And if I but endure to hear the Curses
Of this fell Tyrant dead, I have half my Heav'n.

Are. Hold thy Soul fast but four hours, *Phidias*,
And thou shalt see to Wishes beyond ours,
Nay more, beyond our Meanings.

Phi. Thou has steel'd me:
Farewel *Aretus*, and the Souls of good Men,
That as ours do, have left their *Roman* Bodies
In brave Revenge for Virtue, guide our Shadows.
I would not faint yet.

Are. Farewel, *Phidias*,
And as we have done nobly, Gods look on us.
[*Exe. severally.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Lycias, and Proculus.

Lyc. Sicker and sicker, *Proculus*?

Pro. Oh *Lycias*,
What shall become of us? Would we had dy'd
With happy *Chilax*, or with *Balbus* Bed-rid,
And made too lame for Justice.

Enter Licinius.

Licin. The soft Musick;
And let one sing to fasten Sleep upon him:
Oh Friends, the Emperor!

Pro. What say the Doctors?

Licin. For us a most sad saying, he is poison'd,
Beyond all Cure too.

Lyc. Who?

Licin.

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Licin. The Wretch *Aretus*,
That most unhappy Villain.

Lyc. How do you know it?

Licin. He gave him drink last : Let's disperse and find
And since he has open'd Misery to all, (him;
Let it begin with him first : Softly, he slumbers.

Enter Emperor sick in a Chair, with Eudoxia, the Empress, Physicians, and Attendants.

Musick and Song.

*Care-charming Sleep, thou Easer of all Woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thy Life dispose
On this afflicted Prince, fall like a Cloud
In gentle Showers, give nothing that is loud;
Or painful to his Slumbers; ease, sweet,
And as a purling Stream, thou Son of Night,
Pass by his troubled Senses; sing his Pain
Like hollow murmuring Wind, or silver Rain?
Into this Prince gently, oh gently slide,
And kiss him into Slumbers like a Bride.*

Emp. Oh! Gods, Gods: Drink, Drink, colder, colder
Than Snow on *Scythian* Mountains: O my Heart-strings!

Eud. How do's your Grace?

Phys. The Empress speaks, Sir.

Emp. Dying,

Dying, *Eudoxia*, dying.

Phys. Good Sir, Patience.

Eud. What have ye given him?

Phys. Pretious Things, dear Lady,
We hope shall Comfort him.

Emp. O flattered Fool,
See what thy God-head's come to: Oh *Eudoxia*!

Enter Proculus, Licinius with Aretus.

Eud. O Patience, Patience, Sir.

Emp. *Danubius*

I'll have brought through my Body.

Eud. Gods give Comfort.

(freezes.

Emp. And *Volga*, on whose Face the North Wind
I find an hundred Hells, an hundred Piles

VOL. III.

A a

Already

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Already to my Funerals are flaming,
Shall I not drink?

Phys. You must not, Sir.

Emp. By Heav'n

I'll let my Breath out that shall burn ye all
If ye deny me longer; Tempests blow me,
And inundations that have drunk up Kingdoms
Flow over me, and quench me: Where's the Villain?
Am I immortal now, ye Slaves? by *Numa*
If he do 'scape: Oh! oh!

Eud. Dear Sir.

Emp. Like *Nero*,

But far more terrible, and full of slaughter,
I'th' midst of all my Flames I'll fire the Empire:
A thousand Fans, a thousand Fans to cool me:
Invite the gentle Winds, *Eudoxia*.

Eud. Sir.

Emp. Oh do not flatter me, I am but Flesh,
A Man, a mortal Man: Drink, drink, ye Dunces:
What can your Doses now do, and your Scrapings,
Your Oils, and Mithridates? If I do die,
You only Words of Health, and Names of Sickness,
Finding no true Disease in Man but Money,
That talk your selves into Revenues, oh!
And e'er you kill your Patients, beggar 'em,
I'll have ye flead, and dry'd.

Pro. The Villain, Sir;
The most accursed Wretch.

Emp. Be gone, my Queen,
This is no sight for thee: Go to the Vestals,
Cast holy Incense in the Fire, and offer
One powerful Sacrifice to free thy *Cesar*.

Pro. Go, go, and be Happy.

[*Exit Eudoxia.*]

Are. Go, but give no Ear,
The Gods have set thy last Hour, *Valentinian*,
Thou art but Man, a bad Man too, a Beast,
And like a sensual bloody Thing thou dyest.

Pro. Oh——Traitor!

Are. Curse your selves ye Flatterers,
And howl your Miseries to come ye Wretches,

You

You taught him to be poison'd.

Emp. Yet no Comfort ?

Are. Be not abus'd with Priests, nor Potheccaries;
They cannot help thee: Thou hast now to live
A short half Hour, no more, and I ten Minutes:
I gave thee Poison for *Æcius's* sake,
Such a destroying Poison would kill Nature;
And for thou shalt not die alone, I took it.
If Mankind had been in thee at this Murder,
No more to People Earth again, the Wings
Of old Time clipt for ever, Reason lost,
In what I had attempted; yet, O *Cæsar*,
To purchase fair Revenge, I had poisoned them too.

Emp. Oh Villain: I grow hotter, hotter.

Are. Yes;

But not near my Heat yet; what thou feel'st now,
Mark me with horror *Cæsar*, are but Embers
Of Lust and Lechery thou hast committed:
But there be Flames of Murder.

Emp. Fetch out Tortures.

Are. Do, and I'll flatter thee, nay more, I'll love thee:
Thy Tortures to what now I suffer, *Cæsar*,
At which thou must arrive too, e'er thou dy'st,
Are lighter, and more full of Mirth than Laughter.

Emp. Let 'em alone: I must drink.

Are. Now be mad;

But not near me yet.

Emp. Hold me, hold me, hold me,
Hold me; or I shall burst else.

Are. See me *Cæsar*,

And see to what thou must come for thy Murder;
Millions of Womens Labours, all Diseases.

Emp. Oh my afflicted Soul too!

Are. Womens Fears, Horrors,
Despairs, and all the Plagues the hot Sun breeds—

Emp. *Æcius*, O *Æcius*! O *Lucina*!

Are. Are but my Torments Shadows.

Emp. Hide me Mountains;
The Gods have found my Sins:
Now break.

Are. Not yet, Sir;
Thou hast a pull beyond all these.

Emp. Oh Hell!
Oh Villain, cursed Villain!

Are. O brave Villain,
My Poison dances in me at this deed:
Now *Cæsar*, now behold me, this is Torment,
And this is thine before thou dyest, I am Wildfire:
The brazen Bull of *Phalaris* was feign'd,
The miseries of Souls despising Heav'n,
But Emblems of my Torments.

Emp. Oh! Quench me, quench me, quench me.

Are. Fire a Flattery;
And all the Poet's Tales of sad *Avernus*,
To my Pains less than Fictions: Yet to shew thee
What constant Love I bore my murder'd Master;
Like a South-wind, I have sung through all these Tempests
My Heart, my wither'd Heart, fear, fear thou Monster,
Fear the just Gods, I have my Peace—— [*He dies.*]

Emp. More Drink,
A thousand *April* Showers fall in my Bosom:
How dare ye let me be tormented thus?
Away with that prodigious Body, Gods,
Gods, let me ask ye what I am, ye lay
All your inflictions on me, hear me, hear me;
I do confess I am a Ravisher,
A Murderer, a hated *Cæsar*; oh!
Are there not Vows enough, and flaming Altars,
The Fat of all the World for Sacrifice,
And where that fails, the Blood of thousand Captives,
To purge those Sins? But I must make the Incense:
I do despise ye all, ye have no Mercy,
And wanting that, ye are no Gods, your Parole
Is only preach'd Abroad to make Fools fearful,
And Women made of Awe, believe your Heav'n:
Oh Torments, Torments, Torments, Pains above Pains,
If ye be any thing but Dreams, and Ghosts,
And truly hold the Guidance of Things mortal;
Have in your selves times past, to come, and present,
Fashion the Souls of Men, and make Flesh for 'em,
Weighing

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Weighing our Fates, and Fortunes beyond Reason,
Be more than all the Gods, great in Forgiveness;
Break not the goodly Frame ye build in Anger;
For you are things, Men teach us, without Passions,
Give me an hour to know ye in: Oh save me
But so much perfect time ye make a Soul in,
Take this Destruction from me; no ye cannot,
The more I would believe ye, more I suffer,
My Brains are Ashes, now my Heart, my Eyes, Friends,
I go, I go, more Air, more Air; I am mortal. [*He dies.*]

Pro. Take in the Body: Oh *Licinius*,
The Misery that we are left to suffer;
No pity shall find us.

Licin. Our Lives deserve none:
Would I were chain'd again to slavery,
With any hope of Life.

Pro. A quiet Grave,
Or a Consumption now, *Lycinius*,
That we might be too poor to kill, were something.

Licin. Let's make our best use, we have Money, *Proculus*,
And if that cannot save us, we have Swords.

Pro. Yes, but we dare not dye.

Licin. I had forgot that:
There's other Countries then.

Pro. But the same hate still,
Of what we are.

Licin. Think any thing, I'll follow.

Enter a Messenger.

Pro. How now, what News?

Mess. Shift for your selves, ye are lost else:
The Soldier is in Arms for great *Æcius*,
And their Lieutenant-General that stop'd 'em,
Cut in a thousand pieces: They march hither:
Beside, the Women of the Town have murder'd
Phorba, and loose *Ardelia*, *Cæsar's* She-Bawds.

Licin. Then here's no staying, *Proculus*?

Pro. O *Cæsar*,
That we had never known thy Lusts: Let's fly,
And where we find no Woman's Man let's dye. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Maximus.

Max. Gods, what a Sluce of Blood have I let open!
 My happy Ends are come to birth, he's dead,
 And I reveng'd; the Empire's all a Fire,
 And Desolation every where inhabits:
 And shall I live that am the Author of it,
 To know *Rome* from the Awe o'th' World, the Pity?
 My Friends are gone before too, of my sending,
 And shall I stay? Is ought else to be liv'd for?
 Is there another Friend, another Wife,
 Or any third holds half their Worthiness,
 To linger here alive for? Is not Virtue
 In their two everlasting Souls departed,
 And in their Bodies first Flame fled to Heav'n?
 Can any Man discover this, and love me?
 For though my Justice were as white as Truth,
 My Way was crooked to it, that condemns me:
 And now *Æcius*, and my honour'd Lady,
 That were Preparers to my rest and quiet,
 The Lines to lead me to *Elizium*;
 You that but slept before me, on assurance
 I would not leave your Friendship unrewarded,
 First smile upon the Sacrifice I have sent ye,
 Then see me coming boldly. Stay, I am foolish,
 Somewhat too sudden to mine own Destruction,
 This great end of my Vengeance may grow greater:
 Why may not I be *Cæsar*? Yet no dying;
 Why should I not catch at it? Fools and Children
 Have had that Strength before me, and obtain'd it,
 And as the Danger stands, my Reason bids me,
 I will, I dare; my dear Friends pardon me,
 I am not fit to die yet, if not *Cæsar*;
 I am sure the Soldier loves me, and the People,
 And I will forward, and as goodly Cedars
 Rent from *Oeta* by a sweeping Tempest
 Jointed again, and made tall Masts, defie
 Those angry Winds that split 'em, so will I
 New-peice again, above the Fate of Women,

And

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And made more perfect far, than growing private,
Stand and defie bad Fortunes: If I rise,
My Wife was ravish'd well; If then I fall,
My great Attempt honours my Funeral. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter three Senators and Affranius.

1 Sen. Guard all the Posterns to the Camp, *Affranius*,
And see 'em fast, we shall be rifled else;
Thou art an honest, and a worthy Captain.

2 Sen. Promise the Soldier any thing.

3 Sen. Speak gently,
And tell 'em we are now in Council for 'em.
Labouring to chuse a *Cæsar* fit for them,
A Soldier, and a Giver.

1 Sen. Tell 'em further,
Their free and liberal Voices shall go with us.

2 Sen. Nay more, a Negative say we allow 'em. (him.

3 Sen. And if our Choice displease 'em, they shall Name

1 Sen. Promise three Donatives, and large, *Affranius*.

2 Sen. And *Cæsar* once elected, present Foes,
With distribution of all Necessaries,
Corn, Wine and Oil.

3 Sen. New Garments, and new Arms,
And equal Portions of the Provinces
To them, and to their Families for ever.

1 Sen. And see the City strengthened.

Affa. I shall do it. [Exit *Affranius*.

2 Sen. *Sempronius*, these are woful Times.

3 Sen. O *Brutus*!

We want thy Honesty again; these *Cæsars*,
What noble Consuls got with Blood, in Blood
Consume again, and scatter.

1 Sen. Which way shall we?

2 Sen. Not any way of Safety I can think on.

3 Sen. Now go our Wives to Ruin, and our Daugh-
And we Beholders, *Falvius*. (ret.

1 Sen. Every thing
Is every Man's that will.

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2 *Sen.* The Vestals now
Must only feed the Soldier's Fire of Lust,
And sensual Gods be glutt'd with those Offerings,
Age like the hidden Bowels of the Earth
Open'd with Swords for Treasure.
Gods defend us,
We are Chaff before their Fury else.

2 *Sen.* Away,
Let's to the Temples.

1 *Sen.* To the Capitol,
'Tis not a time to Pray now, let's be strengthen'd.

Enter Affranus.

3 *Sen.* How now *Affranus*: What good News?

Affa. A *Cesar*.

1 *Sen.* Oh! Who?

Affa. Lord *Maximus* is with the Soldier,
And all the Camp rings *Cesar, Cesar, Cesar*;
He forc'd the Empress with him for more Honour.

2 *Sen.* A happy Choice: Let's meet him.

3 *Sen.* Blessed Fortune.

1 *Sen.* Away, away, make room there, room there, room.

[Exeunt Senators. Flourish.]

Within. Lord *Maximus* is *Cesar, Cesar, Cesar*;
Hail *Cesar Maximus*.

Affa. Oh turning People!

Oh People excellent in War, and govern'd;
In Peace more raging than the furious North,
When he ploughs up the Sea, and makes him Brine,
Or the loud falls of *Nile*; I must give way,
Although I neither love nor hope this.

Or like a rotten Bridge that dares a Current,
When he is swell'd and high crackt, and Farewel.

Enter Maximus, Eudoxia, Senators and Soldiers.

Sen. Room for the Emperor.

Sold. Long Life to *Cesar*.

Affa. Hail *Cesar Maximus*.

Emp. Max. Your Hand, *Affranus*.

Lead to the Palace, there my Thanks in general,
I'll shower among ye all: Gods give me Life,
First to defend the Empire, then you Fathers,

And

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And valiant Friends, the Heirs of Strength and Virtue,
The Rampires of old *Rome*, of us the Refuge ;
To you I open this Day all I have,
Even all the hazard that my Youth hath purchas'd,
Ye are my Children, Family, and Friends
And ever so respected shall be, forward.
There's a Prescription, grave *Sempronius*,
'Gainst all the Flatterers, and lazy Bawds
Led loose-liv'd *Valentinian* to his Vices,
See it effected.

[*Flourish.*

Sen. Honour wait on *Cæsar*.

Sold. Make room for *Cæsar* there. [*Exe. all but Affra.*

Affra. Thou hast my Fears,

But *Valentinian* keeps my Vows: Oh Gods!
Why do we like to feed the greedy Raven
Of these blown Men, that must before they stand,
And fixt in Eminence, cast Life on Life,
And trench their Safeties in with Wounds, and Bodies?
Well froward *Rome*, thou wilt grow weak with changing
And die without an Heir, that lov'st to breed
Sons for the killing hate of Sons: For me,
I only live to find an Enemy.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Paulus, a Poet; and Licippus, a Gentleman.

Pau. When is the Inauguration?

Licip. Why, to Morrow.

Pau. 'Twill be short time.

Licip. Any device that's handsome.

A *Cupid*, or the God o'th' Place will do it,
Where he must take the Fasces.

Pau. Or a Grace.

Licip. A good Grace has no Fellow.

Pau. Let me see,

Will not his Name yeild something? *Maximus*
By th' way of Anagram? I have found out *Axis*,
You know he bears the Empire.

Licip. Get him Wheels too,
'Twill be a cruel Carriage else.

Pau. Some Songs too.

Licip.

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Licip. By any means some Songs: But very short ones,
And honest Language *Paulus*, without bursting,
The Air will fall the sweeter.

Pau. A Grace must do it.

Licip. Why, let a Grace then.

Pau. Yes, it must be so;

And in a Robe of Blue too, as I take it.

Licip. This Poet is a little Kin to th' Painter
That could paint nothing but a ramping Lion,
So all his learned Fancies are blue Graces.

Pau. What think ye of a Sea-nymph, and a Heav'n?

Licip. Why what should she do there, Man? There's
no Water.

Pau. By th' Mass that's true, it must be a Grace, and yet
Methinks a Rain-bow.

Licip. And in Blue.

Pau. Oh yes!

Hanging in Arch above him, and i'th' middle.

Licip. A shower of Rain.

Pau. No, no, it must be a Grace.

Licip. Why prithee Grace him then.

Pau. Or *Orpheus*,
Coming from Hell.

Licip. In Blue too.

Pau. 'Tis the better;

And as he rises, full of Fires.

Licip. Now Bless us,
Will not that spoil his Lute-strings, *Paulus*?

Pau. Singing,
And crossing of his Arms.

Licip. How can he play then?

Pau. It shall be a Grace, I'll do it.

Licip. Prithee do,
And with as good a Grace as thou canst possible;
Good Fury *Paulus*, be i'th' Morning with me,
And pray take Measure of his Mouth that speaks it. [Exe.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Maximus and Eudoxia.

Max. Come my best lov'd *Eudoxia*: Let the Soldier
Want neither Wine, nor any thing he calls for,

And

And when the Senate's ready, give us Notice;
In the mean time leave us,
Oh my dear sweet!

Eud. Is't possible your Grace
Should undertake such Dangers for my Beauty,
If it were Excellent?

Max. By Heav'n 'tis all
The World has left to bragg of.

Eud. Can a Face
Long since bequeath'd to Wrinkles with my Sorrows,
Long since raz'd out o' th' Book of Youth and Pleasure,
Have power to make the strongest Man o'th' Empire,
Nay the most stay'd, and knowing what is Woman,
The greatest aim of Perfection Men liv'd by,
The most true, constant lover of his Wedlock,
Such a still blowing Beauty Earth was proud of,
Lose such a noble Wife, and wilfully;
Himself prepare the way, nay make the Rape?
Did ye not tell me so?

Max. 'Tis true, *Eudoxia*.

Eud. Lay desolate his dearest peice of Friendship,
Break his strong Helm he steer'd by, sink that Virtue,
That Valour, that even all the Gods can give us,
Without whom he was nothing, with whom worthiest,
Nay more, arrive at *Cæsar*, and kill him too,
And for my sake? Either ye love too dearly,
Or deeply ye dissemble, Sir?

Max. I do so;

And 'till I am more strengthen'd, so I must do;
Yet would my Joy, and Wine had fashion'd out
Some safer Lie. Can these things be, *Eudoxia*,
And I dissemble? Can there be but Goodness
And only thine, dear Lady, any end,
Any Imagination but a lost one,
Why I should run this Hazard? O thou Virtue!
Were it to do again, and *Valentinian*,
Once more to hold thee, sinful *Valentinian*,
In whom thou were set, as Pearls are in salt Oysters,
As Roses are in rank Weeds, I would find
Yet to thy sacred self a dearer Danger,

The

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The Gods know how I honour thee.

Eud. What love, Sir,
Can I return for this, but my Obedience?
My Life, if so you please, and 'tis too little.

Max. 'Tis too much to redeem the World.

Eud. From this Hour,
The Sorrows for my dead Lord, fare ye well,
My living Lord has dry'd ye; and in Token,
As Emperor this Day I honour ye,
And the great Caster new of all my Wishes,
The Wreath of living Lawrel, that must compass
That sacred Head, *Eudoxia* makes for *Cesar*:
I am methinks too much in Love with Fortune;
But with you, ever Royal Sir, my Maker,
The once more Summer of me, meer in Love,
Is poor Expression of my Doting.

Max. Sweetest.

Eud. Now of my Troth ye have bought me dear, Sir.

Max. No,
Had I at loss of Mankind.

Enter a Messenger.

Eud. Now ye flatter.

Mess. The Senate waits your Grace.

Max. Let 'em come on,
And in a full Form bring the Ceremony:
This Day I am your Servant, Dear, and proudly
I'll wear your honour'd Favour.

Eud. May it prove so.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Paulus and Licippus.

Licip. Is your Grace done?

Pau. 'Tis done.

Licip. Who speaks?

Pau. A Boy.

Licip. A dainty blue Boy, *Paulus*?

Pau. Yes.

Licip. Have ye view'd
The Work above?

Pau. Yes, and all up, and ready.

Licip.

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Licip. The Empress does you simple Honour, *Paulus*,
The Wreath your blue Grace must present, she made.
But hark ye, for the Soldiers?

Pau. That's done too :
I'll bring 'em in, I warrant ye.

Licip. A Grace too?

Pau. The same Grace serves for both.

Licip. About it then :

I must to the Cup-board ; and be sure, good *Paulus*,
Your Grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly :
If there should need another Voice, what then?

Pau. I'll hang another Grace in.

Licip. Grace be with ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter in State Maximus, Exdokia, with Soldiers and Gentlemen of Rome, the Senators, and Rods and Axes born before them.

<i>A Synnet with</i>	{	<i>With a Banquet prepar'd, with</i>
<i>Trumpets.</i>		<i>Hautboys, Musick, Song, Wreath.</i>

3 *Sen.* Hail to thy Imperial Honour sacred *Cesar*,
And from the old *Rome* take these Wishes ;
You holy Gods, that hitherto have held,
As Justice holds her Ballance equal pois'd,
This glory of our Nation, this full *Roman*,
And made him fit for what he is, confirm him :
Look on this Son, O *Jupiter*, our helper,
And *Romulus*, thou Father of our Honour,
Preserve him like thy self, Just, Valiant, Noble,
A Lover and Increaser of his People ;
Let him begin with *Numa*, stand with *Caro*,
The first five Years of *Nero* be his Wishes,
Give him the Age and Fortune of *Emylius*,
And his whole Reign, renew a Great *Augustus*.

S O N G.

Honour that is ever living,
Honour that is ever giving,
Honour that sees all and knows.
Both the Ebbs of Man and Flows ;

Honour

*Honour that rewards the best,
Sends thee thy rich Labour's rest;
Thou hast studied still to please her,
Therefore now she calls thee Cæsar;
Chorus. Hail, hail, Cæsar, hail and stand,
And thy Name out-live the Land,
Noble Fathers to his Brows,
Bind this Wreath with thousand Fows.*

All. Stand to Eternity.

*Max. I thank ye, Fathers,
And as I rule, may it still grow or wither:
Now to the Banquet, ye are all my Guests,
This Day be liberal Friends, to Wine we give it;
And smiling Pleasures: Sit, my Queen of Beauty;
Fathers, your Places: These are fair Wars, Soldiers,
And thus I give the first charge to ye all;
You are my Second, Sweet, to every Cup,
I add unto the Senate, a new Honour,
And to the Sons of Mars a Donative.*

SONG.

*God Lyeus ever young,
Ever Honour'd, ever Sung;
Stain'd with Blood of lusty Grapes,
In a thousand lusty Shapes;
Dance upon the Mazers brim,
In the Crimson Liquor swim;
From thy plenteous Hand Divine,
Let a River run with Wine;
God of Youth, let this day here
Enter neither Care nor Fear.*

*Boy. Bellona's Seed, the Glory of old Rome,
Envy of conquer'd Nations, nobly come
And to the fulness of your warlike noise
Let your Feet move, make up this hour of Joys;
Come, come I say, range your fair Troop, at large,
And your high measure turn into a Charge.*

Semp.

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Semp. The Emperor's grown heavy with his Wine.

Affr. The Senate stays, Sir, for your thanks.

Semp. Great *Cæsar*.

Eud. I have my wish.

Affr. Wilt please your Grace speak to him.

Eud. Yes, but he will not hear, Lords.

Semp. Stir him, *Lucius*; the Senate must have thanks.

2 Sen. Luc. Your Grace, Sir, *Cæsar*.

Eud. Did I not tell you he was well: He's dead.

Semp. Dead? Treason, guard the Court, let no Man pass;
Soldiers, your *Cæsar*'s murder'd.

Eud. Make no tumult,

Nor arm the Court, ye have his Killer with ye;
And the just cause, if ye can stay the hearing:
I was his Death; that Wreath that made him *Cæsar*,
Has made him Earth.

Sold. Cut her in thousand pieces.

Eud. Wise Men would know the Reason first: To die,
Is that I wish for, *Romans*, and your Swords,
The heaviest way of Death: Yet Soldiers grant me,
That was your Empress once, and honour'd by ye,
But so much time to tell ye why I kill'd him,
And weigh my Reasons well, if Man be in you;
Then if ye dare, do cruelly condemn me.

Affr. Hear her ye noble *Romans*, 'tis a Woman,
A Subject not for Swords, but Pity: Heav'n,
If she be guilty of malicious Murder,
Has given us Laws to make Example of her;
If only of Revenge, and Blood hid from us,
Let us consider first, then execute.

Semp. Speak, bloody Woman.

Eud. Yes: This *Maximus*,
That was your *Cæsar*, Lords, and noble Soldiers,
(And if I wrong the dead, Heav'n perish me;
Or speak to win your Favours, but the Truth)
Was to his Country, to his Friends, and *Cæsar*,
A most malicious Traitor.

Semp. Take heed, Woman.

Eud. I speak not for Compassion. Brave *Æcius*,
(Whose blessed Soul, if I lye, shall afflict me,)

The

1400 *The Tragedy of Valentinian.*

The Man that all the World lov'd, you ador'd,
 That was the Master-piece of Arms, and Bounty;
 Mine own Grief shall come last: This Friend of his,
 This Soldier, this your right Arm, noble *Romans*,
 By a base Letter to the Emperor,
 Stuff full of Fears, and poor Suggestions,
 And by himself unto himself directed,
 Was cut off basely, basely, cruelly;
 Oh Loss, oh Innocent! Can ye now kill me?
 And the poor Stale, my noble Lord, that knew not
 More of this Villain, than his forc'd fears,
 Like one foreseen to satisfie, dy'd for it:
 There was a Murder too, *Rome* would have blush'd at;
 Was this worth being *Cesar*? or my Patience? nay, his
 By Heav'n he told it me in Wine, and Joy, (Wife,
 And swore it deeply, he himself prepar'd
 To be abus'd, how? let me grieve, not tell ye;
 And weep the Sins that did it: And his end
 Was only me, and *Cesar*: But me he ty'd in;
 These are my Reasons, *Romans*, and my Soul
 Tells me sufficient; and my Deed is Justice:
 Now as I have done well, or ill, look on me. (done,
Affr. What less could Nature do, what less had we
 Had we known this before? *Romans*, she is righteous;
 And such a piece of Justice, Heav'n must smile on:
 Bend all your Swords on me, if this displease ye,
 For I must kneel, and on this virtuous hand
 Seal my new Joy and Thanks; thou hast done truly.
Semp. Up with your Arms, ye strike a Saint else, *Romans*:
 May'tt thou live ever spoken our Protector:
Rome yet has many noble Heirs: Let's in
 And pray before we chuse, then plant a *Cesar*
 Above the reach of Envy, Blood, and Murder.
Affr. Take up the Body, nobly to his Urn,
 And may our Sins and his together burn.

[*Exeunt.* A dead March.

E P I L O G U E.

WE wou'd fain please ye, and as fain be pleas'd;
'Tis but a little Liking, both are eas'd:
We have your Mony, and you have our Ware,
And to our Understanding good and fair:
For your own Wisdom's sake, be not so mad,
T' acknowledge ye have bought things dear and bad:
Let not a brack i'th' Stuff, or here and there
The fading Gloss, a general Loss appear:
We know ye take up worse Commodities,
And dearer pay, yet think your Bargain's wise;
We know in Meat and Wine, ye fling away
More Time and Wealth, which is but dearer pay,
And with the Reckoning all the Pleasure lost.
We bid ye not unto repenting Cost:
The Price is easie, and so light the Play,
That ye may new digest it every Day.
Then noble Friends, as ye would chuse a Mistress,
Only to please the Eye a while, and kiss,
'Till a good Wife be got: So let this Play
Hold ye a while, until a better may.



1400 *The Tragedy of Valentinian.*

The Man that all the World lov'd, you ador'd,
 That was the Master-piece of Arms, and Bounty;
 Mine own Grief shall come last: This Friend of his,
 This Soldier, this your right Arm, noble *Romans*,
 By a base Letter to the Emperor,
 Stuff full of Fears, and poor Suggestions,
 And by himself unto himself directed,
 Was cut off basely, basely, cruelly;
 Oh Loss, oh Innocent! Can ye now kill me?
 And the poor Stale, my noble Lord, that knew not
 More of this Villain, than his forc'd fears,
 Like one foreseen to satisfie, dy'd for it:
 There was a Murder too, *Rome* would have blush'd at;
 Was this worth being *Cesar*? or my Patience? nay, his
 By Heav'n he told it me in Wine, and Joy, (Wife,
 And swore it deeply, he himself prepar'd
 To be abus'd, how? let me grieve, not tell ye;
 And weep the Sins that did it: And his end
 Was only me, and *Cesar*: But me he ty'd in;
 These are my Reasons, *Romans*, and my Soul
 Tells me sufficient; and my Deed is Justice:
 Now as I have done well, or ill, look on me. (done,
Affr. What less could Nature do, what less had we
 Had we known this before? *Romans*, she is righteous;
 And such a piece of Justice, Heav'n must smile on:
 Bend all your Swords on me, if this displease ye,
 For I must kneel, and on this virtuous hand
 Seal my new Joy and Thanks; thou hast done truly.
Semp. Up with your Arms, ye strike a Saint else, *Romans*:
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Rome yet has many noble Heirs: Let's in
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ASTENOR

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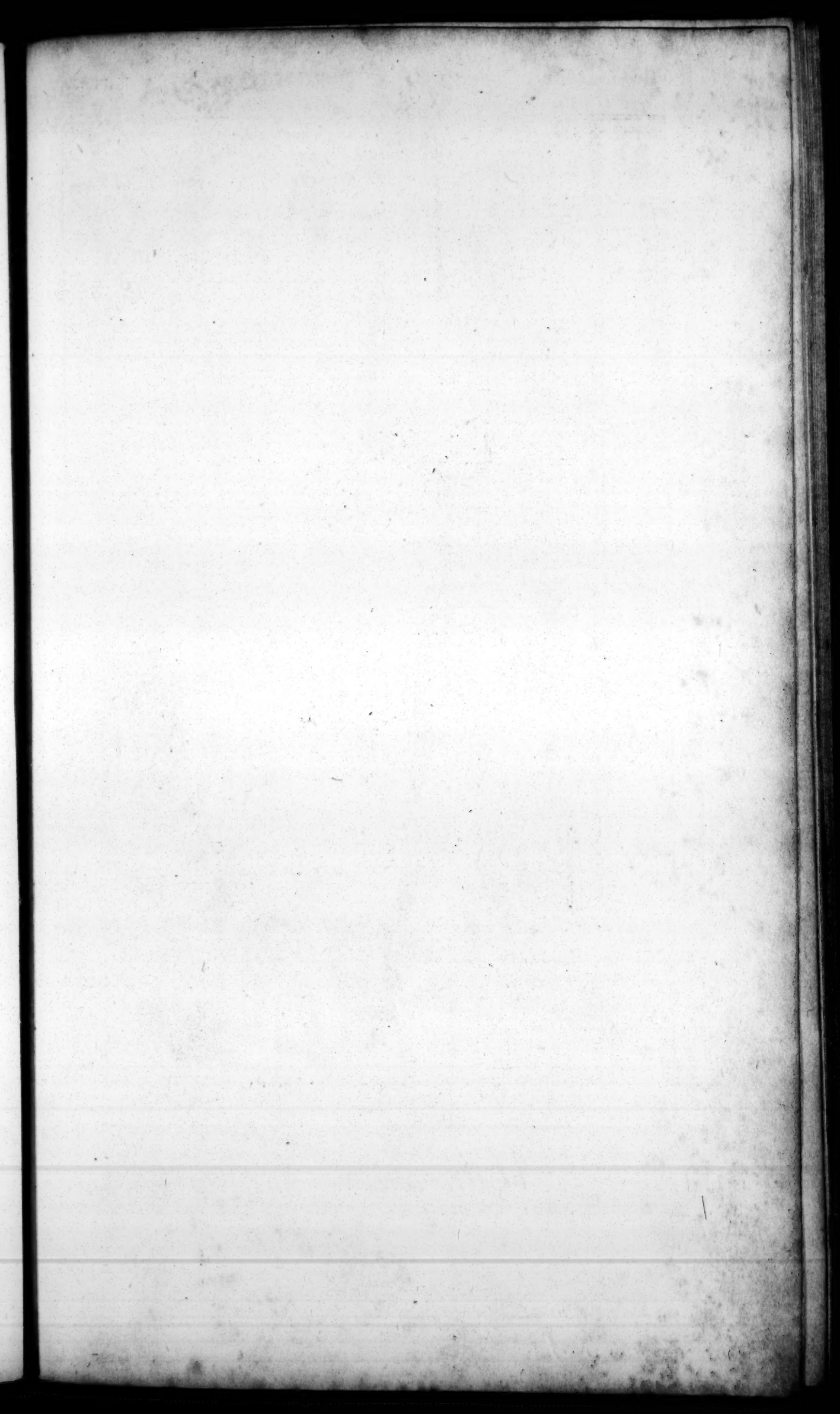
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Monsieur Thomas

Vol. 3. p. 1403

MONSIEUR
THOMAS.
A
COMEDY.



Printed in the Year 1711:

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

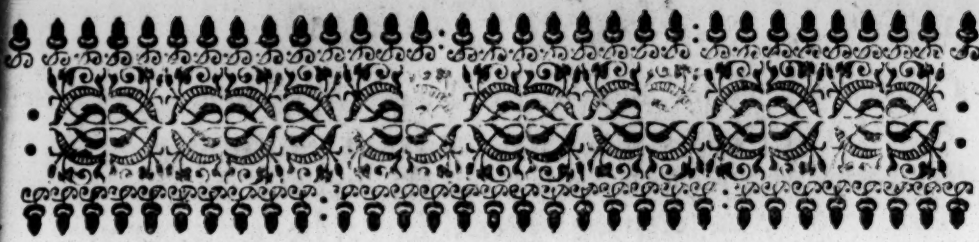
V. Alentine, *a Gentleman lately return'd from Travel, Brother to Alice.*
Monsieur Thomas, his Fellow-Traveller.
Sebastian, his Father.
Francis, Valentine's Son, in Love with Cellide.
Hylas, a general Lover.
Sam, a Gentleman, his Friend.
Launcelot, Monsieur Thomas his Man.
Michael, a Gentleman, Valentine's Neighbour.
Three Physicians, and an Apothecary.

W O M E N.

Alice, Valentine's Sister.
Cellide, belov'd by Valentine; in Love with Francis.
Mary, Neice to Valentine and Alice, in Love with Monsieur Thomas.
Dorothea, Monsieur Thomas his Sister.
Abbeys, Maids, &c.

S C E N E F R A N C E.

Mon.



Monfieur Thomas.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Alice, and Valentine.

A L I C E.



O W dearly welcome you are!

Val. I know it, (ficht,
And my best Sister, you are as dear to my
And pray let this confirm it : How you
have govern'd (Servants,
My poor State in my Absence, how my

I dare, and must believe, else I should wrong ye,
The best and worthiest.

Alice. As my Woman's Wit, Sir,
Which is but weak and crazy.

Val. But good *Alice*,
Tell me how fares the gentle *Cellide*,
The life of my Affection, since my Travel,
My long and lazy Travel? Is her Love still
Upon the growing Hand? Does it not stop
And wither at my Year? Has she not view'd
And entertain'd some younger smooth Behaviour,
Some Youth but in his Blossom, as her self is?
There lies my Fears.

Alice. They need not, for believe me
So well you have manag'd her, and won her Mind,
Even from her Hours of Childhood, to this Ripeness,
And in your Absence, that by me enforc'd still,
So well distill'd your Gentleness into her,

B b 3

Observ'd

Observ'd her, fed her Fancy, liv'd still in her,
 And though Love be a Boy, and ever youthful,
 And young and beauteous Objects ever aim'd at,
 Yet here ye have gone beyond Love, better'd Nature,
 Made him appear in Years, in grey Years fiery,
 His Bow at full bent ever; fear not Brother,
 For though your Body has been far off from her,
 Yet every Hour your Heart, which is your Goodness,
 I have forc'd into her, won a Place prepar'd too,
 And willingly to give it ever harbour;
 Believe she is so much yours, and won by Miracle,
 (Which is by Age) so deep a Stamp set on her
 By your observances, she cannot alter.
 Were the Child living now ye lost at Sea
 Among the *Genoua* Gallies, what a Happiness!
 What a main Blessing!

Val. O no more, good Sister,
 Touch no more that String, 'tis too harsh and jarring.
 With that Child all my Hopes went, and you know
 The root of all those Hopes, the Mother too
 Within few Days.

Alice. 'Tis too true, and too fatal,
 But Peace be with their Souls.

Val. For her Loss,
 I hope the beauteous *Cellide*.

Alice. You may, Sir,
 For all she is, is yours.

Val. For the poor Boy's loss,
 I have brought a noble Friend, I found in Travel,
 A worthier Mind, and a more temperate Spirit,
 If I have so much Judgment to discern 'em,
 Man yet was never Master of.

Alice. What is he?

Val. A Gentleman, I do assure my self,
 And of a worthy Breeding, though he hide it;
 I found him at *Valentia*, poor and needy,
 Only his Mind the Master of a Treasure.
 I sought his Friendship, won him by much Violence,
 His Honesty and Modesty still fearing
 To thrust a Charge upon me; how I love him,

He

He shall now know, where Want and he hereafter
Shall be no more Companions ; use him nobly,
It is my Will, good Sister, all I have
I make him free Companion in, and Partner,
But only——

Alice. I observe ye, hold your Right there,
Love and high Rule allows no Rivals, Brother,
He shall have fair Regard, and all Observance.

Enter Hylas.

Hyl. You are Welcome, noble Sir.

Val. What, Monsieur *Hylas* !

I'm glad to see your merry Body well yet. (Seas ?

Hyl. 'Faith y'are welcome Home, what News beyond

Val. None, but new Men expected, such as you are,
To breed new Admirations ; 'tis my Sister,
'Pray ye know her, Sir.

Hyl. With all my Heart ; your leave, Lady ?

Alice. You have it, Sir.

Hyl. A shrewd smart touch, which does prognosticate
A Body keen and active, somewhat old,
But that's all one ; Age brings Experience
And Knowledge to Dispatch : I must be better,
And nearer in my Service, with your leave, Sir,
To this fair Lady.

Val. What, the old 'Squire of Dames still !

Hyl. Still the Admirer of their Goodness ; with all my
I love a Woman of her Years, a Pacer (Heart now,
That lays the Bridle in her Neck, will travel
Forty, and somewhat fulsome is a fine Dish.
These young Colts are too skittish.

Enter Mary.

Alice. My Cousin *Mary*

In all her Joy, Sir, to congratulate
Your fair return.

Val. My loving and kind Cousin,
A thousand Welcomes.

Mary. A thousand Thanks to Heav'n, Sir,
For your safe Voyage, and Return.

Val. I thank ye ;
But where's my Blessed *Cellide* ? Her slackness
In Visitation.

Mary. Think not so, dear Uncle,
I left her on her Knees, thanking the Gods
With Tears and Prayers.

Val. Ye have given me too much Comfort.

Mary. She will not be long from ye.

Hyl. Your fair Cousin?

Val. It is so, and a Bait you cannot balk, Sir,
If your old Rule reign in you, ye may know her:
A happy stock ye have, right worthy Lady,
The poorest of your Servants Vows his Duty
And obliged Faith.

Mary. O 'tis a Kiss you would, Sir,
Take it, and tye your Tongue up.

Hyl. I am an Ass

I do perceive now, a blind Ass, a Blockhead;
For this is Handsomness, this that that draws us
Body and Bones: Oh what a mounted forehead,
What Eyes and Lips, what every thing about her!
How like a Swan she swims her Pace, and bears
Her silver Breasts! This is the Woman, she,
And only she, that I will so much Honour
As to think worthy of my Love, all older Idols
I heartily abhor, and give to Gun-powder,
And all Complexions besides hers, to Gypsies.

Enter Francis at one Door, and Cellide at another.

Val. O my dear Life, my better Heart, all Dangers,
Distresses in my Travel, all Misfortunes,
Had they been endless like the Hours upon me,
In this Kiss had been buried in Oblivion;
How Happy have ye made me, truly Happy?

Cel. My Joy has so much over-mastered me,
That in my Tears for your return——

Val. O dearest;

My noble Friend too! What a Blessedness
Have I about me now! How full my Wishes
Are come again, a thousand hearty Welcomes
I once more lay upon ye; all I have,
The fair and liberal Use of all my Servants
To be at your Command, and all the Uses
Of all within my Power.

Fran.

Fran. Ye are too munificent,
Nor am I able to conceive thofe Thanks, Sir.

Val. Ye wrong my tender Love now, even my Service,
Nothing accepted, nothing ftuck between us
And our intire Affections but this Woman,
This I befecch ye Friend.

Fran. It is a Jewel,
I do confefs, would make a Thief, but never
Of him that's fo much yours, and bound your Servant ;
That were a bafe Ingratitude.

Val. Ye are Noble,
'Pray be acquainted with her, keep your way, Sir,
My Coufin and my Sifter.

Alice. Ye are moft Welcome.

Mary. If any Thing in our poor Powers, fair Sir,
To render ye Content, and liberal Welcome
May but appear, command it.

Alice. Ye fhall find us
Happy in our Performance.

Fran. The poor Servant
Of both your Goodneffes presents his Service.

Val. Come, no more Complement ; Custom has made it
Dull, old, and tedious ; ye are once more Welcome
As your own Thoughts can make ye, and the fame ever.
And fo we'll in to ratifie it.

Hyl. Hark ye, *Valentine* :
Is wild Oats yet come over ?

Val. Yes, with me, Sir.

Mary. How does he bear himfelf ?

Val. A great deal better ;
Why do you Bluth ? The Gentleman will do well.

Mary. I fhould be glad on't, Sir.

Val. How does his Father ?

Hyl. As mad a Worm as e'er he was.

Val. I lookt for't :

Shall we enjoy your Company ?

Hyl. I'll wait on ye :

Only a Thought or two.

Val. We bar all Prayers.

[*Exeunt all but Hylas.*
Hyl.

Hyl. This last Wench! Ay, this last Wench was a fair
 A dainty Wench, a right one; a Devil take it, (one,
 What do I ail? To have fifteen now in liking,
 Enough a Man would think to stay my Stomach?
 But what's fifteen, or fifteen Score to my Thoughts?
 And wherefore are mine Eyes made, and have lights,
 But to encrease my Objects? This last Wench
 Sticks plaguy close to me, a hundred Pound
 I were as close to her; if I lov'd now,
 As many foolish Men do, I should run Mad.

S C E N E II.

Enter Old Sebastian, and Launcelot.

Seb. Sirrah, no more of your *French* shrugs, I advise you.
 If you be Louzy, shift your self.

Laun. May it please your Worship.

Seb. Only to see my Son, my Son, good *Launcelot*;
 Your Master and my Son; Body O me Sir,
 No Mony, no more Mony, Monsieur *Launcelot*,
 Not a Denier, sweet Signior; bring the Person,
 The Person of my Boy, my Boy *Tom*, Monsieur *Thomas*,
 Or get you gone again, *du gata wbee*, Sir;
Bassa mi cu, good *Launcelot*, *valetote*.
 My Boy or nothing.

Laun. Then to answer punctually.

Seb. I say to th' purpose.

Laun. Then I say to th' purpose,
 Because your Worship's vulgar Understanding
 May meet me at the nearest; your Son, my Master,
 Or Monsieur *Thomas*, (for so his Travel stiles him)
 Through many foreign Plots that Virtue meets with,
 And Dangers (I beseech ye give Attention)
 Is at the last arriv'd
 To ask your (as the *French* Man calls it sweetly)
 Benediction *de jour en jour*.

Seb. Sirrah, do not Conjure me with your *French* Furies.

Laun. *Che ditr'a vou*, Monsieur.

Seb. *Che dog a vou*, Rascal;

Leave me your rotten Language, and tell me plainly,
 And quickly, Sirrah, lest I crack your *French* Crown,
 What

What your good Maſter means; I have maintain'd
You and your Monſieur, as I take it, *Launcelot*,
Theſe two Years at your *ditti vous*, your *jours*.
Four me no more, for not another Penny
Shall paſs my Purſe.

Laun. Your Worſhip is erroneous,
For as I told you, your Son *Tom*, or *Thomas*,
My Maſter and your Son is now arriv'd
To aſk you, as our Language bears it neareſt,
Your quotidian Bleſſing, and here he is in Perſon.

Enter Thomas.

Seb. What, *Tom*! Boy, welcome with all my Heart, Boy
Welcome, 'faith thou haſt gladd'd me at Soul, Boy,
Infinite glad I am, I have pray'd too, *Thomas*,
For you wild *Thomas*, *Tom*, I thank thee heartily
For coming home.

Tho. Sir, I do find your Prayers
Have much prevail'd above my Sins.

Seb. How's this?

Tho. Elſe certain I had periſh'd with my rudeneſs,
E'er I had won my ſelf to that Diſcretion,
I hope you ſhall hereafter find.

Seb. Humh, humh,
Diſcretion? Is it come to that? The Boy's ſpoil'd.

Tho. Sirrah, you Rogue, look for't, for I will make thee
Ten times more miſerable than thou thought'ſt thy ſelf
Before thou travell'dſt; thou haſt told my Father,
I know it, and I find it, all my Rogueries
By meer way of prevention to undo me.

Laun. Sir, as I ſpeak eight Languages, I only
Told him you came to aſk his Benediction,
De jour en jour.

Tho. But that I muſt be civil,
I would beat thee like a Dog. Sir, however
The Time I have miſpent, may make you doubtful,
Nay harden your Belief 'gainſt my Conversion——

Seb. A Pox o' Travel, I ſay.

Tho. Yet, dear Father,
Your own Experience in my aſter Courſes——

Enter

Enter Dorothea.

Seb. Prithee no more, 'tis scurvy ; there's thy Sister---
 Undone without Redemption ; he eats with Picks,
 Utterly spoil'd, his Spirit baffled in him :
 How have I fin'd that this Affliction
 Should light so heavy on me ? I have no more Sons ;
 And this no more mine own, no spark of Nature
 Allows him mine now, he's grown Tame ; my grand Curse
 Hang o'er his Head that thus transform'd thee : Travel ?
 I'll send my Horse to travel next ; *we* Monsieur.
 Now will my most canonical dear Neighbours
 Say I have found my Son, and rejoyce with me,
 Because he has mew'd his mad Tricks off : I know not,
 But I am sure this Monsieur, this fine Gentleman
 Will never be in my Books like mad *Thomas*,
 I must go seek an Heir, for my Inheritance
 Must not turn Secretary ; my Name and Quality
 Has kept my Land three hundred Years in madness
 And it slip now, may it sink. *[Exit.]*

Tho. Excellent Sister,

I am glad to see thee well ; but where's thy Father ?

Dor. Gone Discontent, it seems.*Tho.* He did Ill in it,

As he does all ; for I was uttering
 A handsome Speech or two, I have been studying
 E'er since I came from *Paris* : How glad to see thee !

Dor. I am gladder to see you, with more Love too
 I dare maintain it, than my Father's sorry
 To see (as he supposes) your Conversion ;
 And I am sure he is vex'd, nay more, I know it,
 He has pray'd against it mainly ; but it appears, Sir,
 You had rather blind him with that poor Opinion
 Than in your self correct it : Dearest Brother,
 Since there is in our uniform Resemblance,
 No more to make us two but our bare Sexes ;
 And since one happy Birth produc'd us hither,
 Let one more happy Mind.

Tho. It shall be, Sister,

For I can do it when I list ; and yet, Wench,
 Be mad too when I please ; I have the Trick on't :
 Beware a Traveller.

Dor.

Dor. Leave that Trick too.

Tho. Not for the World; but where's my Mistress,
And prithee say how does she? I melt to see her,
And presently: I must away.

Dor. Then do so,
For o' my Faith she will not see you, Brother.

Tho. Not see me? I'll——

Dor. Now you play your true self;
How would my Father love this! I'll assure you
She will not see you; she has heard (and loudly)
The Gambols that you play'd since your departure,
In every Town ye came, your several Mischiefs,
Your Rowfcs and your Wenches; all your Quarrels,
And the no-Causes of 'em; these, I take it,
Although she love ye well, to modest Ears,
To one that waited for your Reformation,
To which end Travel was propounded by her Uncle,
Must needs, and Reason for it, be examined,
And by her Modesty, and fear'd too light too,
To fyle with her Affections; ye have lost her
For any thing I see, exil'd your self.

Tho. No more of that, sweet *Doll*, I will be civil.

Dor. But how long?

Tho. Would'st thou have me lose my Birth-right?
For yond old Thing will disinherit me
If I grow too demure; good sweet *Doll*, prithee,
Prithee, dear Sister, let me see her.

Dor. No.

Tho. Nay, I beseech thee, by this Light.

Dor. Ay, swagger.

Tho. Kifs me, and be my Friend, we two were Twins,
And shall we now grow Strangers?

Dor. 'Tis not my Fault.

Tho. Well, there be other Women, and remember
You, you were the cause of this; there be more Lands too,
And better People in 'em, fare ye well,
And other Loves; what shall become of me
And of my Vanities, because they grieve ye? (there?)

Dor. Come hither, come, do you see that Cloud that flies
So light are you, and blown with every Fancy:

Will

Will ye but make me hope ye may be civil?
 I know your Nature's sweet enough, and tender,
 Not grated on, nor curb'd: Do you love your Mistress?

Tho. He lyes that says I do not.

Dor. Would ye see her?

Tho. If you please, for it must be so.

Dor. And appear to her

A Thing to be belov'd?

Tho. Yes.

Dor. Change then

A little of your Wildness into Wisdom,

And put on a more Smoothness;

I'll do the best I can to help ye, yet

I do protest she swore, and swore it deeply,

She would never see you more; where's your Man's Heart

What, do you faint at this?

(now?)

Tho. She is a Woman:

But him she entertains next for a Servant,

I shall be bold to quarter.

Dor. No thought of Fighting;

Go in, and there we'll talk more; be but rul'd,

And what lies in my Power, ye shall be sure of. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Alice, and Mary.

Alice. He cannot be so wild still.

Mary. 'Tis most certain,

I have now heard all, and all the Truth.

Alice. Grant all that;

Is he the first that has been giv'n a lost Man,

And yet come fairly Home? He is young and tender,

And fit for that Impression your Affections

Shall stamp upon him, Age brings on Discretion,

A Year hence, these mad Toys that now possess him

Will shew like Bugbears to him, Shapes to fright him;

Marriage dissolves all these like Mists.

Mary. They are grounded

Hereditary in him, from his Father,

And to his Grave they will haunt him.

Alice.

Alice. 'Tis your Fear,
Which is a wife Part in you; yet your Love,
However you may seem to lessen it
With these Dislikes, and choak it with these Errors,
Do what you can, will break out to excuse him,
Ye have him in your Heart, and planted, Cousin,
From whence the Power of Reason, nor Discretion,
Can ever root him.

Mary. Planted in my Heart, Aunt?
Believe it no, I never was so liberal;
What though he shew a so so comely Fellow,
Which we call pretty? Or say it may be handsom?
What though his Promises may stumble at
The Power of Goodness in him, sometimes Use too?

Alice. How willingly thy Heart betrays thee, Cousin?
Cozen thy self no more; thou hast no more Power
To leave off loving him, than he that's Thirsty
Has to abstain from Drink standing before him;
His Mind is not so monstrous for his Shape,
If I have Eyes, I have not seen his better.
A handsome brown Complexion.

Mary. Reasonable,
Inclining to a Tawny.

Alice. Had I said so
You would have wish'd my Tongue out; then his making.

Mary. Which may be mended; I have seen Legs straight-
And cleaner made. (er,

Alice. A Body too.

Mary. Far neater,
And better set together.

Alice. God forgive thee,
For against thy Conscience thou lyest stubbornly.

Mary. I grant 'tis Neat enough.

Alice. 'Tis Excellent,
And where the outward Parts are fair and lovely, (be?
(Which are but Moulds o'th' Mind) what must the Soul
Put case Youth has his swinge, and fiery Nature
Flames to mad Uses many times.

Mary. All this
You only use to make me say I love him;

I do confefs I do, but that my Fondness
Should fling it self upon his desperate Follies.

Alice. I do not Counsel that, see him reclaim'd first,
Which will not prove a Miracle, yet *Mary*,
I am afraid 'twill vex thee horribly
To stay so long.

Mary. No, no Aunt, no, believe me.

Alice. What was your Dream to Night? For I observ'd
Hugging of me, with Good dear sweet *Tom*. (ye

Mary. Fye, Aunt,
Upon my Conscience.

Alice. On my Word 'tis true, Wench;
And then ye kiss'd me, *Mary*, more than once too,
And sigh'd, and O sweet *Tom* again; nay, do not Blush,
Ye have it at the Heart, Wench.

Mary. I'll be hang'd first,
But you must have your way.

Enter Dorothea.

Alice. And so will you too,
Or break down Hedges for it. *Dorothea*,
The welcom'ft Woman living; how does thy Brother?
I hear he's turn'd a wondrous civil Gentleman
Since his short Travel.

Dor. 'Pray Heav'n he make it good, *Alice*.

Mary. How do ye Friend? I have a quarrel to ye,
Ye stole away and left my Company.

Dor. O pardon me, dear Friend, it was to Welcome
A Brother that I have some Cause to love well.

Mary. Prithce how is he? Thou speak'ft Truth.

Dor. Not Perfect,
I hope he will be.

Mary. Never: H'as forgot me,
I hear Wench, and his hot Love too.

Alice. Thou would'ft howl then.

Mary. And I am glad it should be so: his Travels
Have yielded him variety of Mistresses,
Fairer in his Eye far.

Alice. O cogging Rascal!

Mary. I was a Fool, but better Thoughts, I thank Heav'n.

Dor.

Dor. 'Pray do not think so, for he loves you dearly,
Upon my Troth most firmly, would fain see you.

Mary. See me, Friend! Do you think it fit?

Dor. It may be,
Without the loss of Credit too; he's not
Such a prodigious Thing, so monstrous,
To fling from all Society.

Mary. He's so much contrary
To my Desires, such an Antipathy,
That I must sooner see my Grave.

Dor. Dear Friend,
He was not so before he went.

Mary. I grant it,
For then I daily hop'd his fair Conversion.

Alice. Come, do not mask your self, but see him freely,
Ye have a Mind.

Mary. That Mind I'll master then.

Dor. And is your Hate so mortal?

Mary. Not to his Person,
But to his Qualities, his Mad-cap Follies,
Which still like *Hydra's* Heads grow thicker on him.
I have a Credit, Friend, and Maids of my sort
Love where their Modesties may live untainted.

Dor. I give up that hope then; 'pray for your Friend's
If I have any Interest within ye, (sake,
Do but this Courtesie, accept this Letter.

Mary. From him?

Dor. The same; 'tis but a Minute's reading,
And as we look on Shapes of painted Devils,
Which for the present may disturb our Fancy,
But with the next new Object lose 'em, so
If this be foul, ye may forget it, 'pray.

Mary. Have ye seen it, Friend?

Dor. I will not lie; I have not,
But I presume, so much he Honours you,
The worst part of himself was cast away
When to his best Part he writ this.

Mary. For your sake,
Not that I any way shall like his Scribbling.

Alice. A shrewd dissembling Quean.

Dor. I thank ye, dear Friend,
I know she loves him.

Alice. Yes, and will not lose him,
Unless he leap into the Moon, believe that,
And then she'll scramble too; young Wenches Loves
Are like the course of Quartans, they may shift
And seem to cease sometimes, and yet we see
The least Distemper pulls 'em back again,
And seats 'em in their old course; fear her not,
Unless he be a Devil.

Mary. Now Heav'n bless me.

Dor. What has he writ?

Mary. Out, out upon him.

Dor. Ha, what has the mad Man done?

Mary. Worse, worse, and worse still.

Alice. Some Northern Toy, a little broad.

Mary. Still fouler?

Hey, hey Boys, goodness keep me; Oh.

Dor. What ail ye?

Mary. Here, take your Spell again, it burns my Fingers.
Was ever Lover writ so sweet a Letter,
So Elegant a Style? Pray look upon't;
The rarest Inventory of rank Oaths
That ever Cut-purse cast.

Alice. What a mad Boy is this?

Mary. Only i'th' bottom
A little Julip gently sprinkled over
To cool his Mouth, lest it break out in Blisters,
Indeed law. Yours for ever.

Dor. I am sorry. (please,

Mary. You shall be welcome to me, come when you
And ever may command me vertuously;
But for your Brother, you must pardon me,
'Till I am of his Nature, no Access, Friend,
No word of Visitation, as ye love me,
And so for now I'll leave ye. [Exit.

Alice. What a Letter
Has this thing written, how it roars like Thunder?
With what a state he enters into Stile?
Dear Mistress.

Dor.

Dor. Out upon him, Bedlam. (likeness)

Alice. Well, there be ways to reach her yet: Such
As you two carry, methinks.

Dor. I am mad too,
And yet can apprehend ye: Fare ye well,
The Fool shall now fish for himself.

Alice. Be sure then
His tewgh be tith and strong: And next no swearing,
He'll catch no Fish else: Farewel, *Dol.*

Dor. Farewel, *Alice.* [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Valentine, Alice, and Cellide.

Cel. **I**Ndeed he's much chang'd, extremely alter'd,
His Colour faded strangely too.

Val. The Air,
The sharp and nipping Air of our new Climate
I hope is all, which will as well restore
To Health again th' affected Body by it,
And make it stronger far, as leave it dangerous;
How does my Sweet, our blessed hour comes on now
Apace my *Cellide*, it knocks at Door,
In which our Loves, and long desires like Rivers
Rising asunder far, shall fall together,
Within these two days, Dear.

Cel. When Heav'n, and you, Sir,
Shall think it fit: For by your Wills I am govern'd.

Alice. 'Twere good some Preparation.

Enter Francis.

Val. All that may be:
It shall be no blind Wedding: And all the joy
Of all our Friends I hope: He looks worse hourly;
How does my Friend, my self? He sweats too coldly,
His Pulse, like the slow dropping of a Spout,
Scarce gives his Function: How is't Man? Alas, Sir,
You look extreme ill: Is it any old Grief,
The weight of which——

Fran. None, gentle Sir, that I feel,
Your Love is too too tender,
Nay believe, Sir.

Cel. You cannot be the Master of your Health,
Either some Feaver lies in wait to catch ye,
Whose Harbinger's already in your Face
We see preparing: Or some Discontent,
Which if it lye in this House, I dare say
Both for this noble Gentleman, and all
That live within it, shall as readily
Be purg'd away, and with as much care soften'd,
And where the Cause is.

Fran. 'Tis a Joy to be Ill,
Where such a virtuous fair Phyfician
Is ready to relieve: Your noble Cares
I must, and ever shall be thankful for,
And would my Service (I dare not look upon her)
But be not fearful, I feel nothing dangerous,
A grudging caus'd by th' Alteration
Of Air, may hang upon me: My Heart's whole,
(I would it were)

Val. I knew the Cause to be so.

Fran. No, you shall never know it.

Alice. Some warm Broths
To purge the Blood, and keep your Bed a Day, Sir,
And Sweat it out.

Cel. I have such Cordials,
That if you will but promise me to take 'em,
Indeed you shall be well, and very quickly,
I'll be your Doctor, you shall see how finely
I'll fetch ye up again.

Val. He sweats extreamly:
Hot, very hot: His Pulse beats like a Drum now,
Feel Sister, feel, feel Sweet.

Fran. How that touch stung me?

Val. My Gown there.

Cel. And those Julips in the Window.

Alice. Some see his Bed made.

Val. This is most unhappy,
Take courage Man, 'tis nothing but an Ague.

Cel.

Cel. And this shall be the last Fit.

Fran. Not by Thousands :

Now what 'tis to be truly Miserable,
I feel at full Experience.

Alice. He grows fainter.

Val. Come, lead him in, he shall to Bed : A Vomit,
I'll have a Vomit for him.

Alice. A Purge first,
And if he breath'd a Vein.

Val. No, no, no Bleeding,
A Clyster will cool a'l.

Cel. Be of good Chear, Sir.

Alice. He's loth to speak.

Cel. How hard he holds my Hand, Aunt?

Alice. I do not like that Sign.

Val. Away to's Chamber,
Softly, he's full of Pain, be diligent
With all the Care ye have : Would I had 'fcus'd him. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Dorothea, and Thomas.

Dor. Why do you rail at me ? Do I dwell in her
To force her to do this or that ? Your Letter,
A Wild-fire on your Letter ; your sweet Letter ;
You are so learned in your Writs : Ye stand now
As if ye had worried Sheep : You must turn Tippet,
And suddenly, and truly, and discreetly
Put on the Shape of Order and Humanity,
Or you must marry *Malkyn* the *May* Lady :
You must, dear Brother : Do you make me Carrier
Of your Confound-me's, and your Culverings ?
Am I a seemly Agent for your Oaths ?
Who would have writ such a deboish'd ?

Tho. Your Patience,
May not a Man profess his Love ?

Dor. In Blasphemies ?
Rack a Maid's tender Ears, with Dam's and Devils ?

Tho. Out, out upon thee,
How would ye have me Write ?

Begin with my Love premised? surely,
And by my truly, Mistress.

Dor. Take your own course,
For I see all Perswasion's lost upon ye:
Humanity, all drown'd: From this hour fairly
I'll wash my Hands of all ye do: Farewel, Sir.

Tho. Thou art not mad?

Dor. No, if I were, dear Brother,
I would keep you Company: Get a new Mistress,
Some Suburb Saint, that Six Pence and some others
Will draw to parley: Carowse her Health in Cans
And Candles ends, and quarrel for her Beauty,
Such a Sweetheart must serve your turn; your old Love
Releases ye of all your Tyes, disclaims ye,
And utterly abjures your Memory
'Till time has better manag'd ye, will ye command me---

Tho. What, bob'd of all sides?

Dor. Any worthy Service
Unto my Father, Sir, that I may tell him,
Even to his peace of Heart, and much rejoicing,
Ye are his true Son *Tom* still? will it please ye
To beat some half a dozen of his Servants presently,
That I may testifie you have brought the same Faith
Unblemish'd home, ye carried out? Or if it like you,
There be two Chambermaids within young Wenches,
Handsome and apt for Exercise: You have been good, Sir,
And Charitable, though I say it, Seigneur,
To such poor Orphans: And now, by th' way I think on't
Your young Rear Admiral, I mean your last Bastard
Don John, ye had by Lady *Blanch* the Dairy Maid,
Is by an Academy of Learned Gypsies,
Foreseeing some strange wonder in the Infant,
Stoln from the Nurse, and wanders with those Prophets.
There is Plate in the Parlour, and good store, Sir,
When your wants shall supply it. So most humbly
(First rendring my due Service) I take leave, Sir. [*Exit.*

Tho. Why *Doll*, why *Doll* I say: My Letter sub'd too,
And no access without I mend my Manners?
All my designs in Limbo? I will have her,
Yes, I will have her, though the Devil roar.

I am resolv'd that, if she live above Ground,
I'll not be bob'd i'th Nose with every Bobtail:
I will be civil too, now I think better,
Exceeding civil, wondrous finely carried:
And yet be mad upon occasion,
And stark mad too, and save my Land: My Father,
I'll have my Will of him, how e'er my Wench goes. [*Ex.*

Enter Sebastian, and Launcelot.

Seb. Sirrah, I say still you have spoil'd your Master: leave
I say thou hast spoil'd thy Master. (your stitches:

Laun. I say how, Sir?

Seb. Marry thou hast taught him like an arrant Rascal,
First to read perfectly: Which on my Blessing
I warn'd him from; for I knew if he read once,
He was a lost Man. Secondly, S'r *Launcelot*,
Sir lowfie *Launcelot*, ye have suffer'd him
Against my Power first, then against my Precept,
To keep that simpring sort of People company,
That sober Men call civil: Mark ye that, Sir?

Laun. And't please your Worship.

Seb. It does not please my Worship,
Nor shall not please my Worship: Thirdly and lastly,
Which if the Law were here, I would hang thee for,
(However I will lame thee) like a Villain,
Thou hast wrought him
Clean to forget what 'tis to do a mischief,
A handsom mischief, such as thou knew'st I lov'd well.
My Servants all are sound now, my Drink sower'd,
Not a Horse pawn'd, nor play'd away: No Warrants
Come for the Breach of Peace.
Men Travel with their Mony, and nothing meets 'em:
I was accurs'd to send thee, thou wert ever
Leaning to Laziness, and loss of Spirit,
Thou slept'st still like a Cork upon the Water.

Laun. Your Worship knows, I ever was accounted
The most Deboish'd, and please you to remember,
Every Day drunk too, for your Worship's Credit,
I broke the Butler's Head too.

Seb. No, base Palliard,
I do remember yet that Onslaught, thou wast beaten,
C c 4 And

And fled'st before the Butler; a black Jack
 Playing upon thee furiously, I saw it:
 I saw thee scatter'd Rogue, behold thy Master.

Enter Thomas, with a Book.

Tho. What sweet Content dwells here!

Laun. Put up your Book, Sir,
 We are all undone else.

Seb. Tom, when is the Horse-race?

Tho. I know not, Sir.

Seb. You will be there?

Tho. Not I, Sir,
 I have forgot those Journeys.

Seb. Spoil'd for ever.

The Cocking holds at *Derby*, and there will be
Jack Wild-oats, and *Will* Purser.

Tho. I am sorry, Sir,
 They should employ their Time so slenderly,
 Their Understandings will bear better Courses.

Seb. Yes, I will marry again: But Monsieur *Thomas*,
 What say ye to the Gentleman that challeng'd ye
 Before he went, and the Fellow ye fell out with?

Tho. O good Sir,
 Remember not those Follies; where I have wrong'd, Sir,
 (So much I have now learn'd to discern my self)
 My Means, and my Repentance shall make even,
 Nor do I think it any Imputation
 To let the Law perswade me.

Seb. Any Woman:
 I care not of what Colour, or Complexion,
 Any that can bear Children: Rest ye Merry. [*Exit.*]

Laun. Ye have utterly undone, clean discharg'd me,
 I am for the ragged Regiment.

Tho. Eight Languages,
 And wither at an old Man's Words?

Laun. O Pardon me.
 I know him but too well: Eightscore I take it
 Will not keep me from beating, if not killing:
 I'll give him leave to break a Leg, and thank him:
 You might have sav'd all this, and sworn a little:
 What had an Oath or two been? Or a Head broke,

Though

Though 'thad been mine, to have fatisfied the old Man?

Tho. I'll break it yet.

Laun. Now 'tis too late, I take it :

Will ye be Drunk to Night, (a lefs intreaty
Has serv'd your turn) and fave all yet? Not mad drunk,
For then ye are the Devil, yet the Drunker,
The better for your Father ftill: Your State is desperate,
And with a desperate Cure ye muft recover it :
Do fomething, do Sir: Do fome druken thing,
Some mad thing, or fome any Thing to help us.

Tho. Go for a Fidler then: The poor old Fidler
That fays his Songs: But firft where lies my Miftrefs,
Did ye enquire out that?

Laun. I'th' Lodge, alone Sir,
None but her own Attendants.

Tho. 'Tis the Happier :
Away then, find this Fidler, and do not mifs me
By nine a Clock.

Laun. Via.

[*Exit.*

Tho. My Father's mad now,
And ten to one will Difinherit me :
I'll put him to his plunge, and yet be merry.
What *Ribabald* ?

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hyl. Don Thomafio.
De bene venew.

Tho. I do embrace your Body :
How do'ft thou, *Sam*?

Sam. The fame *Sam* ftill: Your Friend, Sir.

Tho. And how is't, bouncing Boys ?

Hyl. Thou art not alter'd,
They faid thou wert all Monfieur.

Tho. O believe it,
I am much alter'd, much another way:
The civil'ft Gentleman in all your Country:
Do not ye fee me alter'd? Yea and nay, Gentlemen,
A much converted Man: Where's the beft Wine, Boys?

Hyl. A found Convertite:

Tho. What, haft thou made up Twenty yet ?

Hyl.

Hyl. By'r Lady,
I have giv'n a shrewd push at it, for as I take it,
The last I fell in Love with, scor'd sixteen.

Tho. Look to your Skin, *Rambaldo*, the sleeping Gyant
Will rowze and rend thee piece-meal.

Sam. He ne'er perceives 'em
Longer than looking on.

Tho. Thou never meanest then
To marry any that thou lov'st?

Hyl. No surely,
Nor any wife Man I think; Marriage?
Would you have me now begin to be Prentice,
And learn to cobble other Mens old Boots?

Sam. Why, you may take a Maid.

Hyl. Where? Can you tell me?
Or if 'twere possible I might get a Maid,
To what Use should I put her? Look upon her,
Dandle her upon my Knee, and give her Sugar-fops?
All the new Gowns i'th' Parish will not please her,
If she be high bred, for there's the Sport she aims at,
Nor all the Feathers in the Fryars.

Tho. Then take a Widow,
A good stanch Wench, that's tith.

Hyl. And begin a new Order,
Live in a dead Man's Monument; not I, Sir,
I'll keep mine own Road, a true Mendicant;
What Pleasure this Day yields me, I never covet
To lay up for the Morrow; and methinks ever
Another Man's Cook dresses my Diet neatest. (nosed,

Tho. Thou wast wont to love old Women, fat and flat
And thou would'st say they kiss'd like Flounders, flat
All the Face over.

Hyl. I have had such Damfels
I must confess.

Tho. Thou hast been a precious Rogue.

Sam. Only his Eyes; and o' my Conscience
They lye with half the Kingdom.

Enter over the Stage, Physicians and others.

Tho. What's the Matter?
Whither go all these Men-menders, these Physicians?
Whose Dogs lies sick o'th' Mulligrubs? *Sam.*

Sam. O the Gentleman,
The young smug Seignieur, Master *Valentine*
Brought out of Travel with him, as I hear,
Is faln fick o'th sudden, desperate fick;
And likely they go thither.

Tho. Who? young *Frank*?
The only temper'd Spirit, Scholar, Soldier,
Courtier; and all in one piece? 'tis not possible.

Enter Alice.

Sam. There's one can better satisfie you.

Tho. Mistress *Alice*,
I joy to see you, Lady.

Alice. Good Monsieur *Thomas*,
You're welcome from your Travel; I am hasty,
A Gentleman lies sick, Sir.

Tho. And how dost thou?
I must know, and I will know.

Alice. Excellent well,
As well as may be, thank ye.

Tho. I am glad on't,
And prithee hark.

Alice. I cannot stay.

Tho. A while, *Alice*.

(still.

Sam. Never look so narrowly, the mark's in her Mouth

Hyl. I am looking at her Legs, prithee be quiet.

Alice. I cannot stay.

Tho. O sweet *Alice*.

Hyl. A clean Instep,
And that I love a Life, I did not mark
This Woman half so well before, how quick
And nimble like a shadow, there her Leg shew'd;
By th' Mass a neat one, the colour of her Stocking,
A much inviting colour.

Alice. My good Monsieur,
I have no time to talk now.

Hyl. Pretty Breeches,
Finely becoming too.

Tho. By Heav'n.

Alice. She will not,
I can assure ye that, and so.

Tho.

Tho. But this Word.

Alice. I cannot, nor I will not, good Lord. [Exit.

Hyl. Well, you shall hear more from me.

Tom. We'll go Visit,

'Tis Charity ; besides, I know she is there ;

And under Visitation I shall see her ;

Will ye along ?

Hyl. By any Means.

Tho. Be sure then

I be a civil Man : I have sport in hand, Boys,

Shall make Mirth for a Marriage-Day.

Hyl. Away then.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter three Physicians with an Urinal.

1 *Phy.* A Pleurisie, I see it.

2 *Phy.* I rather hold it

For tremor Cordis.

3 *Phy.* Do you mark the Faces ?

'Tis a most pestilent contagious Feaver,

A Surfeit, a plaguy Surfeit ; he must Bleed.

1 *Phy.* By no means.

3 *Phy.* I say Bleed.

1 *Phy.* I say 'tis dangerous ;

The Person being spent so much before-hand,

And Nature drawn so low, Clysters, cool Clysters.

2 *Phy.* Now with your Favours, I should think a Vomit:

For take away the Cause, the Effect must follow,

The Stomach's foul and fur'd, the Pot's unflam'd yet.

3 *Phy.* No, no, we'll rectifie that Part by mild Means,
Nature so sunk must find no Violence.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Will't please ye draw near ? the weak Gentleman
Grows worse and worse still.

1 *Phy.* Come, we will attend him.

2 *Phy.* He shall do well, my Friend.

Serv. My Master's Love, Sir.

(Friend.

1 *Phy.* Excellent well I warrant thee, right and straight,

3 *Phy.* There's no doubt in him, none at all, ne'er fear him.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Enter Valentine, and Michael.

Mich. That he is desperate Sick I do believe well,
And that without a speedy Cure it kills him ;
But that it lyes within the help of Physick
Now to restore his Health, or Art to cure him,
Believe it you are Cozen'd ; clean beside it.
I would tell ye the true Cause too, but 'twould vex ye,
Nay, run ye Mad.

Val. May all I have restore him?
So dearly and so tenderly I love him,
I do not know the Cause why, yea my Life too.

Mich. Now I perceive ye so well set. I'll tell you,
Hei mihi quod nullis Amor est medicabilis herbis.

Val. 'Twas that I only fear'd : Good Friend go from me,
I find my Heart too full for further Conference ;
You are assur'd of this ?

Mich. 'Twill prove too certain,
But bear it nobly, Sir, Youth hath his Errors.

Val. I shall do, and I thank ye ; 'pray ye no Words on't.

Mich. I do not use to Talk, Sir. [Exit.

Val. Ye are Welcome :
Is there no Constancy in earthly Things,
No Happiness in us, but what must alter ?
No Life without the heavy Load of Fortune ?
What Miseries we are, and to our selves,
Even then when full Content seems to sit by us,
What daily Sores and Sorrows ?

Enter Alice.

Alice. O dear Brother,
The Gentleman if ever you will see him
Alive, as I think.

Enter Cellide.

Cel. O he faints, for Heav'ns sake.
For Heav'ns sake, Sir.

Val. Go comfort him, dear Sister. [Exit Al
And one Word, Sweet, with you : Then we'll go to him.
What think you of this Gentleman ?

Cel.

Cel. My Pity thinks, Sir,
'Tis great Misfortune that he should thus perish.

Val. It is indeed, but *Cellide*, he must dye.

Cel. That were a Cruelty, when Care may cure him.
Why do you weep so, Sir? He may recover.

Val. He may, but with much danger; my sweet *Cellide*,
You have a powerful Tongue.

Cel. To do you Service.

Val. I will betray his Grief; he loves a Gentlewoman,
A Friend of yours, whose Heart another holds,
He knows it too; yet such a sway blind Fancy,
And his not daring to deliver it,
Have won upon him, that they must undo him:
Never so hopeful and so sweet a Spirit
Misfortune fell so foul on.

Cel. Sure she's hard-hearted,
That can look on and not relent, and deeply
At such a misery; she is not married?

Val. Not yet.

Cel. Nor near it?

Val. When she please.

Cel. And pray, Sir,

Does he deserve her truly, that she loves so?

Val. His Love may merit much, his Person little,
For there the Match lies mangled.

Cel. Is he your Friend?

Val. He should be, for he is near me.

Cel. Will not he dye then,
When th' other shall recover?

Val. Ye have pos'd me.

Cel. Methinks he should go near it, if he love her;
If she love him.

Val. She does, and would do equal.

Cel. 'Tis a hard task you put me; yet for your sake
I will speak to her, all the Art I have;
My best Endeavours; all his Youth and Person,
His Mind more full of Beauty; all his Hopes;
The Memory of such a sad Example,
Ill spoken of, and never old; the Curses
Of loving Maids, and what may be alledg'd,

I'll lay before her: What's her Name? I am ready.

Val. But will you deal effectually?

Cel. Most truly;

Nay, were it my self, at your Entreaty.

Val. And could ye be so pitiful?

Cel. So dutiful;

Because you urge it, Sir.

Val. It may be then

It is your self.

Cel. It is indeed, I know it,

And now know how ye love me.

Val. O my Dearest,

Let but your Goodness judge; your own part's Pity;

Set but your Eyes on his Afflictions;

He is mine, and so becomes your charge: But think

What Ruin Nature suffers in this young Man,

What loss Humanity, and noble Manhood;

Take to your better Judgment my declining,

My Age hung full of Impotence, and Ills,

My Body budding now no more: Seer Winter

Hath seal'd that Sap up, at the best and happiest

I can but be your Infant, you my Nurse,

And how unequal, Dearest; where his Years,

His Sweetness, and his ever Spring of Goodness,

My Fortunes growing in him, and my self too,

Which makes him all your old Love; misconceive not,

I say not this as weary of my Bondage,

Or ready to infringe my Faith; bear witness,

Those Eyes that I adore still, those Lamps that light me,

To all the Joy I have.

Cel. You have said enough, Sir,

And more than e'er I thought that Tongue could utter,

But you are a Man, a false Man too.

Val. Dear Cellide.

Cel. And now, to shew you that I am a Woman

Robb'd of her Rest, and fool'd out of her Fondness,

The Gentleman shall live, and if he love me,

Ye shall be both my Triumphs; I will to him,

And as you carelessly fling off your Fortune,

And now grow weary of my easie winning,

So

So will I lose the Name of *Valentine*,
 From henceforth all his Flatteries, and believe it,
 Since ye have so slightly parted with Affection,
 And that Affection you have pawn'd your Faith for;
 From this hour no Repentance, Vows, nor Prayers
 Shall pluck me back again; what I shall do,
 Yet I will undertake his Cure, expect it,
 Shall minister no Comfort, no Content
 To either of ye, but hourly more Vexations

Val. Why, let him dye then.

Cel. No, so much I have loved
 To be commanded by you, that even now,
 Even in my Hate, I will obey your Wishes.

Val. What shall I do?

Cel. Dye like a Fool un sorrow'd,
 A bankrupt Fool, that flings away his Treasure;
 I must begin my Cure.

Val. And I my Crosses.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Francis sick, Physicians, and an Apothecary.

1 *Phy.* **C**Lap on the Cataplasme.
Fran. Good Gentlemen,
 Good learned Gentlemen.

2 *Phy.* And see these Broths there,
 Ready within this Hour; pray keep your Arms in,
 The Air is raw, and ministers much evil.

Fran. Pray leave me; I beseech ye leave me, Gentlemen,
 I have no other Sicknes but your Presence;
 Convey your Cataplasms to those that need 'em,
 Your Vomits, and your Clysters.

3 *Phy.* Pray be rul'd, Sir.

1 *Phy.* Bring in the Lettice Cap; you must be shav'd, Sir,
 And then how suddenly we'll make you sleep!

Fran. 'Till Dooms-day: What unnecessary Nothings
 Are these about a wounded Mind?

Phy. How do ye?

Fran.

Fran. What questions they propound too! how do you,
I am glad to fee you well. (Sir?)

3 *Phy.* A great Diftemper, it grows hotter ftill.

1 *Phy.* Open your Mouth, I pray, Sir.

Fran. And can you tell me
How old I am then? there's my hand, pray fhew me
How many broken Shins within this two year.
Who would be thus in Fetters? Good mafter Doctor,
And you dear Doctor, and the third fweet Doctor,
And precious mafter Apothecary, I do pray ye
To give me leave to live a little longer,
Ye ftand before me like my Blacks.

2 *Phy.* 'Tis dangerous,
For now his Fancy turns too.

Enter Cellide.

Cel. By your leave, Gentlemen:
And pray ye your leave a while too, I have fomething
Of fecret to impart unto the Patient.

1 *Phy.* With all our Hearts.

3 *Phy.* Ay marry, fuch a Phyfick
May chance to find the Humour: Be not long, Lady,
For we muft minifter within this half hour. [*Ex. Phyfs.*]

Cel. You fhall not ftay for me.

Fran. Would you were all rotten,
That ye might only intend one anothers Itches:
Or would the Gentlemen with one confent
Would drink fmall Beer but feven Years, and abolifh
That Wild-fire of the Blood, unfatiate Wenching,
That your two *Indies*, Springs and Falls might fail ye;
What Torments thefe intruders into Bodies.

Cel. How do you, worthy Sir?

Fran. Bless me, what Beams
Flew from thefe Angel Eyes! O what a mifery,
What a moft ftudied Torment 'tis to me now
To be an honeft Man! Dare ye fit by me?

Cel. Yes, and do more than that too: Comfort ye,
I fee ye have need.

Fran. You are a fair Phyfician:
You bring no Bitternefs gilt o'er, to gull us,
No Danger in your looks, yet there my Death lies.

Cel. I would be sorry, Sir, my Charity
And my good wishes for your Health should merit
So stubborn a Construction: Will it please ye
To taste a little of this Cordial.

Enter Valentine.

For this I think must cure ye.

Fran. Of which, Lady?

Sure she has found my Grief: Why do you blush so?

Cel. Do you not understand? of this, this Cordial.

Val. O my afflicted Heart: She is gone for ever.

Fran. What Heav'n have ye brought me, Lady?

Cel. Do not wonder:

For 'tis no Impudence, nor want of Honour
Makes me do this: But Love to save your Life, Sir,
Your Life too excellent to lose in wishes,
Love, virtuous Love.

Fran. A virtuous Blessing crown ye,
O goodly Sweet, can there be so much Charity,
So noble a Compassion in that Heart
That's fill'd up with another's fair Affections?
Can Mercy drop from those Eyes?
Can Miracles be wrought upon a dead Man,
When all the Power ye have, and perfect Object
Lyes in another's light, and his deserves it?

Cel. Do not despair: Nor do not think too boldly,
I dare abuse my Promise, 'twas your Friend's;
And so fast tyed, I thought no time could ruin:
But so much has your Danger, and that Spell,
The powerful Name of Friend, prevail'd above him
To whom I ever owe Obedience,
That here I am, by his command to cure ye,
Nay more for ever, by his full Relinquishment,
And willingly I ratifie it.

Fran. Hold for Heav'n sake,
Must my Friend's Misery make me a Triumph?
Bear I that noble Name, to be a Traitor?
O virtuous Goodness, keep thy self-untainted:
You have no Power to yield, nor he to render,
Nor I to take: I am resolv'd to die first.

Val. Ha! say'st thou so? Nay then thou shalt not perish.

Fran.

Fran. And though I love ye above the light shines on me,
Beyond the Wealth of Kingdoms, free Content,
Sooner would snatch at such a Blessing offer'd
Than at my pardon'd Life by the Law forfeited,
Yet, yet O noble Beauty, yet O Paradise,
For you are all the wonder reveal'd of it,
Yet is a Gratitude to be preserv'd,
A worthy Gratitude to one most worthy
The name, and nobleness of Friends.

Cel. Pray tell me,
If I had never known that Gentleman,
Would not you willingly embrace my Offer?

Fran. Do you make a doubt?

Cel. And can ye be unwilling,
He being Old and Impotent? His aim too
Levell'd at you, for your good? not constrain'd,
But out of Cure, and Council? Alas, consider,
Play but the Woman with me, and consider
As he himself does, and I now dare see it,
Truly consider, Sir, what Misery——

Fran. For Virtue's sake take heed.

Cel. What loss of Youth,
What everlasting Banishment from that
Our Years do only covet to arrive at,
Equal Affections, and shot together:
What living Name can dead Age leave behind him,
What art of Memory, but fruitless Doating?

Fran. This cannot be.

Cel. To you, unless ye apply it
With more and firmer Faith, and so digest it;
I speak but of things possible, not done,
Nor like to be; a Posset cures your sickness,
And yet I know ye grieve this; and howsoever
The worthiness of Friend may make ye stagger,
Which is a fair thing in ye, yet my Patient,
My gentle Patient, I would fain say more,
If you would understand.

Val. O cruel Woman.

Cel. Yet sure your Sickness is not so forgetful,
Nor you so willing to be lost.

Fran. Pray stay there :

Methinks you are not fair now; methinks more,
That modest Virtue, Men deliver'd of you,
Shews but like Shadow to me, thin and fading.

Val. Excellent Friend!

Fran. Ye have no share in Goodness;
Ye are belyed; you are not *Cellide*,
The modest, immaculate: Who are ye?
For I will know: What Devil, to do mischief
Unto my virtuous Friend, hath shifted shapes
With that unblemish'd Beauty?

Cel. Do not rave, Sir,
Nor let the violence of Thoughts distract ye,
You shall enjoy me; I am yours, I pity,
By those fair Eyes I do.

Fran. O double hearted!
O Woman, perfect Woman! what distraction
Was meant to Mankind when thou wast made a Devil?
What an inviting Hell invented? tell me,
And if you yet remember what is Goodness,
Tell me by that, and Truth, can one so cherish'd,
So fainted in the Soul of him, whose service
Is almost turn'd to Superstition,
Whose every day's endeavours and desires
Offer themselves like Incense on your Altar,
Whose Heart holds no Intelligence, but holy
And most Religious with his Love; whose Life
(And let it ever be remembred, Lady)
Is drawn out only for your ends.

Val. O miracle!

Fran. Whose all, and every part of Man: Pray make me
Like ready Pages wait upon your Pleasures;
Whose Breath is but your bubble. Can ye, dare ye,
Must ye cast off this Man, though he were willing,
Though in a nobleness, to cross my Danger,
His Friendship durst confirm it, without baseness,
Without the stain of Honour? Shall not People
Say liberally hereafter, there's the Lady
That lost her Father, Friend, her self, her Faith too,
To fawn upon a Stranger, for ought you know

As faithless as your self, in Love as fruitless.

Val. Take her with all my Heart, thou art so honest
That 'tis most necessary I be undone. [Exit Val.]

Cel. With all my Soul possess her.
'Till this Minute,
I scorn'd, and hated ye, and came to cozen ye:
Utter'd those things might draw a wonder on me,
To make ye mad.

Fran. Good Heav'n, what is this Woman?

Cel. Nor did your Danger, but in Charity,
Move me a whit; nor you appear unto me
More than a common Object: Yet now truly,
Truly, and nobly I do love ye dearly,
And from this hour ye are the Man I honour,
You are the Man, the Excellence, the Honesty,
The only Friend, and I am glad your Sicknes
Fell so most happily at this time on ye,
To make this Truth the World's.

Fran. Whither do you drive me?

Cel. Back to your Honesty, make that good ever,
'Tis like a strong-built Castle, seated high,
That draws on all Ambitions, still repair it,
Still fortifie it: There are thousand Foes,
Besides the Tyrant Beauty, will assail it:
Look to your Centinels that watch it hourly,
Your Eyes, let them not wander.

Fran. Is this serious?

Or does she play still with me?

Cel. Keep your Ears,
The two main Ports that may betray ye, strongly
From light belief first, then from flattery,
Especially where Woman beats the parley:
The body of your Strength. your noble Heart
From ever yielding to dishonest ends,
Ridg'd round about with Virtue, that no breaches,
No subtle Minds may meet ye.

Fran. How like the Sun
Labouring in his Eclipse, dark, and predigious,
She shew'd 'till now? When having won his way,
How full of wonder he breaks out again,

And sheds his virtuous Beams : Excellent Angel,
 For no less can that heav'nly Mind proclaim thee,
 Honour of all thy Sex, let it be lawful,
 And like a Pilgrim thus I kneel to beg it,
 Not with prophane Lips now, nor burnt Affections,
 But, reconcil'd to Faith, with holy Wishes,
 To kiss that Virgin Hand.

Cel. Take your desire, Sir,
 And in a nobler way, for I dare trust ye,
 No other Fruit my love must ever yield ye,
 I fear no more: Yet your most constant Memory
 (So much I am wedded to that worthiness)
 Shall ever be my Friend, Companion, Husband.
 Farewel, and fairly govern your Affections,
 Stand, and deceive me not: O noble young Man,
 I love thee with my Soul, but dare not say it:
 Once more farewel, and prosper. [Exit.]

Fran. Goodness guide thee:
 My wonder, like to fearful Shapes in Dreams,
 Has wakened me out of my fit of Folly,
 But not to shake it off: A spell dwells in me,
 A hidden Charm shot from this beauteous Woman,
 That Fate can ne'er avoid, nor Physick find,
 And by her counsel strengthen'd: Only this
 Is all the help I have, I love fair Virtue.
 Well, something I must do, to be a Friend,
 Yet I am poor, and tardy: Something for her too,
 Though I can never reach her Excellence,
 Yet but to give an offer at a Greatness.

Enter Valentine, Thomas, Hylas, and Sam.

Val. Be not uncivil, *Tom*, and take your pleasure.

Tho. Do you think I am mad? You'll give me leave
 To try her fairly?

Val. Do your best.

Tho. Why there Boy,
 But where's the sick Man?

Hyl. Where are the Gentlewomen
 That should attend him? There's the Patient.
 Methinks these Women——

Tho. Thou think'st nothing else.

Val.

Val. Go to him, Friend, and comfort him: I'll lead ye:
O my best Joy, my worthiest Friend, pray pardon me,
I am so over-joy'd I want Expression:
I may live to be thankful: Bid your Friends welcome.

[*Exit Val.*

Tho. How dost thou, *Frank*? How dost thou, Boy? bear
What, shrink i'th' Sinews for a little sickness? (up *Man*:
Deavolo morte.

Fran. I am o'th mending hand. (Man?)

Tho. How like a Flute thou speak'st: o'th' mending hand
Gogs bores, I am well, speak like a Man of Worship.

Fran. Thou art a mad Companion; never staid, *Tom*?

Tho. Let Rogues be staid that have no Habitation,
A Gentleman may wander: Sit thee down, *Frank*,
And see what I have brought thee: Come discover,
Open the Scene, and let the work appear.

A Friend, at need, you Rogue is worth a Million.

Fran. What hast thou there, a Julip?

Hyl. He must not touch it,
'Tis present Death.

Tho. Ye are an Ass, a twirepipe,
A *Jeffery John bo peepe*, thou mimister,
Thou mend a left-handed pack-saddle, out Puppy,
My Friend *Frank*, but a very foolish Fellow:
Do'st thou see that Bottle? view it well.

Fran. I do, *Tom*.

Tho. There be as many Lives in't, as a Cat carries,
'Tis everlasting Liquor.

Fran. What?

Tho. Old Sack, Boy,
Old reverend Sack, which for ought that I can read yet,
Was that Philosopher's Stone the wise King *Ptolomeus*
Did all his Wonders by.

Fran. I see no harm, *Tom*,
Drink with a Moderation.

Tho. Drink with Sugar,
Which I have ready here, and here a Glass, Boy,
Take me without my Tools.

Sam. Pray Sir be temperate,
You know your own State best.

Fran. Sir, I much thank ye,
And shall be careful: Yet a Glas or two
So fit I find my Body, and that so needful. (*Frank.*)

Tbo. Fill it, and leave your fooling: Thou say'st true,

Hyl. Where are these Women, I say?

Tbo. 'Tis most necessary,

Hang up your Julips and your *Portugal* Possets,
Your Barley Broths, and Sorrel Sops, they are mangy,
And breed the Scratches only: Give me Sack:

I wonder where this Wench is tho': Have at thee.

Hyl. So long, and yet no bolting?

Fran. Do, I'll pledge thee. (*man*)

Tbo. Take it off thrice, and then cry heigh like a Hunts-
With a clear Heart, and no more Fits I warrant thee.

The only Cordial, *Frank.* [*Physf. and Serv. within.*]

1 *Physf.* Are the things ready?

And is the Barber come?

Serv. An hour ago, Sir.

1 *Physf.* Bring out the Oyls then.

Fran. Now or never, Gentlemen,
Do me a kindness, and deliver me.

Tbo. From whom, Boy?

Fran. From these things, that talk within there,
Physicians, *Tom*, Physicians, Scowring-sticks,
They mean to read upon me.

Enter three Physicians, Apothecary and Barber.

Hyl. Let 'em enter.

Tbo. And be thou confident, we will deliver thee:
For look ye Doctor, say the Devil were sick now,
His Horns saw'd off, and his Head bound with a Biggin,
Sick of a Calenture, taken by a Surfeit
Of stinking Souls at his Nephews, and St. *Dunstons*,
What would you minister upon the sudden?
Your Judgment short and sound.

1 *Phy.* A Fool's Head.

Tbo. No, Sir;

It must be a Physician's for three causes;
The first because it is a Bald-head, likely,
Which will down easily without Applepap.

3 *Phy.* A main cause.

Tbo.

Tho. So it is, and well consider'd.
The second, for 'tis fill'd with broken *Greek*, Sir,
Which will so tumble in his Stomach, Doctor,
And work upon the Crudities, conceive me,
The Fears and the Fiddle-strings within it,
That those damn'd Souls must disembody again.

Hyl. Or meeting with the *Stygian* Humour.

Tho. Right, Sir.

Hyl. Forc'd with a Cataplasm of Crackers.

Tho. Ever.

Hyl. Scour all before him, like a Scavenger.

Tom. *Satisfecisti domine*, my last Cause,
My last is, and not least, most learned Doctors,
Because in most Physicians Heads (I mean those
That are most excellent, and old withal,
And angry, tho' a Patient say his Prayers,
And *Paracelsians* that do trade with Poisons,
We have it by Tradition of great Writers)
There is a kind of Toad-stone bred, whose Virtue,
The Doctor being dry'd.

1 *Phy.* We are abus'd, Sirs.

Hyl. I take it so, or shall be; for say the Belly-ake
Caus'd by an Inundation of Pease-porridge,
Are we therefore to open the Port Vein,
Or the Port Esquiline?

Sam. A learned Question:
Or grant the Diaphragma by a Rupture,
The Sign being then in the Head of *Capricorn*.

Tho. Meet with the Passion *Hyperchondriaca*,
And so cause a Carnosity in the Kidneys.
Must not the Brains, being butter'd with this Humour---
Answer me that.

Sam. Most excellently argu'd.

2 *Phy.* The next Fit you will have, my most fine Scholar,
Bedlam shall find a Salve for: Fare ye well, Sir,
We came to do you good, but these young Doctors
It seems have bor'd our Noses.

3 *Phy.* Drink hard, Gentlemen,
And get unwholesome Drabs: 'Tis ten to one then
We shall hear further from ye, your Note alter'd. [*Exe.*
Tho.

Tho. And wilt thou be gone, says one?

Hyl. And wilt thou be gone, says t'other?

Tho. Then take the odd Crown
To mend thy old Gown.

Sam. And we'll be gone all together.

Fran. My learned *Tom*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the young Gentlewomen
Sent me to see what Company ye had with ye,
They much desire to visit ye.

Fran. Pray ye thank 'em,
And tell 'em my most Sickness is their Absence:
Ye see my Company.

Tho. Come hither Crab,
What Gentlewomen are these? my Mistress?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Hyl. And who else?

Serv. Mistress *Alice*.

Hyl. Oh!

Tho. Hark ye Sirrah,
No Word of my being here, unless she know it.

Serv. I do not think she does.

Tho. Take that, and mum then.

Serv. You have ty'd my Tongue up.

[*Exit.*

Tho. Sit you down good *Francis*,
And not a Word of me till ye hear from me;
And as you find my Humour, follow it:
You two come hither, and stand close, unseen Boys,
And do as I shall tutor ye.

Fran. What, new Work?

Tho. Prithee no more, but help me now.

Hyl. I would fain talk
With the Gentlewomen.

Tho. Talk with the Gentlewomen?
Of what forsooth? Whose Maiden-head the last Mask
Suffer'd Impression? Or whose Clyster wrought best?
Take me as I shall tell thee.

Hyl. To what end?
What other end came we along?

Sam. Be rul'd though.

Tho.

Tho. Your weasel Face must needs be Ferreting—
About the Farthing-ale ;
Do as I bid ye,
Or by this Light——

Hyl. Come then.

Tho. Stand close and mark me.

Fran. All this forc'd Foolery will never do it.

Enter Alice and Mary.

Alice. I hope we bring ye Health, Sir : How is't with ye ?

Mary. You look far better, trust me, the fresh Colour
Creeps now again into his Cheeks.

Alice. Your Enemy
I see has done his worst. Come, we must have ye
Lusty again, and frolick Man ; leave thinking.

Mary. Indeed it does ye harm, Sir.

Fran. My best Visitants,
I shall be govern'd by ye.

Alice. You shall be well then,
And suddenly, and soundly well.

Mary. This Air, Sir,
Having now season'd ye, will keep ye ever.

Tho. No, no, I have no hope ; nor is it fit, Friends,
My Life has been so lewd, my loose Condition,
Which I repent too late, so lamentable,
That any thing but Curses light upon me,
Exorbitant in all my ways.

Alice. Who's that, Sir,
Another sick Man ?

Mary. Sure I know that Voice well.

Tho. In all my Courses, careless Disobedience.

Fran. What a strange Fellow's this ?

Tho. No counsel Friends,
No look before I leapt.

Alice. Do you know the Voice, Sir ?

Fran. Yes, 'tis a Gentleman's that's much afflicted
In's Mind : Great pity, Ladies.

Alice. Now Heav'n help him.

Fran. He came to me, to ask free Pardon of me,
For some things done long since, which his Distemper
Made to appear like Wrong, but 'twas not so.

Mary.

Mary. O that this could be Truth.

Hyl. Perswade your self.

Tho. To what end Gentlemen, when all is perish'd
Upon a Wrack, is there a Hope remaining?
The Sea, that ne'er knew Sorrow, may be pitiful,
My Credit's split, and sunk, nor is it possible,
Were my Life lengthened out as long as——

Mary. I like this well.

Sam. Your Mind is too mistrustful.

Tho. I have a virtuous Sister, but I scorn'd her,
A Mistress too, a noble Gentlewoman,
For Goodness all out-going.

Alice. Now I know him. (more.

Tho. With these Eyes, Friends, my Eyes must never see

Alice. This is for your sake *Mary*: Take heed Cousin,
A Man is not so soon made.

Tho. O my Fortune!

But it is just, I be despis'd and hated. (ness

Hyl. Despair not, 'tis not manly: One Hour's Good-
Strikes off an infinite of Ills.

Alice. Weep truly
And with Compassion, Cousin.

Fran. How exactly
This cunning young Thief plays his Part!

Mary. Well *Tom*,
My *Tom* again, if this be Truth.

Hyl. She weeps, Boy.

Tho. Oh I shall die.

Mary. Now Heav'n defend.

Sam. Thou hast her.

Tho. Come lead me to my Friend to take his Farewel,
And then what Fortune shall befall me, welcome.
How does it show?

Hyl. O rarely well.

Mary. Say you so, Sir?

Fran. O ye grand Ass.

Mary. And are ye there, my Jugler?
Away, we are abus'd, *Alice*.

Alice. Fool be with thee.

[*Ex. Mary and Alice.*

Tho. Where is she?

Fran.

Fran. Gone; she found you out, and finely,
In your own Noose she halter'd ye: You must be whifpring
To know how Things shew'd; not content to fare well
But you must roar out Roaft-meat: 'Till that Suspicion,
You carry'd it moft neatly, she believ'd too,
And wept moft tenderly; had you continu'd,
Without doubt you had brought her off.

Tho. This was thy Roguing,
For thou wert ever whifpering: Fie upon thee,
Now could I break thy Head.

Hyl. You fpoke to me firft.

Tho. Do not anger me,
For by this Hand I'll beat the Buzzard blind then.
She fhall not 'fcape me thus: Farewel for this time.

Fran. Good-night, 'tis almoft Bed-time: Yet no Sleep
Must enter thefe Eyes, 'till I work a Wonder. [*Exit.*

Tho. Thou fhalt along too, for I mean to plague thee
For this Night's Sins, I will never leave walking of thee
'Till I have worn thee out.

Hyl. Your Will be done, Sir.

Tho. You will not leave me, *Sam.*

Sam. Not I.

Tho. Away then: I'll be your Guide now. If my Man be
My fpightful Dame, I'll pipe ye fuch a Hunsup (truffy,
Shall make ye dance a tipvaes. Keep clofe to me. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Sebastian and Dorothy.

Seb. Never perfuade me, I will marry again,
What fhould I leave my State to, Pins and Poaking-fticks,
To Farthingals, and Frownces? To Fore-horfes,
And an old Leather Bawdy-houfe behind 'em,
To thee?

Dor. You have a Son, Sir.

Seb. Where, what is he?
Who is he like?

Dor. Your felf.

Seb. Thou lyeft, thou haft marr'd him,
Thou, and thy Prayer-books: I do difclaim him:

Did

Did not I take him singing yesternight
 A godly Ballad, to a godly Tune too,
 And had a Catechism in's Pocket, Damsel,
 One of your dear Disciples, I perceive it?
 When did he ride abroad since he came over?
 What Tavern has he us'd to? What Things done
 That shews a Man, and Mettle? When was my House
 At such a Shame before, to creep to Bed
 At ten a Clock, and twelve, for want of Company?
 No singing, nor no dancing, nor no drinking?
 Thou think'st not of these Scandals; when, and where
 Has he but shew'd his Sword of late?

Dor. Despair not,
 I do beseech you, Sir, nor tempt your Weakness,
 For if you like it so, I can assure you
 He is the same Man still.

Seb. Would thou wert Ashes
 On that condition; but believe it, Gossip,
 You shall know you have wrong'd.

Dor. You never, Sir,
 So well I know my Duty; and for Heav'n sake,
 Take but this Counsel with ye e'er you marry,
 You were wont to hear me: Take him, and confess him,
 Search him to the quick, and if you find him false,
 Do as you please; a Mother's Name I honour.

Seb. He is lost and spoil'd, I am resolv'd my Roof
 Shall never harbour him; and for you Minion
 I'll keep you close enough, lest you break loose,
 And do more Mischief; get ye in. Who waits? [*Ex. Dor.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Do you call, Sir?

Seb. Seek the Boy, and bid him wait
 My Pleasure in the Morning: Mark what House
 He is in, and what he does; and truly tell me.

Serv. I will not fail, Sir.

Seb. If ye do, I'll hang ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Thomas, Hylas, and Sam.

Tho. Keep you the Back-door there, and be sure
None of her Servants enter, or go out,
If any Woman pass, she is lawful Prize, Boys,
Cut off all Convoys.

Hyl. Who shall answer this?

Tho. Why, I shall answer it, you fearful Widgeon,
I shall appear to th' Action.

Hyl. May we discourse too,
On honourable Terms?

Tho. With any Gentlewoman
That shall appear at Window: Ye may rehearse too
By your Commission safely, some sweet Parcels
Of Poetry to a Chamber-maid.

Hyl. May we sing too?
For there's my Master-piece.

Tho. By no means, no Boys,
I am the Man reserv'd for Air, 'tis my part,
And if she be not rock, my Voice shall reach her:
Ye may record a little, or ye may whistle,
As Time shall minister, but for main singing,
Pray ye satisfie your selves: Away, be careful.

Hyl. But hark ye, one word, *Tom*, we may be beaten.

Tho. That's as ye think good yourselves: If you deserve it,
Why 'tis the easiest thing to compass: Beaten? (thee?)
What Bugbears dwell in thy Brains? Who should beat

Hyl. She has Men enough.

Tho. Art not thou Man enough too?
Thou hast flesh enough about thee: If all that Mass
Will not maintain a little Spirit, hang it,
And dry it too for Dogs-meat: Get you gone;
I have things of moment in my Mind: That Door,
Keep it as thou would'st keep thy Wife from a Servingman.
No more I say: away, *Sam*.

Sam. At your will, Sir. [*Exeunt Hylas and Sam.*

Enter Launcelot, and Fidler.

Laun. I have him here, a rare Rogue, good sweet Master,
Do something of some favour suddenly,

That

That we may eat, and live: I am almost starv'd,
No point manieur, no point devein, no Signieur,
 Not by the virtue of my Languages,
 Nothing at my old Master's to be hoped for,
 O Signieur *du*, nothing to line my Life with,
 But cold Pyes with a Cudgel, 'till you help us. (ler,

Tho. Nothing but Famine frights thee: Come hither Fidler,
 What Ballads are you seen in best? Be short, Sir.

Fid. Under your Mastership's Correction, I can sing
 The Duke of *Norfolk*, or the merry Ballad
 Of *Diverus* and *Lazarus*, the Rose of *England*,
 In *Creet* when *Dedimus* first began,
Jonas his crying out against *Coventry*.

Tho. Excellent,
 Rare Matters all.

Fid. *Mawdlin* the Merchant's Daughter,
 The Devil, and ye dainty Dames.

Tho. Rare still.

Fid. The landing of the *Spaniards* at *Bom*,
 With the bloody Battel at *Mile-end*.

Tho. All Excellent:

No Tuning as ye love me; let thy Fiddle
 Speak Welch, or anything that's out of all Tune,
 The vilder still the better, like thy self,
 For I presume thy Voice will make no Trees dance.

Fid. Nay truly, ye shall have it ev'n as homely.

Tho. Keep ye to that key; are they all a-bed trow?

Laun. I hear no stirring any where, no Light
 In any Window, 'tis a Night for the nonce, Sir. (ter,

Tho. Come strike up then: And say the Merchant's Daugh-
 We'll bear the Burthen: Proceed to Incision, Fidler.

S O N G.

Enter Servant, above.

Serv. Who's there? What Noise is this? What Rogue
 At these Hours?

Tho. O what is that to you, my Fool?
 O what is that to you.

Pluck in your Face you bawling Ass,
Or I will break your Brow. *bey down, down, down.*
 A new Ballad, a new, a new.

Fid.

Fid. The twelfth of *April*, on *May Day*,
My House and Goods were burnt away, &c.

Maid [*above.*] Why who is this?

Laun. O Damsel dear,
Open the Door, and it shall appear,
Open the Door,
O gentle Squire.

Maid I'll see thee hang'd first; farewell my Dear.
'Tis Master *Thomas*, there he stands.

Enter Mary above.

Mary. 'Tis strange
That nothing can redeem him: Rail him hence,
Or sing him out in's own Way, any thing
To be deliver'd of him.

Maid. Then have at him:
My Man Thomas did me promise;
He would visit me this Night.

Tho. I am here Love, tell me dear Love,
How I may obtain thy sight.

Maid. Come up to my Window Love, come, come, come,
Come to my Window my Dear;
The Wind nor the Rain shall trouble thee again,
But thou shalt be lodged here.

Tho. And art thou strong enough?

Laun. Up, up, I warrant ye.

Mary. What do'st thou mean to do?

Maid. Good Mistress, Peace,
I'll warrant ye we'll cool him. *Madge.*

Madge [*above.*] I am ready.

Tho. The Love of Greece, and it tickled him so,
That he devised a Way to go.
Now sing the Duke of Northumberland.

Fid. And climbing to Promotion,
He fell down suddenly.

[*Madge, with a Devil's Vizard roaring, offers to kiss*
him, and he falls down.

Maid. Farewel, Sir.

Mary. What hast thou done? thou hast broke his Neck.

Maid. Not hurt him,
He pitch'd upon his Legs like a Cat.

That we may eat, and live: I am almost starv'd,
No point manieur, no point devein, no Signieur,
 Not by the virtue of my Languages,
 Nothing at my old Master's to be hoped for,
 O Signieur *du*, nothing to line my Life with,
 But cold Pyes with a Cudgel, 'till you help us. (ler,

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him, and he falls down.

Maid. Farewel, Sir.

Mary. What hast thou done? thou hast broke his Neck.

Maid. Not hurt him,
He pitch'd upon his Legs like a Cat.

Tho. O Woman!

O miserable Woman! I am spoil'd!

My Leg, my Leg, my Leg, oh both my Legs!

Mary. I told thee what thou hadst done, Mischief go with

Tho. O I am lam'd for ever! O my Leg, (thee.
Broken in twenty Places: O take heed,

Take heed of Women, Fidler: Oh a Surgeon,

A Surgeon, or I die: Oh my good People,

No charitable People, all despightful,

Oh what a Misery am I in! Oh my Leg!

Laun. Be patient Sir, be patient: Let me bind it.

Enter Samuel, and Hylas with his Head broken.

Tho. Oh do not touch it, Rogue.

Hyl. My Head, my Head,

Oh my Head's kill'd.

Sam. You must be courting Wenches

Thro' Key-holes, Captain *Hylas*, come and be comforted,

The Skin is scarce broke.

Tho. O my Leg.

Sam. How do ye, Sir?

Tho. Oh maim'd for ever with a Fall, he's spoil'd too,
I see his Brains.

Hyl. Away with me for God's sake,

A Surgeon.

Sam. Here's a Night indeed.

Hyl. A Surgeon.

[*Ex. all but Fidler.*

Enter Mary and Servant below.

Mary. Go run for Help.

Tho. Oh!

Mary. Run all, and all too little,

O cursed Beast that hurt him, run, run, flye,

He will be dead else.

Tho. Oh.

Mary. Good Friend go you too.

Fid. Who pays me for my Musick?

Mary. Pox o' your Musick,

There's twelve Pence for ye.

Fid. There's two Groats again Forsooth,

I never take above, and rest ye merry.

[*Exit.*

Mar. A grease Pot gild your Fiddle-strings: How do you,
How is my Dear?

Tom.

Tom. Why well I thank ye, sweet Heart,
Shall we walk in, for now there's none to trouble us?

Mary. Are ye so crafty, Sir? I shall meet with ye,
I knew your Trick, and I was willing: My *Tom*,
Mine own *Tom*, now to satisfie thee, welcome, welcome,
Welcome my best Friend to me, all my Dearest.

Tom. Now ye are my noble Mistress; we lose time, Sweet.

Mary. I think they are all gone.

Tom. All, ye did wisely.

Mary. And you as craftily.

Tom. We are well met, Mistress.

Mary. Come, let's go in then lovingly: O my Skarf, *Tom*,
I lost it thereabout, find it, and wear it
As your poor Mistress Favour. [Exit.

Tom. I am made now,
I see no Venture is in no hand: -I have it.
How now? The Door lock'd, and she in before?
Am I so trim'd?

Mary. One parting Word, sweet *Thomas*;
Tho' to save your Credit, I discharg'd your Fidler,
I must not satisfie your Folly too, Sir:
Y'are subtle, but believe it Fox, I'll find ye,
The Surgeons will be here straight, roar again Boy,
And break thy Legs for shame, thou wilt be sport else:
Good Night.

Tom. She says most true, I must not stay: she has bob'd me,
Which if I live I'll recompence, and shortly.
Now for a Ballad to bring me off again.
*All young Men be warn'd by me, how you do go a wooing;
Seek not to climb, for fear ye fall, thereby comes your Un-
doing, &c.* [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Valentine, Alice, and Servant.

Val. **H**E cannot go and take no farewell of me,
Can he be so unkind? He's but retir'd
Into the Garden or the Orchard; see Sirs.

E e 2

Alice.

Alice. He would not ride there certain, those were
Only for Walks, I take it. (planted

Val. Ride? Nay then: Had he a Horse out?

Serv. So the Groom delivers,
Somewhat before the Break of Day.

Val. He's gone,
My best Friend's gone, *Alice*: I have lost the noblest,
The truest, and the most Man I e'er found yet.

Alice. Indeed Sir, he deserves all Praise.

Val. All Sister,
All, all, and all too little: O that Honesty,
That Ermine Honesty, unspotted ever,
That perfect Goodness.

Alice. Sure he will return, Sir,
He cannot be so harsh.

Val. O never, never,
Never return, thou know'st not where the Cause lyes.

Alice. He was the worthiest welcome.

Val. He deserv'd it.

Alice. Nor wanted, to our Knowledge.

Val. I will tell thee,
Within this hour, things that shall startle thee:
He never must return.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Good morrow, Signieur.

Val. Good morrow, Master *Michael*.

Mich. My good Neighbour,
Methinks you are stirring early since your Travel,
You have learnt the rule of Health, Sir; where's your Mi-
She keeps her warm, I warrant ye, i' Bed yet? (stres?

Val. I think she does.

Alice. 'Tis not her hour of waking.

Mich. Did you lye with her, Lady?

Alice. Not to Night, Sir,
Nor any Night this Week else.

Mich. When last saw ye her?

Alice. Late yesternight.

Mich. Was she 'bed then?

Alice. No Sir,
I left her at her Prayers: Why do ye ask me?

Mich.

Mich. I have been strangely haunted with a Dream
All this long Night, and after many wakings,
The same Dream still; methought I met young *Cellide*
Just at *St. Katherines Gate* the Nunnery.

Val. Ha?

Mich. Her Face flubber'd o'er with Tears and Troubles,
Methought she cry'd unto the Lady Abbess,
For Charity receive me holy Woman,
A Maid that has forgot the World's Affections,
Into thy Virgin Order: Methought she took her,
Put on a Stole, and sacred Robe upon her,
And there I left her. *Val.* Dream?

Mich. Good Mistress *Alice*,
Do me the Favour (yet to satisfy me)
To step but up, and see.

Alice. I know she's there, Sir,
And all this but a Dream.

Mich. You know not my Dreams,
They are unhappy ones, and often Truths,
But this I hope, yet. *Alice.* I will satisfy ye. [*Exit.*]

Mich. Neighbour, how does the Gentleman?

Val. I know not:
Dream of a Nunnery?

Mich. How found ye my Words
About the Nature of his Sickneſs, *Valentine*?

Val. Did she not cry out, 'twas my Folly too
That forc'd her to this Nunnery? Did she not curse me?
For God sake speak: Did you not dream of me too,
How basely, poorly, tamely, like a Fool,
Tir'd with his Joys?

Mich. Alas poor Gentleman,
Ye promis'd me, Sir, to bear all these Crosses.

Val. I bear 'em 'till I break again.

Mich. But nobly,
Truly to weigh.

Val. Good Neighbour, no more of it,
Ye do but fling Flax on my Fire: Where is she?

Enter Alice.

Alice. Not yonder Sir, nor has not this Night certain
Been in her Bed.

Mich. It must be Truth she tells ye,
And now I'll shew ye why I came: This Morning
A Man of mine being employed about Business
Came early home, who at *St. Katherine's Nunnery*,
About Day peep, told me he met your Mistress,
And as I spoke it in a Dream, so troubled,
And so received by the Abbess, did he see her;
The Wonder made me rise, and haste unto ye
To know the Cause.

Val. Farewel, I cannot speak it. [Exit Val.]

Alice. For Heav'n sake leave him not.

Mich. I will not, Lady.

Alice. Alas, he's much afflicted, (Care

Mich. We shall know shortly more; apply your own
At home good *Alice*, and trust him to my Counsel;
Nay, do not weep, all shall be well, despair not. [Exe.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Sebastian, and a Servant.

Seb. At *Valentine's* House so merry?

Serv. As a Pye, Sir.

Seb. So Gamesome dost thou say?

Serv. I am sure I heard it.

Seb. Ballads, and Fiddles too?

Serv. No, but one Fiddle;
But twenty Noises.

Enter Launcelot.

Seb. Did he do Devises?

Serv. The best Devises, Sir: here's my Fellow *Launcelot*,
He can inform ye all: He was among 'em,
A mad Thing too: I stood but in a Corner.

Seb. Come Sir, what can you say? Is there any Hope yet
Your Master may return?

Laun. He went far else,
I will assure your Worship on my Credit
By the Faith of a Traveller, and a Gentleman,
Your Son is found again, the Son, the *Tom*.

Seb. Is he the old *Tom*?

Laun. The old *Tom*.

Seb. Go forward.

Laun.

Laun. Next, to confider how he is the old *Tom*.

Seb. Handle me that.

Laun. I would ye had feen it handled
Laft Night, Sir, as we handled it: *Cap à pee*,
Footra for leers, and learings; O the Noife,
The Noife we made.

Seb. Good, good.

Laun. The Windows clattering,
And all the Chambermaids in fuch a Whobub,
One with her Smock half off, another in hafte
With a Serving-man's Hofe upon her Head.

Seb. Good ftill.

Laun. A Fellow railing out of a Loop-hole there,
And his Mouth ftopt with Dirt.

Seb. I' faith a fine Boy.

Laun. Here one of our Heads broke.

Seb. Excellent good ftill.

Laun. The Gentleman himfelf, young *Mr. Thomas*,
Inviron'd with his furious Myrmidons
The fiery Fidler, and my felf; now Singing,
Now beating at the Door, there parlying,
Courting at that Window, at the other fcaling,
And all thefe feveral Noifes to two Trenchers, (mirable.
Strung with a bottom of brown Thread, which fhew'd ad-

Seb. There eat, and grow again, I am pleas'd.

Laun. Not here, Sir,
Gave we the Frolick over: Though at length
We quit the Lady's Skonce on Composition;
But to the filent Streets we turn'd our Furies:
A fleeping Watchman here we ftole the Shooes from,
There made a Noife, at which he wakes, and follows:
The Streets are dirty, takes a *Queen-birth* Cold,
Hard Cheefe and that choaks him o' *Monday* next:
Windows and Signs we fent to *Erebus*;
A crue of bawling Curs we entertain'd laft,
When having let the Pigs loofe in Out-Parifhes,
O the brave cry we made as high as *Aldgate*!
Down comes a Conftable, and the Sow his Sifter
Moft traiteroufly tramples upon Authority,
There a whole ftand of rug Gowns routed manly,

And the King's Peace put to flight: Apurblind Pig here
 Runs me his Head into the Admirable Lanthorn,
 Out goes the Light, and all turns to Confusion:
 A Potter rises, to enquire this Passion,
 A Boar imboft takes Sanctuary in his Shop,
 When twenty Dogs rush after, we ftill cheering,
 Down go the Pots, and Pipkins, down the Pudding-pans,
 The Cream-bolls cry Revenge here, there the Candle-

Seb. If this be true, thou little tiney Page, (sticks.
 This Tale that thou tell'ft me,
 Then on thy Back will I prefently hang
 A handfom new Livery:
 But if this be falfe, thou little tiney Page,
 As falfe it well may be,
 Then with a Cudgel of four Foot long
 I'll beat thee from Head to Toe.

Enter Servant.

Seb. Will the Boy come?

Serv. He will, Sir.

Enter Thomas.

Seb. Time tries all then.

Laun. Here he comes now himfelf, Sir.

Seb. To be fhort *Thomas,*

Because I feel a Scruple in my Confcience
 Concerning thy Demeanour, and a main one,
 And therefore like a Father would be fatisfy'd,
 Get up to that Window there, and prefently
 Like a moft compleat Gentleman, come from *Tripoly*——

Tho. Good Lord Sir, how are you mis-led: What Fancies
 (Fitter for idle Boys, and Drunkards, let me fpeak't,
 And with a little Wonder I befeech you)
 Choak up your noble Judgment?

Seb. You Rogue, *Launcelot,*
 You lying Rascal.

Laun. Will ye fpoil all again, Sir?
 Why, what a Devil do you mean?

Tho. Away Knave,
 Ye keep a Company of faucy Fellows,
 Debofh'd, and daily Drunkards, to devour ye,

Things,

Things, whose dull Souls tend to the Celler only,
Ye are ill advis'd Sir, to commit your Credit.

Seb. Sirrah, Sirrah.

Laun. Let me never eat again, Sir,
Nor feel the blessing of another Blue-coat,
If this young Gentleman, sweet Master *Thomas*,
Be not as mad as Heart can wish : Your Heart, Sir,
If yesternights Discourse : Speak fellow *Robin*,
And if thou speakest less than Truth.

Tho. 'Tis strange these Varlets.

Serv. By these ten Bones Sir, if these Eyes and Ears
Can hear and see.

Tho. Extreemly strange, should thus boldly
Bud in your fight, unto your Son.

Laun. O *deu guin*
Can ye deny, ye beat a Constable
Last Night ?

Tho. I touch Authority, ye Rascal ?
I violate the Law ?

Laun. Good Master *Thomas*. (too,

Serv. Did you not take two Wenches from the Watch
And put 'em into *Pudding-lane* ?

Laun. We mean not
Those civil Things you did at Mr. *Valentino's*,
The Fiddle, and the fa'las.

Tho. O strange Impudence !
I do beseech you Sir, give no such Licence
To Knaves and Drunkards, to abuse your Son thus :
Be Wise in time, and turn 'em off : We live, Sir,
In a State govern'd civilly, and soberly,
Where each Man's Actions should confirm the Law,
Not crack, and cancel it.

Seb. *Launcelot du Lake*,
Get you upon Adventures : Cast your Coat,
And make your Exit.

Laun. *Pur l'amour de dieu.*

Seb. *Pur* me no *purs* : But *pur* at that Door, out Sirrah,
I'll beat ye *Purblind* else, out ye eight Languages.

Laun. My Blood upon your Head. [Exit *Laun.*

Tho. Purge me 'em all, Sir.

Seb.

Seb. And you too presently.

Tom. Even as you please, Sir.

Seb. Bid my Maid Servant come, and bring my Daugh-
I will have one shall please me. (ter,
[Exit Servant.]

Tom. 'Tis most fit, Sir.

Seb. Bring me the Mony there: Here Mr. Thomas.

Enter two Servants with two Bags.

I pray sit down, ye are no more my Son now,
Good Gentleman be cover'd,

Tom. At your Pleasure.

Seb. This Mony I do give ye, because of whilom
You have been thought my Son, and by my self too,
And some Things done like me: Ye are now another:
There is two hundred Pound, a civil Sum
For a young civil Man: Much Land and Lordship
Will, as I take it now, but prove Temptation
To dread ye from your settled and sweet Carriage: ?

Tom. You say right, Sir.

Seb. Nay I beseech ye cover.

Tom. At your dispose: And I beseech ye too, Sir,
For the Word civil, and more settled Course,
It may be put to Use, that on the Interest,
Like a poor Gentleman.

Seb. It shall, to my use,
To mine again: Do you see Sir: Good fine Gentleman,
I give no brooding Mony for a Scrivener,
Mine is for present Traffick, and so I'll use it.

Tom. So much for that then.

Enter Dorothy, and four Maids.

Seb. For the main Cause, Monsieur,
I sent to treat with you about, behold it;
Behold that piece of story Work, and view it.
I want a right Heir to inherit me,
Not my Estate alone, but my Condition;
From which you are revolted, therefore dead,
And I will break my Back, but I will get one.

Tom. Will you chuse there, Sir?

Seb. There, among those Damsels,
In mine own Tribe: I know their Qualities,
Which cannot fail to please me: For their Beauties

A Matter of a three Farthings makes all perfect,
A little Beer, and Beef-Broth: They are found too.
Stand all a-breast: Now gentle Mr. *Thomas*,
Before I chuse, you having liv'd long with me,
And happily sometimes with some of these too,
Which Fault I never frown'd upon; pray shew me
(For fear we confound our Genealogies)
Which have you laid Aboard? Speak your Mind freely,
Have you had Copulation with that Damsel?

Tom. I have.

Seb. Stand you aside then: How with her, Sir?

Tom. How, is not seemly here to say.

Dor. Here's fine Sport.

Seb. Retire you too: Speak forward, Mr. *Thomas*.

Tom. I will, and to the Purpose; even with all, Sir.

Seb. With all? That's somewhat large.

Dor. And yet you like it.

Was ever Sin so glorious?

Seb. With all, *Thomas*?

Tom. All surely, Sir.

Seb. A sign thou art mine own yet,

In again all: And to your several Functions. [*Exe. Maids.*
What say you to young *Luce*, my Neighbour's Daughter,
She was too young, I take it, when you travell'd;
Some twelve Years old?

Tom. Her Will was fifteen, Sir.

Seb. A pretty Answer, to cut off long Discourse,
For I have many yet to ask ye of,
Where I can chuse, and nobly; hold up your Finger
When ye are right: What say ye to *Valeria*
Whose Husband lies a dying now? Why two,
And in that Form?

Tom. Her Husband is recover'd.

Seb. A witty Moral: Have at ye once more, *Thomas*,
The Sisters of St. *Albans*, all five; dat Boy,
Dat's mine own Boy.

Dor. Now out upon thee, Monster.

Tom. Still hoping of your Pardon.

Seb. There needs none, Man:

A straw on Pardon: Prithee need no Pardon:

I'll

I'll ask no more, nor think no more of Marriage,
 For o' my Conscience I shall be thy Cuckold ;
 There's some Good yet left in him : Bear your self well,
 You may recover me, there's twenty Pound, Sir,
 I see some Sparkles which may flame again,
 You may eat with me when you please, you know me.

[*Exit Seb.*

Dor. Why do you lye so damnably, so foolishly ?

Tho. Do'st thou long to have thy Head broke ? Hold thy
 And do as I would have thee, or by this Hand (peace
 I'll kill thy Parrat, hang up thy small hand,
 And drink away thy Dowry to a Penny.

Dor. Was ever such a wild Ass ?

Tho. Prithee be quiet. (stroufly,

Dor. And do'st thou think Men will not beat thee mon-
 For abusing their Wives and Children ?

Tho. And do'st thou think
 Mens Wives and Children can be abus'd too much ?

Dor. I wonder at thee.

Tho. Nay, thou shalt adjure me
 Before I have done.

Dor. How stand ye with your Mistres ?

Tho. I shall stand nearer
 E'er I be twelve Hours older : There's my Business,
 She is monstrous subtle, *Dol.*

Dol. The Devil, I think,
 Cannot out-subtle thee.

Tho. If he play fair play.
 Come, you must help me presently.

Dor. I discard ye.

Tom. Thou shalt not sleep nor eat.

Dor. I'll no hand with ye,
 No Bawd to your Abuses.

Tho. By this Light, *Dol.*
 Nothing but in the way of Honesty.

Dor. Thou never knew'st that Road : I hear your Vigils.

Tho. Sweet honey, *Dol.* if I do not marry her,
 Honestly marry her, if I mean not honourably,
 Come, thou shalt help me, take heed how you vex me,
 I'll help thee to a Husband too, a fine Gentleman,

I know thou art mad, a tall young Man, a brown Man,
I swear he has his Maidenhead, a rich Man.

Dor. You may come in to Dinner, and I'll answer ye.

Tho. Nay I'll go with thee *Dol*: Four hundred a Year
Wench. [Exeunt]

S C E N E III.

Enter Michael and Valentine.

Mich. Good Sir go back again, and take my Counsel,
Sores are not cur'd by Sorrows, nor Time broke from us,
Pull'd back again by Sighs.

Val. What should I do, Friend?

Mich. Do that that may redeem ye, go back quickly,
Sebastian's Daughter can prevail much with her,
The Abbess is her Aunt too.

Val. But my Friend then,
Whose Love and Loss is equal ty'd.

Mich. Content ye,
That shall be my Task if he be alive,
Or where my Travel and my Care may reach him,
I'll bring him back again.

Val. Say he come back
To piece his poor Friend's Life out? And my Mistress
Be vow'd for ever a Recluse?

Mich. So suddenly
She cannot, haste ye therefore instantly away, Sir,
To put that Danger by; first, as to a Father,
Then as a Friend she was committed to ye,
And all the Care she now has: By which Privilege
She cannot do her this Violence,
But you may break it, and the Law allows ye.

Val. O but I forc'd her to it.

Mich. Leave disputing
Against your self, if you will needs be Miserable
Spight of her Goodness, and your Friend's Perswasions,
Think on, and thrive hereafter.

Val. I will Home then,
And follow your Advice; and good, good *Michael*.

Mich. No more, I know your Soul's divided, *Valentine*,
Cure but that Part at home with speedy Marriage

E'er

E'er my return, for then those Thoughts that vex't her,
 While there ran any Stream for loose Affections,
 Will be stopt up, and chaste-ey'd Honour guide her.
 Away, and hope the best still : I'll work for ye,
 And pray too heartily, away, no more Words. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Hylas and Samuel.

Hyl. I care not for my broken Head,
 But that it should be his Plot, and a Wench too,
 A louzy, lazy Wench prepar'd to do it.

Sam. Thou hadst as good be quiet, for o' my Conscience
 He'll put another on thee else.

Hyl. I am resolv'd
 To call him to account; was it not manifest
 He meant a Mischief to me, and laugh'd at me,
 When he lay roaring out, his Leg was broken,
 And no such matter? Had he broke his Neck,
 Indeed 'twould ne'er have griev'd me; Gallows gall him.
 Why should he chuse out me?

Sam. Thou art ever ready
 To thrust thy self into these the Occasions,
 And he as full of Knavery to accept it.

Hyl. Well, if I live, I'll have a new Trick for him.

Sam. That will not be amiss, but to fight with him
 Is to no Purpose; besides, he's truly Valiant,
 And a most deadly Hand; thou never fought'st yet,
 Nor o' my Conscience hast no faith in Fighting.

Hyl. No, no, I will not fight.

Sam. Besides the Quarrel,
 Which has a Woman in't to make it scurvy,
 Who would lye stinking in a Surgeon's Hands,
 A Month or two this Weather? For believe it,
 He never hurts under a Quarter's healing.

Hyl. No, upon better Thought, I will not Fight, *Sam;*
 But watch my Time.

Sam. To pay him with a Project;
 Watch him too, I would wish ye; prithee tell me,
 Dost thou affect these Women still?

Hyl.

Hyl. Yes, 'faith, *Sam*,
I love 'em ev'n as well as e'er I did,
Nay, if my Brains were beaten out, I must to 'em.

Sam. Dost thou love any Woman?

Hyl. Any Woman
Of what degree or calling.

Sam. Of any Age too?

Hyl. Of any Age, from fourſcore to fourteen, Boy,
Of any Faſhion.

Sam. And Defect too?

Hyl. Right,
For thoſe I love to lead me to Repentance;
A Woman with no Noſe, after my ſurquedry,
Shews like King *Philip's* Moral, *Memento mori*;
And ſhe that has a wooden Leg, demonſtrates
Like *Hypocrites*, we halt before the Gallows;
An old one with one Tooth, ſeems to ſay to us,
Sweet Meats have ſour Sauce; ſhe that's full of Aches,
Crum not your Bread before you taſte your Porridge,
And many Morals we may find.

Sam. 'Tis well, Sir,
Ye make ſo worthy Uſes; but *quid igitur*,
What ſhall we now determine?

Hyl. Let's conſider
An Hour or two how I may fit this Fellow.

Sam. Let's find him firſt, he'll quickly give Occaſion,
But take heed to your ſelf, and ſay I warn'd ye;
He has a plaguy Pate.

Hyl. That at my danger.

[*Exe.*

S C E N E V.

Muſick. Enter Sailors ſinging, Michael and Francis.

Sail. Aboard, aboard, the Wind ſtands fair.

Mich. Theſe call for Paſſengers, I'll ſtay and ſee
What Men they take Aboard.

Fran. A Boat, a Boat, a Boat.

Sail. Away then.

Fran. Whither are ye bound, Friends?

Sail. Down to the Streights.

Mich. Ha! 'Tis not much unlike him.

Fran.

Fran. May I have Passage for my Mony?

Sail. And Welcome too.

Mich. 'Tis he, I know 'tis he now.

Fran. Then merrily aboard; and noble Friend,
Heav'ns Goodness keep thee ever, and all Virtue
Dwell in thy Bosom; *Cellide*, my last Tears
I leave behind me thus, a Sacrifice,
For I dare stay no longer to betray ye.

Mich. Be not so quick, Sir; Sailors I here charge ye,
By vertue of this Warrant, as you will answer it,
For both your Ship and Merchant I know perfectly,
Lay hold upon this Fellow.

Fran. Fellow?

Mich. Ay, Sir.

Sail. No hand to Sword, Sir, we shall master ye,
Fetch out the Manacles.

Fran. I do obey ye;
But I beseech you, Sir, inform me truly
How I am guilty.

Mich. You have robb'd a Gentleman,
One that you are bound to for your Life and Being;
Mony and Horse unjustly ye took from him, (man.
And something of more Note, but —— for y'are a Gentle-

Fran. It shall be so, and here I'll end all Miseries,
Since Friendship is so Cruel, I confess it,
And which is more, a hundred of these Robberies:
This Ring I stole too from him, and this Jewel,
The first and last of all my Wealth; forgive me
My Innocence and Truth, for saying I stole 'em,
And may they prove of Value but to recompence
The thousandth Part of his Love, and Bread I have eaten;
'Pray see 'em render'd noble Sir, and so
I yield me to your Power.

Mich. Guard him to th' Water,
I charge you, Sailors, there I will receive him,
And back convey him to a Justice.

Sail. Come, Sir,
Look to your Neck, you are like to Sail i'th' Air now.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

Enter Thomas, Dorothy and Maid.

Tho. Come quickly, quickly, paint me handsomely,
Take heed my Nose be not in Grain too;
Come *Doll*, *Doll*, disen me.

Dor. If you should play now
Your Devils parts again.

Tho. Yea and nay, *Dorothy*.

Dor. If ye do any thing, but that ye have sworn to,
Which only is access.

Tho. As I am a Gentleman;
Out with this Hair, *Doll*, handsomely.

Dor. You have your Breeches? (ticklish,

Tho. I prithee away, thou know'st I am monstrous
What, dost thou think I love to blast my Buttocks?

Dor. I'll plague ye for this Roguery; for I know well
What ye intend, Sir.

Tho. On with my Muffler.

Dor. Ye are a sweet Lady; come, let's see you Courtesie;
What, broke i'th' Bum? Hold up your Head.

Tho. Plague on't,
I shall bepiss my Breeches if I cower thus,
Come, I am ready.

Maid. At all Points as like, Sir,
As if you were my Mistress.

Dor. Who goes with ye?

Tho. None but my Fortune, and my self. [*Exit Tho.*

Dor. Bless ye:

Now run for thy Life, and get before him,
Take the By-way, and tell my Cousin *Mary*
In what Shape he intends to come to cozen her;
I'll follow at thy Heels my self, fly Wench.

Maid. I'll do it.

[*Exit:*

Enter Sebastian and Thomas.

Dor. My Father has met him; this goes excellent.
And I'll away in time; look to your Skin, *Thomas*. [*Exit.*

Seb. What, are you grown so Corn fed, Goody *Gillian*,
You will not know your Father? What Vagaries
Have you in hand? What out-leaps, dirty Heels,

That at these Hours of Night ye must be gadding,
 And through the Orchard take your private Passage?
 What, is the breeze in your Breech? Or has your Brother
 Appointed you an Hour of Meditation
 How to demean himself? Get ye to Bed, Drab,
 Or I'll so crab your Shoulders; ye demure Slut,
 Ye civil Dish of sliced Beef, get ye in.

Tho. I wi' not, that I wi' not.

Seb. Is't ev'n so, Dame?

Have at ye with a Night Spell then.

Tho. 'Pray hold, Sir.

Seb. St. George, St. George, our Lady's Knight,
 He wall's by Day; so does he by Night,
 And when he had her found,
 He her beat, and her bound,
 Until to him her Troth she plight,
 She would not stir from him that Night.

Tho. Then have at ye with a Counter Spell,
 From Elves, Hobs, and Fayries, that trouble our Dayries,
 From Fire-Drakes and Fiends, and such as the Devil sends,
 Defend us good Heav'n. [Exit.]

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Bless me Master; look up, Sir, I beseech ye,
 Up with your Eyes to Heav'n.

Seb. Up with your Nose, Sir,
 I do not bleed, 'twas a sound Knock she gave me,
 A plaguy mankind Girl, how my Brains totter?
 Well, go thy ways, thou hast got one thousand Pound more
 With this Dog trick,
 Mine own true Spirit in her too.

Laun. In her? Alas, Sir,
 Alas poor Gentlewoman, she a Hand so heavy,
 To knock ye like a Calf down, or so brave a Courage
 To beat her Father? If you could believe, Sir. (Devil?)

Seb. Who would'st thou make me believe it was, the

Laun. One that spits Fire as fast as he sometimes, Sir,
 And changes Shapes as often; your Son *Thomas*;
 Never wonder, if it be not he, straight hang me.

Seb. He? If it be so,
 I'll put thee in my Will, and there's an end on't.

Laun.

Laun. I saw his Legs, h'as Boots on like a Player,
Under his Wench's Cloaths, 'tis he, 'tis *Thomas*
In his own Sister's Cloaths, Sir, and I can waft him.

Seb. No more Words then, we'll watch him, thou'lt not
How heartily glad I am. (believe *Launce*,

Laun. May ye be gladder,
But not this way, Sir.

Seb. No more Words, but watch him. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Mary, Dorothy, and Maid.

Mary. When comes he?

Dor. Presently.

Mary. Then get you up, *Doll*,
Away, I'll straight come to you: Is all ready?

Maid. All.

Mary. Let the Light stand far enough.

Maid. 'Tis placed so.

Mary. Stay you to entertain him to his Chamber,
But keep close, Wench, he flies at all.

Maid. I warrant ye.

Mary. You need no more Instruction?

Maid. I am perfect. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Valentine and Thomas.

Tho. More stops yet? Sure the Fiend's my ghostly Father.
Old *Valentine*; what Wind's in his Poop?

Val. Lady,

You are met most happily; O gentle *Doll*,
You must now do me an especial Favour.

Tho. What is it, master *Valentine*? I am sorely troubled
With a salt Rheum fall'n i' my Gums.

Val. I'll tell ye,

And let it move you equally; my blest Mistress,
Upon a slight Occasion taking Anger,
Took also (to undo me) your Aunt's Nunnery,
From whence by my perswasion to redeem her
Will be impossible: Nor have I Liberty
To come and visit her; my good, good *Dorothy*,

You are most powerful with her; and your Aunt too,
And have access at all Hours liberally,
Speak now or never for me.

Tho. In a Nunnery?

That course must not be suffered, Master *Valentine*,
Her Mother never knew it; rare Sport for me;
Sport upon Sport, by th' break of Day I'll meet ye,
And fear not, Man, we'll have her out I warrant ye,
I cannot stay now.

Val. You will not break?

Tho. By no means.

Good Night.

Val. Good Night kind Mistress *Doll*.

[*Exit.*

Tho. This thrives well,

Every one takes me for my Sister, excellent;
This Nunnery's fall'n so pat too, to my Figure,
Where there be handsome Wenches, and they shall know
If once I creep in, e'er they get me out again; (it,
Stay, here's the House, and one of her Maids.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there?

O Mistress *Dorothy*! You are a stranger.

Tho. Still Mistress *Dorothy*? This geer will cotton.

Maid. Will you walk in, Forsooth?

Tho. Where is your Mistress?

Maid. Not very well; she's gone to Bed, I am glad
You are come so fit to comfort her.

Tho. Yes, I'll comfort her.

Maid. 'Pray make not much Noise, for she is sure asleep,
You know your side, creep softly in, your Company
Will warm her well.

Tho. I warrant thee I'll warm her. (low.

Maid. Your Brother has been here, the strangest Fel-

Tho. A very Rogue, a rank Rogue.

Maid. I'll conduct ye

Even to her Chamber-door, and there commit ye. [*Exe.*

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

Enter Michael, Francis and Officers.

Mich. Come Sir, for this Night I fhall entertain ye,
And like a Gentleman, how e'er your Fortune
Hath caft ye on the worft part.

Fran. How you please, Sir,
I am resolv'd, nor can a Joy or Misery
Much move me now.

Mich. I am angry with my felf now
For putting this forc'd way upon his Patience,
Yet any other Courfe had been too flender :
Yet what to think I know not, for moft liberally
He hath confefs'd ftrange Wrongs, which if they prove fo,
How e'er the others long Love may forget all,
Yet 'twas moft fit he fhould come back, and this way.
Drink that; and now to my care leave your Prifoner,
I'll be his Guard for this Night.

Offi. Good Night to your Worfhip. (hope

Mich. Good Night, my honeft Friends; come, Sir, I
There fhall be no fuch Cause of fuch a Sadnefs
As you put on.

Fran. 'Faith, Sir, my reft is up,
And what I now pull fhall no more afflict me
Than if I play'd at fpan-counter, nor is my Face
The Map of any thing I feem to fuffer,
Lighter Affections feldom dwell in me, Sir.

Mich. A conftant Gentleman; would I had taken
A Feaver when I took this harfh way to difturb him.
Come, walk with me, Sir, e'er to Morrow Night
I doubt not but to fee all this blown over. [Exeunt.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Hylas.

Hyl. I Have dog'd his Sister, fure 'twas ſhe, (too;
And I hope ſhe will come back again this Night
Sam I have loſt of Purpoſe; now if I can,
With all the Art I have, as ſhe comes back,

But win a parley for my broken Pate,
 Off goes her Maiden-head, and there's *vindicta*.
 They stir about the House, I'll stand at distance. [*Exit.*
Enter Mary and Dorothy, and then Thomas and Maid.

Dor. Is he come in?

Mary. Speak softly,
 He is, and there he goes.

Tho. Good Night, good Night, Wench.

[*A Bed discovered with a Black-moor in it.*

Maid. As softly as you can.

[*Exit.*

Tho. I'll play the Mouse, *Nan*,
 How close the little Thief lies!

Mary. How he itches?

Dor. What would you give now to be there, and I
 At home, *Mall*?

Mary. Peace for shame.

Tho. In what a Figure
 The little Fool has pull'd it self together!
 Anon you will lye straighter;
 Ha! There's rare Circumstance
 Belongs to such a Treatise; do ye tumble?
 I'll tumble with ye straight, Wench: She sleeps soundly,
 Full little think'st thou of thy Joy that's coming,
 The sweet, sweet Joy, full little of the Kisses,
 But those unthought of Things come ever happiest.
 How soft the Rogue feels! O ye little Villain,
 Ye delicate coy Thief, how I shall thrum ye?
 Your fy away, good Servant, as you are a Gentleman.

Mary. Prithee leave Laughing.

Tho. Out upon ye, *Thomas*,
 What do you mean to do? I'll call the House up.
 O God, I am sure ye will not, shall not serve ye,
 For up ye go now and ye were my Father.

Maid. Your Courage will be cool'd anon.

Tho. If it do I'll hang for't,
 Yet I'll be quartered here first.

Dor. O fierce Villain.

Mary. What would he do indeed, *Doll*?

Dor. You had best try him.

Tho. I'll kiss thee e'er I come to Bed, sweet *Mary*.

Mary.

Mary. Prithee leave Laughing.

Dor. O for gentle *Nicholas*.

Tho. And view that stormy Face that has so thundred me,
A coldness crept over't now? By your leave, Candle,
And next Door by yours too; so, a pretty, pretty,
Shall I now look upon ye? By this Light it moves me.

Mary. Much good may it do you, Sir.

Tho. Holy Saints defend me,
The Devil, Devil, Devil, O the Devil.

Mary. Dor. Ha, ha, ha, ha, the Devil, O the Devil.

Tho. I am abus'd most damnedly, most beastly,
Yet if it be a she-Devil; but the House is up,
And here's no staying longer in this Cassock.
Woman, I here disclaim thee; and in Vengeance
I'll marry with that Devil, but I'll vex thee.

Mary. By'r Lady, but you shall not, Sir, I'll watch ye.

Tho. Plague o' your Spanish Leather hide: I'll waken ye;
Devil good Night: Good Night, good Devil.

Moor. Oh!

Tho. Roar again, Devil, roar again. [Exit Tho.]

Moor. O, O, Sir.

Mary. Open the Doors before him; let him vanish:
Now, let him come again, I'll use him kinder.
How now Wench?

Moor. 'Pray lye here your self next, Mistress,
And entertain your Sweet-heart.

Mary. What said he to thee?

Moor. I had a soft Bed, and I slept out all
But his kind Farewel: Ye may bake me now,
For o' my Conscience, he has made me Venison.

Mary. Alas poor *Kate*; I'll give thee a new Petticoat.

Dor. And I a Wastecoat, Wench.

Mary. Draw in the Bed, Maids,
And see it made again: put fresh Sheets on too,
For *Doll* and I; come Wench, let laugh an Hour now.
To Morrow, early, will we see young *Cellide*,
They say she has taken a Sanctuary; Love and they
Are thick sown, but come up so full of Thistles.

Dor. They must needs, *Mall*, for 'tis a pricking Age
Prithee to Bed, for I am monstrous Sleepy. [grown,

Mary. A Match, but art not thou thy Brother?

Dor. I would I were, Wench,
You should hear further.

Mary. Come, no more of that, *Doll.* [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Hylas and Thomas.

Hyl. I heard the Doors clap; now, and't be thy Will,
Wench.

By th' Mass she comes; you are surely met fair Gentlewo-
I take it, Mistress *Doll*, *Sebastian's* Daughter. (man,

Tbo. I take right, Sir; *Hylas*, are you ferretting?
I'll fit you with a Penny-worth presently. (ed?

Hyl. How dare you walk so late, Sweet, so weak guard-

Tbo. 'Faith Sir, I do no harm, nor none I look for,
Yet I am glad I have met so good a Gentleman,
Against all Chances; for though I never knew ye,
Yet I have heard much Good spoke of ye.

Hyl. Hark ye,
What if a Man should kiss ye?

Tbo. That's no harm, Sir;
'Pray God he 'scapes my Beard, there lies the mischief.

Hyl. Her Lips are monstrous rugged, but that surely
Is but the sharpness of the Weather; hark ye once once
And in your Ear, sweet Mistress, for ye are so, (more,
And ever shall be from this Hour: I have vow'd it.

Enter Sebastian and Launcelot.

Seb. Why, that's my Daughter, Rogue, dost thou not see
Kissing that Fellow there, there in that Corner? (her

Laun. Kissing?

Seb. Now, now, now they agree o'th' Match too.

Tbo. Nay then you love me not.

Hyl. By this white Hand, *Doll.*

Tbo. I must confess, I have long desir'd your sight, Sir.

Laun. Why, there's the Boots still, Sir.

Seb. Hang Boots, Sir,
Why, they'll wear Breeches too.

Tbo. Dishonest me?

Not for the World.

Seb. Why, now they kiss again, there
I knew 'twas she, and that her crafty stealing

Out

Out the back Way must needs have such a meaning.

Laun. I am at my small Wits ends.

Tho. If ye mean honourably.

Laun. Did she ne'er beat ye before, Sir?

Seb. Why dost thou follow me?

Thou Rascal, Slave, hast thou not twice abus'd me?
Hast thou not spoil'd the Boy? By thine own Covenant,
Wouldst thou not now be hang'd?

Laun. I think I would, Sir,

But you are so impatient; does not this shew, Sir,
(I do beseech ye speak, and speak with Judgment,
And let the case be equally consider'd)

Far braver in your Daughter? In a Son now,
'Tis nothing, of no Mark; every Man does it,
But to beget a Daughter, a Man Maiden,
That reaches at these high Exploits, is admirable;
Nay, she goes far beyond him; for when durst he,
But when he was drunk, do any thing to speak of?
This is *Sebastian* truly.

Seb. Thou sayest right, *Launce*,
And there's my Hand once more.

Tho. Not without Marriage.

Seb. Didst thou hear that?

Laun. I think she spoke of Marriage.

Seb. And he shall marry her, for it seems she likes him,
And their first Boy shall be my Heir.

Laun. Ay, marry,
Now ye go right to work.

Tho. Fie, fie, Sir,
Now I have promis'd ye this Night to marry,
Would ye be so intemperate? Are ye a Gentleman?

Hyl. I have no Maw to Marriage, yet this Rascal
Tempts me extreamly: Will ye marry presently?

Tho. Get you afore, and stay me at the Chapel,
Close by the Nunnery, there you shall find a Night-Priest,
Little Sir *Hugh*, and he can say the Matrimony
Over without Book, for we must have no Company,
Nor light, for fear my Father know, which must not yet be;
And then to Morrow Night.

Hyl. Nothing to Night, Sweet?

Tho.

Tho. No, not a bit, I am sent of Business,
About my Dowry, Sweet, do not spoil all now,
'Tis of much haste: I can scarce stay the Marriage,
Now if you love me, get you gone.

Hyl. You'll follow?

Tho. Within this Hour, my sweet Chick.

Hyl. Kifs.

Tho. A Rope kifs ye,
Come, come, I stand o' Thorns.

Hyl. Methinks her Mouth still
Is monstrous rough, but they have ways to mend it:
Farewel.

Tho. Farewel, I'll fit ye with a Wife, Sir.

Seb. Come, follow close, I'll see the End she aims at,
And if he be a handsome Fellow, *Launcelot*,
Fiat, 'tis done, and all my 'State is settled. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Abbess, Cellide and Nuns.

Abbess. Come to your Mattins, Maids; these early Hours,
My gentle Daughter, will disturb a while
Your fair Eyes, nurtur'd in Ease.

Cel. No, virtuous Mother,
'Tis for my holy Health, to purchase which,
They shall forget the Child of Ease, soft Slumbers.
O my afflicted Heart, how thou art tortur'd!
And Love, how like a Tyrant thou reign'st in me,
Commanding and forbidding at one instant;
Why came I hither, that desire to have
Only all Liberty to make me Happy? (tine,
Why did'st thou bring that young Man home, O *Valen-*
That virtuous Youth? Why did'st thou speak his Good-
In such a Phrase, as if all Tongues, all Praises (ness
Were made for him? O fond and ignorant!
Why did'st thou foster my Affection
'Till it grew up to know no other Father,
And then betray it?

Abbess. Can ye Sing?

Cel.

Cel. Yes, Mother,
My Sorrows only.

Abbeſs. Be gone, and to the Quire then. [*Exeunt.*
[*Mufick, ſinging.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Michael and Servant, and Francis.

Mich. Haſt thou enquir'd him out?

Serv. He's not at home, Sir,
His Siſter thinks he's gone to th' Nunnery.

Mich. Moſt likely; I'll away. An Hour hence, Sirrah,
Come you along with this young Gentleman,
Do him all Service, and fair Office.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Sam. Where haſt thou been, Man?

Hyl. Is there ne'er a Shop open?
I'll give thee a pair of Gloves; *Sam.*

Sam. What's the Matter?

Hyl. What doſt thou think?

Sam. Thou art not married?

Hyl. By th' Maſs but I am, all to be married,
I am i'th' order now, *Sam.*

Sam. To whom, prithee? (me,
I thought there was ſome ſuch Trick in't, you ſtole from
But who, for Heav'n's ſake?

Hyl. Ev'n the ſweeteſt Woman,
The rareſt Woman, *Samuel*, and the luſtieſt,
But wondrous honeſt, honeſt as the Ice, Boy,
Not a bit before hand, for my Life, Sirrah,
And of a luſty Kindred.

Sam. But who, *Hylas*?

Hyl. The young Gentleman and I are like to be Friends (again,
The Fates will have it ſo.

Sam. Who, Monſieur Thomas?

Hyl. All Wrongs forgot.

Sam. O now I ſmell ye, *Hylas*;
Does he know of it?

Hyl.

Hyl. No, there's the Trick I owe him ;
'Tis done, Boy, we are fast 'faith, my Youth now
Shall know I am aforehand, for his Qualities.

Sam. Is there no Trick in't ?

Hyl. None, but up and ride, Boy:
I have made no Jointure neither, there I have paid him.

Sam. She's a brave Wench.

Hyl. She shall be as I'll use her,
And if she anger me, all his Abuses
I'll clap upon her Cassock.

Sam. Take heed, *Hylas*.

Hyl. 'Tis past that, *Sam* ; come, I must meet her presently,
And now shalt see me a most glorious Husband. [*Exe.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Dorothy, Mary, and Valentine.

Dor. In Troth, Sir, you never spoke to me.

Val. Can ye forget me ?

Did not you promise all your help and cunning
In my behalf, but for one Hour to see her,
Did you not swear it ? By this Hand, no strictness
Nor rule this House holds, shall by me be broken.

Dor. I saw ye not these two Days.

Val. Do not wrong me,
I met ye, by my Life, just as you entred
This gentle Lady's Lodge, last Night, thus suited
About eleven a Clock.

Dor. 'Tis true, I was there,
But that I saw or spoke to you.

Mar. I have found it,
Your Brother *Thomas*, *Doll*.

Dor. Pray Sir, be satisfi'd,
And wherein I can do you good, command me.
What a mad Fool is this ? Stay here a while, Sir,
Whilst we walk in, and make your Peace. [*Exit.*

Enter Abbess.

Val. I thank ye.

[*Squeak within.*

Abbess. Why, what's the matter there among these
Now *benedicite*, have ye got the Breeze there ? (Maids ?
Give me my holy sprinkle.

Enter

Enter two Nuns.

1 *Nun.* O Madam, there's a strange thing like a Gentle-
Like Mistress *Dorothy*, I think the Fiend (woman,
Crept into th' Nunnery we know not which way,
Plays revel rout among us.

Abbess. Give me my holy Water-pot.

1 *Nun.* Here; Madam.

Abbess. Spirit of Earth or Air, I do conjure thee,
Of Water, or of Fire. [*Squeak within.*

1 *Nun.* Hark Madam, hark.

Abbess. Be thou Ghost that cannot rest,
Or a Shadow of the Blest,
Be thou black, or white, or green,
Be thou heard, or to be seen.

Enter Thomas and Cellide.

2 *Nun.* It comes, it comes.

Cel. What are ye? speak, speak gently,
And next, what would ye with me?

Tho. Any thing you'll let me.

Cel. You are no Woman certain.

Tho. Nor you no Nun, nor shall not be.

Cel. What make ye here?

Tho. I am a holy Friar.

Abbess. Is this the Spirit?

Tho. Nothing but Spirit, Aunt.

Abbess. Now out upon thee.

Tho. Peace, or I'll conjure too, Aunt.

Abbess. Why come you thus?

Tho. That's all one, here's my purpose:
Out with this Nun, she is too handsome for ye,
I'll tell thee, Aunt, and I speak it with Tears to thee,
If thou keep'st her here, as yet I hope thou art wiser,
Mark but the Mischief follows.

Abbess. She is a Votress.

Tho. Let her be what she will, she will undo thee,
Let her but one hour out, as I direct ye,
Or have among your Nuns again.

Abbess. You have no Project
But fair and honest?

Tho.

Tho. As thine Eyes, sweet Abbess.

Abbess. I will be rul'd then.

Tho. Thus then and perswade her,
But do not Juggle with me, if ye do Aunt.

Abbess. I must be there my self.

Tho. Away and fit her.

(ver.

Abbess. Come Daughter, you must now be rul'd, or ne-
Cel. I must obey your Will.

Abbess. That's my good Daughter.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter Dorothy and Mary.

Mary. What a coyl has this Fellow kept i'th' Nunnery,
Sure he has run the Abbess out of her Wits. (her,

Dor. Out of the Nunnery I think, for we can neither see
Nor the young *Cellide*.

Mary. Pray Heav'ns he be not teasing. (structures.

Dor. Nay you may thank your self, 'twas your own

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Sam. Why there's the Gentlewoman.

Hyl. Mafs 'tis she indeed ;

How smart the pretty Thief looks? 'Morrow Mistress.

Dor. Good Morrow to you, Sir.

Sam. How strange she bears it?

Hyl. Maids must do so, at first.

Dor. Would ye ought with us, Gentlemen?

Hyl. Yes, marry would I,
A little with your Ladyship.

Dor. Your Will, Sir.

Hyl. Doll, I would have ye presently prepare your self,
And those Things you would have with you,
For my House is ready.

Dor. How, Sir?

Hyl. And this Night not to fail, you must come to me,
My Friends will all be there too: For Trunks, and those
Things,

And Household-stuff, and Cloaths you would have carried,
To Morrow, or the next Day, I'll take Order ;
Only what Mony ye have, bring away with ye,
And Jewels.

Dor. Jewels, Sir?

Hyl.

Hyl. Ay, for Adornment,
There's a Bed up, to play the Game in, *Dorothy*:
And now come kifs me heartily.

Dor. Who are you?

Hyl. This Lady shall be welcome too.

Mary. To what, Sir?

Hyl. Your Neighbour can resolve ye.

Dor. The Man's foolish,
Sir, you look soberly: Who is this Fellow,
And where's his Business?

Sam. By Heav'n thou art abus'd still:

Hyl. It may be so: Come, ye may speak now boldly,
There's none but Friends, Wench.

Dor. Came ye out of Bedlam?

Alas, 'tis ill, Sir, that ye suffer him
To walk in th'open Air thus: 'Twill undo him.
A pretty handsome Gentleman: Great pity.

Sam. Let me not live more if thou be'st not cozen'd.

Hyl. Are not you my Wife? Did not I marry you last
At St. Michael's Chappel? (Night

Dor. Did not I say he was mad?

Hyl. Are not you Mistress *Dorothy*, *Thomas's* Sister?

Mary. There he speaks Sense, but I'll assure ye, Gentle-
I think no Wife of yours: At what Hour was it? (man,

Hyl. 'S pretious; you'll make me mad; did not the Priest,
Sir *Hugh*, that you appointed, about twelve a Clock
Tye our Hands fast? Did not you swear you lov'd me?
Did not I Court ye, coming from this Gentlewoman's?

Mary. Good Sir, go Sleep: For if I credit have,
She was in my Arms then, a-Bed.

Sam. I told ye.

Hyl. Be not so confident.

Dor. By th' Mass, she must, Sir;
For I'll no Husband here, before I know him:
And so good Morrow to ye: Come, let's go seek 'em.

Sam. I told ye what ye had done.

Hyl. Is the Devil stirring?
Well, go with me; for now I will be married. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Michael, Valentine, and Alice.

Mich. I have brought him back again.

Val. You have done a Friendship,
Worthy the Love you bear me.

Mich. Would he had so too.

Val. O he's a worthy young Man.

Mich. When all's try'd,
I fear you'll change your Faith: Bring in the Gentleman.

Enter Francis, Servant, Abbess, and Cellide, severally.

Val. My happy Mistress too! now Fortune help me,
And all you Stars that govern chaste Desires
Shine fair, and lovely.

Abbess. But one hour, dear Daughter,
To hear your Guardian, what he can deliver
In Love's Defence, and his; and then your Pleasure.

Cel. Tho' much unwilling, you have made me yield,
More for his sake I see: How full of Sorrow,
Sweet catching Sorrow, he appears? O Love,
That thou but knew'st to heal, as well as hurt us.

Mich. Be rul'd by me: I see her Eye fast on him:
And what ye heard, believe, for 'tis so certain
He neither dar'd, nor must oppose my Evidence;
And be you wise, young Lady, and believe too.
This Man you love, Sir?

Val. As I love my Soul, Sir.

Mich. This Man you put into a free Possession
Of what his Wants could ask, or your self render?

Val. And shall do still.

Mich. Nothing was barr'd his Liberty
But this fair Maid; that Friendship first was broken,
And you, and she abus'd; next, (to my Sorrow
So fair a Form should hide so dark Intentions)
He hath himself confess'd (my Purpose being
Only to stop his Journey, by that Policy
Of laying Felony to his charge, to fright the Sailors)
Divers Abuses done, Thefts often practis'd,
Monies and Jewels too, and those no Trifles.

Cel.

Cell. O where have I bestow'd my Faith! in neither!
Let's in for ever now, there is Virtue.

Mich. Nay do not wonder at it, he shall say it:
Are ye not guilty thus?

Fran. Yes: O my Fortune!

Mich. To give a proof I speak not enviously,
Look here; do you know these Jewels?

Cell. In, good Mother.

*Enter Thomas, Dorothy, and Mary: then Sebastian and
Launcelot.*

Val. These Jewels I have known.

Dor. You have made brave Sport.

Tho. I'll make more, if I live, Wench,
Nay do not look on me; I care not for ye.

Lan. Do you see now plain? that's Mistress *Dorothy*,
And that's his Mistress.

Seb. Peace, let my Joy work easily.

Ha, Boy! Art there my Boy? Mine own Boy, *Tom*, Boy,
Home *Lance*, and strike a fresh Piece of Wine, the Town's

Val. Sure, I have known these Jewels. (ours.

Alice. They are they, certain.

Val. Good Heav'n, that they were.

Alice. I'll pawn my Life on't,
And this is he; come hither Mistress *Dorothy*,
And Mistress *Mary*; who does that Face look like,
And view my Brother well?

Dor. In truth like him.

Mary. Upon my troth exceeding like.

Mich. Beshrew me,
But much, and main Resemblance, both of Face
And Lineaments of Body: Now Heav'n grant it.

Ali. My Brother's full of Passion, I'll speak to him.
Now, as you are a Gentleman, resolve me,
Where did you get these Jewels?

Fran. Now I'll tell ye,
Because blind Fortune yet may make me happy.
Of whom I had 'em I have never heard yet,
But from my Infancy, upon this Arm
I ever wore 'em.

Ali. 'Tis *Francisco*, Brother,
By Heav'n I ty'd 'em on: a little more, Sir,
A little, little more; what Parents have ye?

Fra. None,
That I know yet: the more my stubborn Fortune,
But as I heard a Merchant say that bred me,
Who, to my more Affliction, dy'd a poor Man,
When I reach'd eighteen years.

Ali. What said that Merchant?

Fra. He said, an Infant in the *Genoa* Gallies,
But from what place he never could direct me,
I was taken in a Sea-fight, and from a Mariner,
Out of his manly pity he redeem'd me.
He told me of a Nurse that waited on me,
But she, poor soul, he said, was kill'd.
A Letter too I had enclos'd within me,
To one *Castruccio*, a *Venetian* Merchant,
To bring me up: The Man, when Years allow'd me,
And want of Friends compell'd, I sought, but found him
Long dead before, and all my hopes gone with him.
The Wars was my Retreat then, and my Travel
In which I found that Gentleman's free Bounty,
For which Heav'n recompenc'd him: Now ye have all.

Val. And all the worldly Blifs that Heav'n can send me,
And all my Prayers and Thanks.

Alice. Down o' your Knees, Sir,
For now you have found a Father, and that Father
That will not venture ye again in Gallies.

Mich. 'Tis true, believe her, Sir, and we all joy with ye.

Val. My best Friend still: My dearest: Now Heav'n
And make me worthy of this Benefit. [blefs thee,
Now my best Mistress.

Cel. Now, Sir, I come to ye.

Ab. No, no, let's in, Wench.

Cel. Not for the World, now, Mother.
And thus, Sir, all my Service I pay to you,
And all my Love to him.

Val. And may it prosper:
Take her *Francisco*, now no more young *Callidon*,
And love her dearly, for thy Father does so.

Fran.

Fran. May all Hate seek me else, and thus I seal it.

Val. Nothing but Mirth now, Friends.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hyl. Nay, I will find him.

Sam. What do all these here?

Tho. You are a trusty Husband,
And a hot Lover too.

Hyl. Nay then, good morrow;
Now I perceive the Knavery.

Sam. I still told ye.

Tho. Stay, or I'll make ye stay: Come hither, Sister,

Val. Why how now Mistress *Thomas*?

Tho. Peace a little,
Thou would'st fain have a Wife.

Hyl. Not I, by no means. (find, *Hylas*,

Tho. Thou shalt have a Wife, and a fruitful Wife, for I
That I shall never be able to bring thee Children.

Seb. A notable brave Boy.

Hyl. I am very well, Sir. (Pounds a Year,

Tho. Thou shalt be better, *Hylas*, thou hast 700
And thou shalt make her three hundred Jointure.

Hyl. No.

Tho. Thou shalt Boy, and shalt bestow
Two Hundred Pounds in Cloaths; look on her,
A delicate lusty Wench, she has fifteen Hundred,
And feasible: Strike Hands, or I'll strike first.

Dor. You'll let me like?

Mar. He's a good handsome Fellow,
Play not the Fool.

Tho. Strike, Brother *Hylas*, quickly:

Hyl. If you can love me, well.

Dor. If you can please me.

Tho. Try that out soon, I say, my Brother *Hylas*.

Sam. Take her, and use her well, she's a brave Gentle-

Hyl. You must allow me another Mistress. (woman.

Dor. Then you must allow me another Servant.

Hyl. Well, let's together then, a lusty Kindred.

Seb. I'll give thee 500 Pounds more for that word.

Mar. Now Sir, for you and I to make the feast full.

Tho. No, not a Bit, you are a virtuous Lady,
And love to live in Contemplation.

Mary. Come Fool, I am Friends now.

Tho. The Fool shall not ride ye,
There lie my Woman, now my Man again,
And now for Travel once more.

Seb. I'll barr that first.

Mary. And I next.

Tho. Hold your self contented: For I say I will travel,
And so long I will travel, till I find a Father
That I never knew, and a Wife that I never look'd for,
And a State without Expectation,
So rest you merry Gentlemen.

Mary. You shall not,
Upon my faith, I love you now extreamly,
And now I'll kiss ye.

Tho. This will not do it, Mistress.

Mary. Why when we are married, we'll do more.

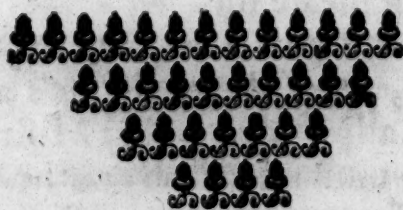
Seb. There's all Boy,
The Keys of all I have, come, let's be merry,
For now I see thou art right.

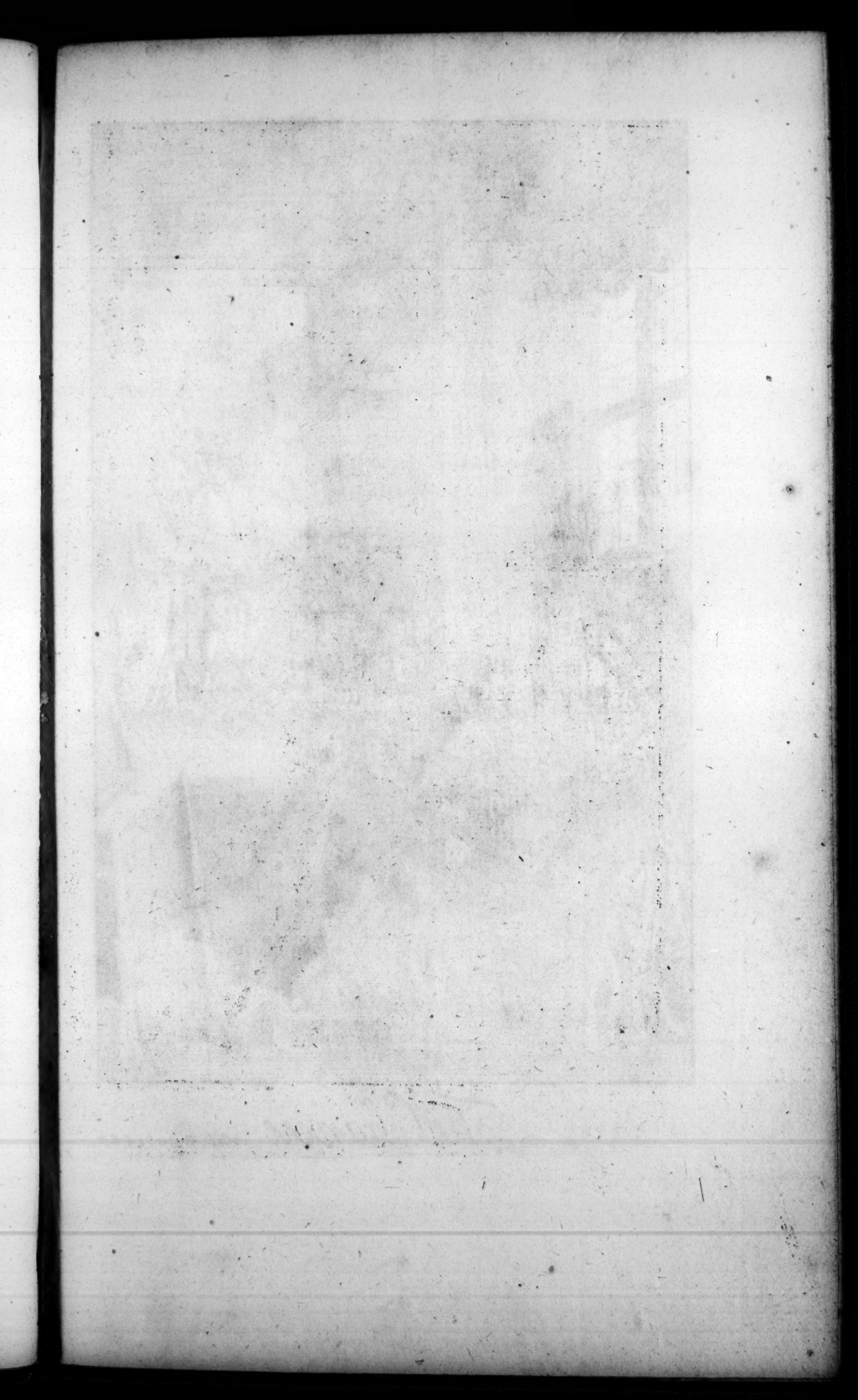
Tho. Shall we to Church straight?

Val. Now presently, and there with nuptial
The holy Priest shall make ye happy all.

Tho. Away then, Fair, afore.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





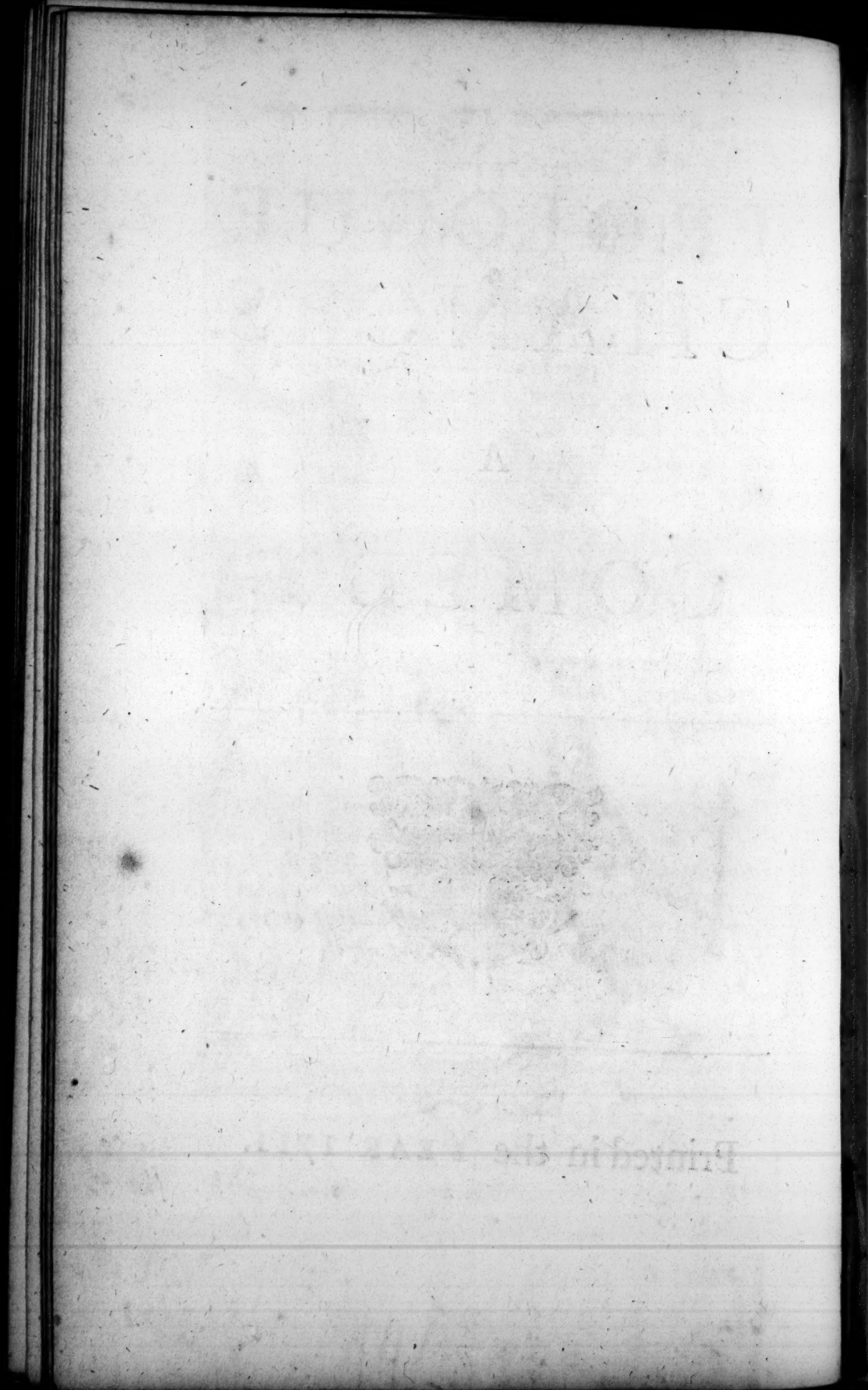


The Chances Vol. 3. p. 1485.

THE
CHANCES.
A
COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.



PROLOGUE.

A *Ptnefs for Mirth to all, this instant Night
Thalia hath prepar'd, for your Delight,
Her choice and curious Viands, in each part
Season'd with rarities of Wit and Art ;
Nor fear I to be tax'd for a vain boast,
My Promise will find Credit with the most,
When they know ingenious Fletcher made it, he
Being in himself a perfect Comedy :
And some sit here, I doubt not, dare aver
Living he made that House a Theatre
Which he pleas'd to frequent ; and thus much we
Could not but pay to his loud Memory.
For our selves, we do entreat that you would not
Expect strange turns and windings, in the Plot,
Objects of State, and now and then a Rhime,
To gall particular Persons with the time ;
Or that his towering Muse hath made her flight
Nearer your Apprehension than your Sight ;
But if that sweet Expressions, quick Conceit,
Familiar Language, fashion'd to the weight
Of such as speak it, have the power to raise
Your Grace to us, with Trophies to his Praise ;
We may profess, presuming on his Skill,
If his Chances please not you, our Fortune's ill,*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

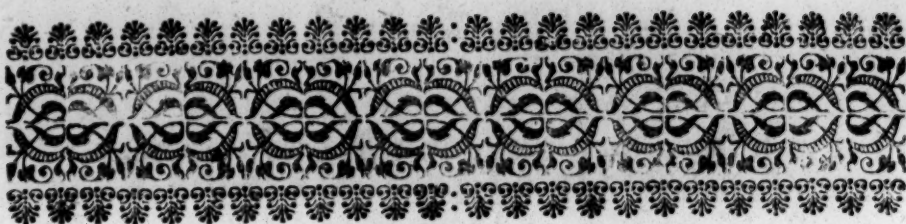
D*Uke of Ferrara.*
Petruchio, *Governor of Bologna.*
Don John, } *two Spanish Gentlemen, and Come-*
Don Frederick, } *rades.*
Antonio, *an old stout Gentleman, Kinsman to Petruchio.*
Three Gentlemen, Friends to the Duke.
Two Gentlemen, Friends to Petruchio.
Francisco, *a Musician, Antonio's Boy.*
Peter Vecchio, *a Teacher of Latin and Musick, a reputed Wizard.*
Peter and } *two Servants to Don John and Fre-*
Anthony, } *derick.*
A Surgeon.

W O M E N.

Constancia, *Sister to Petruchio, and Mistress to the Duke.*
Gentlewoman, Servant to Constancia.
Old Gentlewoman, Landlady to Don John and Frederick.
Constancia, *a Whore to old Antonio.*
Bawd.

SCENE BOLOGNIA.

THE



THE CHANCES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Peter and Anthony.

PETER.



Would we were remov'd from this Town,
Anthony, (own part,
 That we might taste some quiet; for mine
 I'm almost melted with continual trotting
 After Enquiries, Dreams, and Revelations,
 Of who knows whom, or where: serve
 (Wenching Soldiers,

That know no other Paradise but Plackets:
 I'll serve a Priest in *Lent* first, and eat Bell-ropes.

Ant. Thou art the froward'st Fool——

Pet. Why, good tame *Anthony*?

Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?

Ant. To wait upon our Masters.

Pet. But how, *Anthony*?

Answer me that; resolve me there, good *Anthony*?

Ant. To serve their uses.

Pet. Shew your uses, *Anthony*.

Ant. To be imploy'd in any thing.

Pet. No, *Anthony*,

Not any thing I take it; nor that thing

We

We travel to discover, like new Islands;
 A salt itch serve such uses; in things of moment
 Concerning things, I grant ye, not things errant,
 Sweet Ladies things, and things to thank the Surgeon;
 In no such things, sweet *Anthony*, put case——

Ant. Come, come, all will be mended; this invisible
 Of infinite report for Shape and Virtue, (Woman
 That bred us all this trouble to no purpose,
 They are determin'd now no more to think on,
 But fall close to their Studies.

Pet. Was there ever
 Men known to run mad with Report before?
 Or wander after that they know not where
 To find? or if found, how to enjoy? are Mens Brains
 Made now-a-days of Malt, that their Affections
 Are never sober? But like drunken People
 Founder at every new Fame? I do believe too
 That Men in Love are ever drunk, as drunken Men
 Are ever loving.

Ant. Prithee be thou sober,
 And know, that they are none of those, not guilty
 Of the least vanity of Love, only a doubt
 Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
 The Graces of this Woman, made them curious
 To find the truth, which since they find so block'd
 And lock'd up from their searches, they are now settled
 To give the wonder over.

Pet. Would they were settled
 To give me some new Shoes too: For I'll be sworn
 These are e'en worn out to the reasonable Soles
 In their good Worships business; and some sleep
 Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
 To make a Bell-man on me; and what now
 Mean they to study, *Anthony*, moral Philosophy
 After their mar-all Women?

Ant. Mar a Fool's Head.

Pet. 'Twill mar two Fools Heads and they take not heed,
 Besides the Giblets to 'em.

Ant. Will you walk, Sir,
 And talk more out of hearing? Your Fool's Head

May

May chance to find a wooden Night-cap else.

Pet. I never lay in any.

Enter Don John, and Frederick.

Ant. Then leave your lying,
And your blind Prophefying: Here they come,
You had best tell them as much.

Pet. I am no Tell-tale.

[*Exeunt.*

John. I would we could have seen her though; for sure
She must be some rare Creature, or Report lies.
All Mens Reports too.

Fred. I could well wish I had seen her;
But since she is so conceal'd, so beyond venture
Kept and preserv'd from view, so like a Paradise, (ed,
Plac'd where no Knowledge can come near her; so guard-
As 'twere impossible, though known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief.

John. Hang me from this hour
If I more think upon her, or believe her,
But as she came a strong Report unto me,
So the next Fame shall lose her.

Fred. 'Tis the next way;
But whither are you walking?

John. My old Round
After my Meat, and then to Bed.

Fred. 'Tis healthful.

John. Will not you stir?

Fred. I have a little business.

John. Upon my Life this Lady still——

Fred. Then you will lose it.

John. 'Pray let's walk together.

Fred. Now I cannot.

John. I have something to impart.

Fred. An hour hence

I will not miss to meet you.

John. Where?

Fred. I'th' high Street;

For not to lie, I have a few Devotions
To do first, then I am yours.

John. Remember.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gentlemen.

Ant. Cut his Wind-pipe, I say.

1 Gent. Fye, *Antonio.*

Ant. Or knock his Brains out first, and then forgive him:
If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilts,
A Surgeon may see through him.

1 Gent. You are too violent.

2 Gent. Too open undiscreeet.

Pet. Am I not ruin'd?

The honour of my House crack'd? my Blood poyson'd?
My Credit and my Name?

2 Gent. Be sure it be so,

Before ye use this violence: Let not doubt,
And a suspecting anger so much sway ye,
Your Wisdom may be question'd.

Ant. I say kill him,

And then dispute the cause; cut off what may be,
And what is shall be safe.

2 Gent. Hang up a true Man,
Because 'tis possible he may be thievish!
Alas, is this good Justice?

Pet. I know as certain

As day must come again, as clear as truth,
And open as belief can lay it to me,
That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above Recompence;
Maliciously abus'd, blasted for ever
In Name and Honour, lost to all remembrance,
But what is smear'd, and shameful; I must kill him,
Necessity compells me.

1 Gent. But think better.

Pet. There is no other cure left; yet witness with me,
All that is fair in Man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of this Life I seek for,
Nor thirst to shed Man's Blood, and would 'twere possible,
I wish it with my Soul, so much I tremble
To offend the Sacred Image of my Maker,
My Sword could only kill his Crimes; no, 'tis Honour,
Honour, my noble Friends, that Idol, Honour,

That

That all the World now worships, not *Petruchio*
Must do this Justice.

Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter, whether you, or Honour,
Or both, be accessary.

2 Gent. Do you weigh, *Petruchio*,
The Value of the Person, Power and Greatness,
And what this Spark may kindle?

Pet. To perform it,
So much I am ty'd to Reputation,
And Credit of my House, let it raise Wild-fires,
That all this Dukedom smoak, and Storms that toss me
Into the Waves of everlasting Ruin,
Yet I must through; if ye dare side me.

Ant. Dare?

Pet. Y'are Friends indeed, if not.

2 Gent. Here's none flies from you,
Do it in what design ye please, we'll back ye.

1 Gent. But then be sure ye kill him.

2 Gent. Is the Cause
So mortal, nothing but his Life?

Pet. Believe me,
A less Offence has been the Desolation
Of a whole Name.

2 Gent. No other way to purge it?

Pet. There is, but never to be hoped for.

2 Gent. Think an Hour more,
And if then ye find no safer Road to guide ye,
We'll set up our Rests too.

Ant. Mine's up-already,
And hang him for my part
Goes less than Life.

2 Gent. If we see noble Cause, 'tis like our Swords
May be as free and forward as your Words. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Don John.

John. The civil Order of this Town *Bologna*,
Makes it belov'd and honour'd of all Travellers,
As a most safe Retirement in all Troubles;

Beside

Beside the wholsome Seat, and noble Temper
 Of those Minds that inhabit it, safely wise,
 And to all Strangers virtuous; But I see
 My Admiration has drawn Night upon me,
 And longer to expect my Friend may pull me
 Into Suspicion of too late a Stirrer,
 Which all good Governments are jealous of.
 I'll home, and think at liberty; yet certain,
 'Tis not so far Night as I thought; for see,
 A fair House yet stands open, yet all about it
 Are close, and no Lights stirring, there may be foul Play;
 I'll venture to look in; if there be Knaves,
 I may do a good Office.

[*Woman within.*

Within. Signieur?

John. What? How is this?

Within. Signieur *Fabritio*?

John. I'll go nearer.

Within. *Fabritio*?

John. This is a Woman's Tongue, here may be good

Within. Who's there? (done.)

Fabritio?

John. Ay.

Within. Where are ye?

John. Here.

Within. O come, for Heav'n's sake!

John. I must see what this means.

Enter Woman with a Child.

(noise,

Woman. I have stay'd this long Hour for you, make no
 For things are in strange Trouble: Here, be secret,
 'Tis worth your Care; begon now; more Eyes watch us,
 Than may be for our Safeties.

John. Hark ye?

Woman. Peace: Good night.

John. She is gone, and I am loaden; Fortune for me;
 It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
 To be some Pack of Worth: byth' Mass 'tis heavy;
 If it be Coin or Jewels, 'tis worth welcome:
 I'll ne'er refuse a Fortune: I am confident
 'Tis of no common Price: Now to my Lodging:
 If it hit right, I'll bless this Night.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis strange,
I cannot meet him ; sure he has encountred
Some light o' Love or other, and there means
To play at in and in for this Night. Well *Don John*,
If you do spring a Leak, or get an Itch,
Till ye claw off your curl'd Pate, thank your Night-walks;
You must be still a boot-halling: One round more,
Though it be late, I'll venture to discover ye,
I do not like your Out-leaps. [*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Duke, and three Gentlemen.

Duke. Welcome to Town, are ye all fit?

1 Gent. To point, Sir.

Duke. Where are the Horses?

2 Gent. Where they were appointed.

Duke. Be private, and whatsoever Fortune
Offer it self, let's stand sure.

3 Gent. Fear not us,
E'er ye shall be endanger'd, or deluded,
We'll make a black Night on't.

Duke. No more, I know it;
You know your Quarters?

1 Gent. Will you go alone, Sir?

Duke. Ye shall not be far from me, the least Noise
Shall bring ye to my rescue.

2 Gent. We are counsell'd.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Don John.

John. Was ever Man so paid for being curious?
Ever so bobb'd for searching out Adventures,
As I am? did the Devil lead me? must I needs be peeping
Into Mens Houses where I had no Business,
And make my self a Mischief? 'Tis well carried;
I must take other Mens Occasions on me,
And be I know not whom: Most finely handled:

What

What have I got by this now? What's the purchase?
 A piece of evening Arras-work, a Child,
 Indeed an Infidel: This comes of peeping:
 A lump got out of laziness; good white Bread
 Let's have no bawling with ye; 'sdeath, have I
 Known Wenches thus long, all the ways of Wenches,
 Their Snares and Subtilties? Have I read over
 All their School Learnings, div'd into their quiddits,
 And am I now bum-fidled with a Bastard?
 Fetch'd over with a Card of five, and in mine old days,
 After the dire Massacre of a Million (too
 Of Maiden-heads? Caught the common way, i'th' Night
 Under another's Name, to make the matter
 Carry more weight about it? Well, *Don John*,
 You will be wiser one Day, when ye have purchas'd
 A beavy of these Butter-prints together,
 With searching out conceal'd iniquities,
 Without Commission: Why, it would never grieve me,
 If I had got this Ginger-bread; never stirr'd me,
 So I had had a stroak for't; 't had been Justice
 Then to have kept it; but to raise a Dairy
 For other Mens Adulteries, consume my self in Candles,
 And scowring Works, in Nurfs, Bells, and Babies,
 Only for Charity, for meer I thank you,
 A little troubles me: The least touch for it,
 Had but my Breeches got it, had contented me.
 Whose e'er it is, sure 't had a wealthy Mother,
 For 'tis well cloathed, and if I be not cozen'd,
 Well lin'd within: To leave it here were barbarous,
 And ten to one would kill it; a more sin
 Then his that got it: Well, I will dispose on't,
 And keep it, as they keep Death's Heads in Rings,
 To cry *memento* to me; no more peeping.
 Now all the danger is to qualifie
 The good old Gentlewoman, at whose House we live,
 For she will fall upon me with a Catechism
 Of four hours long: I must endure all;
 For I will know this Mother: Come good wonder,
 Let you and I be jogging; your starv'd trebble

Will

Will waken the rude Watch else: All that be
Curious Night-walkers, may they find my Fee. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sure he's gone home:
I have beaten all the Purlews,
But cannot bolt him: If he be a bobbing,
'Tis not my care can cure him: To Morrow Morning
I shall have further knowledge from a Surgeon's ——
Where he lyes moor'd, to mend his leaks.

Enter Constantia.

Con. I'm ready,
And through a world of Dangers am flown to ye.
Be full of haste and care, we are undone else:
Where are your People? Which way must we travel?
For Heav'n sake stay not here, Sir.

Fred. What may this prove?

Con. Alas I am mistaken, lost, undone,
For ever perish'd. Sir, for Heav'n sake tell me,
Are ye a Gentleman?

Fred. I am.

Con. Of this Place?

Fred. No, born in Spain.

Con. As ever you lov'd Honour,
As ever your Desires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched Woman but this benefit,
For I am forc'd to trust ye.

Fred. You've charm'd me,
Humanity and Honour bids me help ye;
And if I fail your trust——

Con. The time's too dangerous
To stay your Protections: I believe ye,
Alas, I must believe ye: From this place,
Good noble Sir, remove me instantly,
And for a time, where nothing but your self,
And honest Conversation may come near me,
In some secure place settle me: What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a Stranger's Hand, the fears and dangers,

That force me to this wild course, at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you.

Fred. Come, be hearty,
He must strike through my Life that takes ye from me.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gentlemen.

Petr. He will sure come. Are ye well arm'd?

Ant. Never fear us:

Here's that will make 'em dance without a Fiddle.

Petr. We are to look for no weak Foes, my Friends,
Nor unadvised ones.

Ant. Best Gamesters make the best Game,
We shall fight close and handsom then.

1 Gent. Antonio,
You are a thought too bloody.

Ant. Why? All Physicians
And penny Almanacks allow the opening
Of Veins this Month: Why do ye talk of bloody?
What come we for, to fall to Cuffs for Apples?
What, would ye make the cause a Cudgel quarrel?
On what terms stands this Man? Is not his Honour
Open'd to his Hand, and pick'd out like an Oyfter?
His Credit like a Quart Pot knockt together,
Able to hold no Liquor? Clear but this point.

Petr. Speak softly, gentle Cousin.

Ant. I'll speak truly;
What should Men do ally'd to these disgraces,
Lick o'er his Enemy, sit down, and dance him?

2 Gent. You are as far o'th' bow Hand now.

Ant. And cry;
That's my fine Boy, thou wilt do so no more, Child.

Petr. Here are no such cold pities.

Ant. By Saint Jaques,
They shall not find me one: Here's old tough *Andrew*,
A special Friend of mine, and he but hold,
I'll strike 'em such a Hornpipe: Knocks I come for,
And the best Blood I light on; I profess it,
Not to scare Coster-mongers; if I lose mine own,
Mine

Mine Audit's cast, and farewell five and fifty.

Petr. Let's talk no longer, place your selves with silence,
As I directed ye, and when time calls us,
As ye are Friends, so shew your selves.

Ant. So be it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Don John, and his Landlady.

Land. Nay, Son, if this be your regard.

John. Good Mother.

Land. Good me no goods; your Cousin, and your self
Are welcome to me, whilst you bear your selves
Like honest and true Gentlemen: Bring hither
To my House, that have ever been reputed
A Gentlewoman of a decent, and fair carriage,
And so behav'd my self——

John. I know ye have.

Land. Bring hither, as I say, to make my Name
Stink in my Neighbour's Nostrils? Your Devices,
Your Brats, got out of Alligant, and broken Oaths?
Your Linsey Woolsey Work, your hasty Puddings?
I foster up your filch'd iniquities?
You're deceiv'd in me, Sir, I am none
Of those Receivers.

John. Have I not sworn unto you,
'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I found it?

Land. Ye found an easie Fool that let you get it,
She had better have worn Pasterns.

John. Will ye hear me? (ends,

Land. Oaths? What do you care for Oaths to gain your
When ye are high and pamper'd? What Saint know ye?
Or what Religion, but your purpos'd Lewdness,
Is to be look'd for of ye? Nay, I will tell ye,
You will then swear like accus'd Cut-purses,
As far off truth too; and lye beyond all Faulconers:
I'm sick to see this dealing.

John. Heav'n forbid, Mother.

Land. Nay, I am very sick.

John. Who waits there?

Ant. Sir.

[*Within.*]

John

John. Bring down the Bottle of Canary Wine.

Land. Exceeding sick, Heav'n help me.

John. Haste ye, Sirrah,
I must ev'n make her drunk; nay, gentle Mother.

Land. Now fie upon ye, was it for this purpose
You fetch'd your Evening-walks for your Digestions,
For this pretended holiness? No Weather,
Not before Day could hold ye from the Matins.
Were these your bo-peep Prayers? you've pray'd well,
And with a learned zeal: Watch'd well too; your Saint
It seems was pleas'd as well: Still sicker, sicker.

Enter Anthony with a Bottle of Wine.

John. There is no talking to her 'till I have drencht her.
Give me; here, Mother, take a good round draught,
'Twill purge Spleen from your Spirits: Deeper, Mother.

Land. Ay, ay, Son, you imagine this will mend all.

John. All i' faith, Mother.

Land. I confess the Wine
Will do his part.

John. I'll pledge ye.

Land. But Son *John.*

(more,

John. I know your meaning, Mother; touch it once
Alas you look not well; take a round draught,
It warms the Blood well, and restores the colour,
And then we'll talk at large.

Land. A civil Gentleman?

A Stranger? one the Town holds a good regard of?

John. Nay, I will silence thee.

Land. One that should weigh his fair Name? oh, a stitch!

John. There's nothing better for a stitch, good Mother,
Make no spare of it, as you love your health,
Mince not the matter.

Land. As I said, a Gentleman,
Lodge in my House? Now Heav'n's my comfort, Signior!

John. I look'd for this.

Land. I did not think you would have us'd me thus;
A Woman of my credit; one, Heav'n knows,
That lov'd you but too tenderly.

John. Dear Mother,
I ever found your kindness, and knowledge it.

Land.

Land. No, no, I am a Fool to counsel ye. Where's the
Come, let's see your Workmanship. (Infant?)

John. None of mine, Mother,
But there 'tis, and a lusty one.

Land. Heav'n blefs thee,
Thou hadst a hasty making; but the best is,
'Tis many a good Man's Fortune: As I live
Your own Eyes, Signior, and the nether Lip
As like ye, as ye had spit it.

John. I am glad on't.

Land. Bless me, what things are these?

John. I thought my labour
Was not all lost, 'tis Gold, and these are Jewels,
Both rich, and right I hope.

Land. Well, well, Son *John*,
I see ye are a Wood-man, and can chuse
Your Deer, though it be i'th' dark, all your discretion
Is not yet lost; this was well clapt aboard:
Here I am with you now; when as they say
Your pleasure comes with profit; when ye must needs do,
Do where ye may be done to, 'tis a Wisdom
Becomes a young Man well: Be sure of one thing,
Lose not your labour and your time together,
Is seasons of a Fool, Son, time is precious,
Work wary whilst ye have it; since ye must traffick
Sometimes this slippery way, take sure hold, Signior,
Trade with no broken Merchants, make your lading,
As you would make your rest, adventurously,
But with advantage ever.

John. All this time, Mother,
The Child wants looking to, wants Meat and Nurses,

Land. Now blessing o' thy care; it shall have all,
And instantly; I'll seek a Nurse my self, Son;
'Tis a sweet Child: Ah my young *Spaniard*,
Take you no further care, Sir.

John. Yes, of these Jewels,
I must by your leave, Mother: These are yours,
To make your care the stronger; for the rest
I'll find a Master; the Gold for bringing up on't,
I freely render to your charge.

Land. No more words,
Nor no more Children, (good Son) as you love me,
This may do well.

John. I shall observe your Morals.
But where's *Don Frederick*, Mother?

Land. Ten to one
About the like Adventure; he told me,
He was to find you out. [Exit.

John. Why should he stay thus?
There may be some ill chance in't: Sleep I will not,
Before I have found him: Now this Woman's pleas'd,
I'll seek my Friend out, and my care is eas'd. [Exit.

S C E N E X.

Enter Duke, and Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Believe, Sir, 'tis as possible to do it,
As to remove the City; the main Faction (gers
Swarm through the Streets like Hornets, arm'd with an-
Able to ruin States: No safety left us,
Nor means to die like Men, if instantly
You draw not back again.

Duke. May he be Drawn
And Quarter'd too, that turns now; were I surer
Of Death than thou art of thy fears, and with Death
More than those fears are too.

1 Gent. Sir, I fear not. (nour,

Duke. I would not crack my Vow, start from my Ho-
Because I may find danger; wound my Soul,
To keep my Body safe. *1 Gent.* I speak not, Sir,
Out of a baseness to you. *Duke.* No, nor do not
Out of a baseness leave me: What is danger,
More than the weakness of our Apprehensions?
A poor cold part o'th' Blood? Who takes it hold of?
Cowards, and wicked Livers: Valiant Minds
Were made the Masters of it; and as hearty Sea-men
In desperate Storms, stem with a little Rudder
The tumbling Ruins of the Ocean;
So with their Cause and Swords do they do dangers.
Say we were sure to dye all in this venture,

As

As I am confident against it; is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
Would chuse luxuriously to lye a-Bed,
And purge away his Spirit, send his Soul out
In Sugar-sops, and Syrups? Give me dying
As dying ought to be, upon mine Enemy,
Parting with Mankind, by a Man that's manly;
Let 'em be all the World, and bring along
Cain's envy with 'em, I will on.

2 *Gent.* You may, Sir,
But with what safety?

1 *Gent.* Since 'tis come to dying,
You shall perceive, Sir, here be those amongst us
Can dye as decently as other Men,
And with as little Ceremony: On, brave Sir,

Duke. That's spoken heartily.

1 *Gent.* And he that flinches,
May he dye louzy in a Ditch.

Duke. No more dying,
There's no such danger in it:
What's a Clock?

3 *Gent.* Somewhat above your hour.

Duke. Away then quickly,
Make no noise, and no trouble will attend us. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XI.

Enter Frederick, and Peter (with a Candle.)

Fred. Give me the Candle; so, go you out that way.

Pet. What have we now to do?

Fred. And o' your life, Sirrah,
Let none come near the Door without my knowledge,
No not my Landlady, nor my Friend. *Pet.* 'Tis done, Sir,

Fred. Nor any serious business that concerns me.

Pet. Is the wind there again?

Fred. Be gone. *Pet.* I am, Sir,

[*Exit,*

Enter Constantia,

Fred. Now enter without fear.——And, noble Lady,
That safety and civility ye wish'd for
Shall truly here attend you: No rude Tongue
Nor rough Behaviour knows this Place, no wishes

Beyond the Moderation of a Man,
Dare enter here; your own Desires and Innocence,
Join'd to my vow'd Obedience, shall protect you,
Were Dangers more than Doubts.

Con. Ye are truly noble,
And worth a Woman's trust: Let it become me,
(I do beseech you, Sir) for all your kindness,
To render with my thanks, this worthless trifle;
I may be longer troublesome. *Fred.* Fair Offices
Are still their own Rewards: Heav'n bless me, Lady,
From selling civil courtesies: May it please ye,
If ye will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that cloud aside, to satisfy me
For what good Angel I am engag'd.

Con. It shall be,
For I am truly confident ye are honest:
The Piece is scarce worth looking on.

Fred. Trust me
The abstract of all Beauty, Soul of sweetness!
Defend me honest Thoughts, I shall grow wild else:
What Eyes are there, rather what little Heav'ns,
To stir Mens Contemplations? What a Paradise (rate:
Runs through each part she has? Good Blood be tempe-
I must look off; too excellent an Object
Confounds the sense that sees it. Noble Lady,
If there be any further service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my Life, so much I honour ye,
Or the engagement of whole Families.

Con. Your Service is too liberal, worthy Sir,
Thus far I shall entreat.

Fred. Command me, Lady,
You make your power too poor.

Con. That presently
With all convenient haste, you would retire
Unto the Street you found me in.

Fred. 'Tis done.

Con. There, if you find a Gentleman oppress'd
With Force and Violence, do a Man's Office,
And draw your Sword to rescue him.

Fred.

Fred. He's safe,
Be what he will, and let his Foes be Devils,
Arm'd with your Pity, I shall conjure 'em.
Retire, this Key will guide ye: All things necessary
Are there before ye.

Con. All my Prayers go with ye. [Exit.

Fred. Ye clap on Proof upon me: Men say Gold
Does all, engages all, works through all Dangers:
Now I say Beauty can do more: The King's Exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy *Indies*, could not draw me
Through half those Miseries this Piece of Pleasure
Might make me leap into: We are all like Sea-Cards,
All our Endeavours and our Motions,
(As they do to the North) still point at Beauty,
Still at the fairest: For a handsom Woman,
(Setting my Soul aside) it should go hard,
But I would strain my Body: Yet to her,
Unless it be her own free Gratitude,
Hopes ye shall die, and thou Tongue rot within me,
E'er I infringe my Faith: Now to my Rescue. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Duke, pursued by Petruchio, Antonio, and
that Faction.*

Duke. YOU will not all oppress me? (to him.
Ant. Kill him i'th' wanton Eye: Let me come

Duke. Then ye shall buy me dearly.

Petr. Say you so, Sir?

Ant. I say cut his Wezand, spoil his Piping;
Have at your Love-sick Heart, Sir.

Enter Don John.

John. Sure 'tis fighting.
My Friend may be engag'd: fie Gentlemen,
This is unmanly Odds.

Ant. I'll stop your Mouth, Sir.

[Duke falls down, Don John bestrides him.

John. Nay, then have at thee freely:

There's a Plumb, Sir, to satisfy your Longing.

Petr.

Petr. Away: I hope I have sped him: Here comes
We shall be endanger'd: Where's *Antonio*? (Rescue,

Ant. I must have one Thrust more, Sir.

John. Come up to me.

Ant. A Mischief confound your Fingers.

Petr. How is't?

Ant. Well:

Ha's given me my *quietus est*, I felt him
In my small Guts, I'm sure h'as feez'd me:
This comes of siding with ye.

2 *Gent.* Can you go, Sir?

Ant. I should go Man, and my Head were off,
Never talk of going.

Petr. Come, all shall be well then,
I hear more Rescue coming.

Enter the Duke's Faction.

Ant. Let's turn back then;
My Skull's uncloven yet, let me but kill.

Petr. Away for Heav'n sake with him.

John. How is't?

Duke. Well Sir,
Only a little stagger'd.

Faction Duke. Let's pursue 'em.

Duke. No not a Man, I charge ye: Thanks good Coat,
Thou hast sav'd me a shrewd Welcome: 'Twas put home
With a good Mind I'm sure on't. (too,

John. Are ye safe then?

Duke. My Thanks to you brave Sir, whose timely Va-
And manly Courtesy came to my Rescue. (lour,

John. Y'ad foul Play offer'd ye, and Shame befall him
That can pass by Oppression.

Duke. May I crave, Sir,
But thus much Honour more, to know your Name?
And him I am so bound to?

John. For the Bond, Sir,
'Tis every good Man's Tie: To know me further
Will little profit ye; I am a Stranger,
My Country *Spain*; my Name *Don John*, a Gentleman
That lie here for my Study.

Duke. I have heard, Sir,

Much

Much worthy mention of ye, yet I find
Fame short of what ye are.

John. You are pleas'd, Sir,
To express your Courtesy: May I demand
As freely what you are, and what Mischance
Cast you into this Danger?

Duke. For this present
I must desire your Pardon: You shall know me
E'er it be long, Sir, and a nobler Thanks
Than now my Will can render.

John. Your Will's your own, Sir. (thing?)

Duke. What is't you look for, Sir? have you lost any

John. Only my Hat i'th' Scuffle; sure these Fellows
Were Night-snaps.

Duke. No, believe Sir: Pray ye use mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.

John. No, Sir,

Duke. Indeed ye shall, I can command another:
I do beseech ye honour me.

John. I will, Sir,
And so I'll take my Leave.

Duke. Within these few Days
I hope I shall be happy in your Knowledge,
Till when I love your Memory. [*Exit Duke, &c.*

John. I yours.
This is some noble Fellow.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis his Tongue sure.

Don John?

John. *Don Frederick?*

Fred. Ye're fairly met, Sir:
I thought ye had been a Bat-fowling: Prithee tell me,
What Revelations hast thou had to Night,
That Home was never thought of?

John. Revelations?
I'll tell thee *Frederick*, but before I tell thee,
Settle thy Understanding.

Fred. T'is prepar'd, Sir.

John. Why then mark what shall follow. This Night,
This bawdy Night —

(*Frederick,*

Fred.

Fred. I thought no less.

John. This blind Night,
What dost think I have got?

Fred. The Pox, it may be.

John. Would 'twere no worse: Ye talk of Revelati-
I have got a Revelation will reveal me (ons,
An arrant Coxcomb while I live.

Fred. What is't?

Thou hast lost nothing?

John. No, I have got, I tell thee.

Fred. What hast thou got?

John. One of the Infantry, a Child.

Fred. How?

John. A chopping Child, Man.

Fred. 'Give ye Joy, Sir.

John. A Lump of Lewdness *Frederick*, that's the Truth
This Town's abominable. (on't:

Fred. I still told ye, *John*,

Your whoring must come home; I counsell'd ye:
But where no Grace is —

John. 'Tis none o' mine, Man.

Fred. Answer the Parish so.

John. Cheated in troth:

Peeping into a House, by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the Place again: no, *Frederick*,
Had I but kist the Ring for't; 'tis no poor one,
That's my best Comfort, for't has brought about it
Enough to make it Man.

Fred. Where is't?

John. At home.

Fred. A saving Voyage: But what will you say Signior,
To him that searching out your serious Worship,
Has met a stranger Fortune?

John. How, good *Frederick*?

A militant Girl now to this Boy would hit it?

Fred. No, mine's a nobler Venture: What do you
Of a distressed Lady, one whose Beauty (think Sir,
Would over-sell all *Italy*?

John. Where is she —

Fred. A Woman of that rare Behaviour,

So qualified, as Admiration
Dwells round about her : Of that perfect Spirit —

John. Ay marry Sir.

Fred. That admirable Carriage,
That Sweetness in Discourse; young as the Morning,
Her Blushes staining his.

John. But where's this Creature?
Shew me but that.

Fred. That's all one, she's forth-coming,
I have her sure, Boy.

John. Hark ye *Frederick*,
What truck betwixt my Infant?

Fred. 'Tis too light, Sir,
Stick to your Châges good *Don John*, I am well,

John. But is there such a Wench?

Fred. First tell me this,
Did ye not lately as ye walk'd along,
Discover People that were arm'd, and likely
To do Offence?

John. Yes marry, and they urg'd it
As far as they had Spirit.

Fred. Pray go forward.

John. A Gentleman I found ingag'd amongst 'em,
It seems of noble Breeding, I'm sure brave Metal,
As I return'd to look you, I set in to him,
And without hurt (I thank Heav'n) rescued him,
And came my self off safe too.

Fred. My Work's done then :
And now to satisfy you, there is a Woman,
Oh *John*, there is a Woman —

John. Oh, where is she?

Fred. And one of no less worth than I assure ye;
And which is more, fallen under my Protection.

John. I am glad of that: forward sweet *Frederick*.

Fred. And which is more than that, by this Nights wan-
And which is most of all, she is at home too, Sir. (dring,

John. Come, let's be gone then.

Fred. Yes, but 'tis most certain,
You cannot see her, *John*.

John. Why?

Fred.

Fred. She has sworn me
That none else shall come near her: Not my Mother,
'Till some few doubts are clear'd.

John. Not look upon her?—What Chamber is she in?

Fred. In ours.

John. Let's go, I say:

A Woman's Oaths are Wafers, break with making
They must for Modesty a little: We all know it.

Fred. No, I'll assure you, Sir.

John. Not see her?

I smell an old dog trick of yours; well, *Frederick*,
Ye talk'd to me of whoring, let's have fair play,
Square dealing, I would wish ye.

Fred. When 'tis come
(Which I know never will be) to that issue,
Your Spoon shall be as deep as mine, Sir.

John. Tell me,

And tell me true, is the Cause honourable,
Or for your ease?

Fred. By all our Friendship, *John*,
'Tis honest, and of great end.

John. I am answer'd:

But let me see her though; leave the Door open
As ye go in.

Fred. I dare not.

John. Not wide open,
But just so, as a jealous Husband
Would level at his wanton Wife through.

Fred. That courtesie,
If ye desire no more, and keep it strictly,
I dare afford ye: Come, 'tis now near Morning. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Peter, and Anthony.

Pet. Nay, the old Woman's gone too.

Ant. She's a Catterwauling
Among the Gutters: But conceive me, *Peter*,
Where our good Masters should be?

Pet. Where they should be
I do conceive, but where they are, good *Anthony* —
Ant.

Ant. Ay, there it goes: My Master bo-peeps with me,
With his fly popping in and out again,
Argued a cause, a frippery cause.

Pet. Believe me,
They bear up with some carvel.

Ant. I do believe thee,
For thou hast such a Master for that chafe,
That 'till he spend his Main Mast——

Pet. Pray remember
Your courtesie, good *Anthony*, and withal,
How long 'tis since your Master sprung a leak,
He had a sound one since he came.

Ant. Hark. *Pet.* What? [Lute sounds within.]

Ant. Dost not hear a Lute?
Again! *Pet.* Where is't?

Ant. Above in my Master's Chamber.

Pet. There's no Creature; he hath the Key himself, Man.

SONG [within.]

*Merciless Love, whom Nature hath deny'd/
The use of Eyes, lest thou shouldst take a pride/
And glory in thy Murthers:/ Why am I,
That never yet transgress'd thy Deity,
Never broke Vow, from whose Eyes never
Flew disdainful Dart,
Whose hard Heart/never
Slew those Rewarders?
Thou art young and fair,
Thy Mother soft and gentle as the Air,
Thy holy fire still burning, blown with Prayer.
Then everlasting Love restrain thy will
'Tis God-like to have Power, but not to kill.*

Ant. This is his Lute: Let him have it.

Pet. I grant you; but who strikes it?

Ant. An admirable Voice too, hark ye.

Pet. *Anthony*,
Art sure we are at home?

Ant. Without all doubt, *Peter*.

Pet.

Pet. Then this must be the Devil.

Ant. Let it be, [Sing again.
 Good Devil sing again: O dainty Devil!
Peter believe it, a most delicate Devil,
 The sweetest Devil ———

Enter Frederick, and Don John.

Fred. If ye could leave peeping.

John. I cannot by no means.

Fred. Then come in softly,
 And as ye love your Faith, presume no further
 Than ye have promised.

John. Basta.

Fred. What make you up so early, Sir?

John. You, Sir, in your Contemplations.

Pet. O pray ye Peace, Sir.

Fred. Why Peace, Sir?

Pet. Do you hear!

John. 'Tis your Lute.

Fred. Pray ye speak softly,
 She's playing on't.

Ant. The House is haunted, Sir,
 For this we have heard this half year.

Fred. Ye saw nothing?

Ant. Not I.

Pet. Nor I, Sir,

Fred. Get us our Breakfast then,
 And make no Words on't; we'll undertake this Spirit,
 If it be one.

Ant. This is no Devil, *Peter.* [Sing.
 Mum, there be Bats abroad. [Exeunt Servants.

Fred. Stay, now she sings.

John. An Angel's Voice I'll swear.

Fred. Why did'st thou shrug so?
 Either allay this Heat; or as I live
 I will not trust ye.

John. Pass: I warrant ye. [Exeunt.

Enter Constantia.

Con. To curse those Stars, that Men say govern us,
 To rail at Fortune, fall out with my Fate,
 And tax the general World, will help me nothing:
Alas,

Alas, I am the same still, neither are they
Subject to helps, or hurts : Our own desires
Are our own Fates, our own Stars, all our Fortunes,
Which as we sway 'em, so abuse, or bless us.

Enter Frederick, and Don John peeping.

Fred. Peace to your Meditations.

John. Pox upon ye,
Stand out o'th' light.

Con. I crave your Mercy, Sir,
My Mind o'er-charg'd with care made me unmannerly.

Fred. Pray ye set that Mind at rest, all shall be perfect.

John. I like the Body rare, a handsome Body,
A wondrous handsome Body: Would she would turn:
See, and that spiteful Puppy be not got
Between me and my light again.

Fred. 'Tis done,
As all that you command shall be: The Gentleman
Is safely off all danger.

John. O de Dios.

Con. How shall I thank ye, Sir? how satisfie?

Fred. Speak softly, gentle Lady, all's rewarded.
Now does he melt like Marmalad.

John. Nay, 'tis certain,
Thou art the sweetest Woman I e'er look'd on:
I hope thou art not honest.

Fred. None disturb'd ye?

Con. Not any, Sir, nor any sound came near me,
I thank your care.

Fred. 'Tis well.

John. I would fain pray now,
But the Devil and that Flesh there, o' the World,
What are we made to suffer?

Fred. He'll enter;
Pull in your Head and be hang'd.

John. Hark ye, *Frederick.*
I have brought ye home your Pack-saddle.

Fred. Pox upon ye.

Con. Nay let him enter: Fie my Lord the Duke,
Stand peeping at your Friends.

Fred. Ye are cozen'd, Lady,
Here is no Duke.

Con. I know him full well, Seignior.

John. Hold thee there, Wench.

Fred. This mad-brain'd Fool will spoil all.

Con. I do beseech your Grace come in.

John. My Grace,
There was a word of comfort.

Fred. Shall he enter,
Who e'er he be?

John. Well follow'd, *Frederick.*

Con. With all my Heart.

Fred. Come in then.

Enter Don John.

John. 'Bless ye, Lady.

Fred. Nay start not, though he be a Stranger to ye,
He's of a noble strain, my Kinsman, Lady,
My Country-man, and Fellow Traveller,
One Bed contains us ever, one Purse feeds us,
And one Faith free between us; do not fear him,
He's truly honest.

John. That's a lie.

Fred. And trusty,
Beyond your wishes: Valiant to defend,
And modest to converse with, as your Blushes.

John. Now may I hang my self; this commendation
Has broke the Neck of all my hopes: For now
Must I cry, no forsooth, and I forsooth, and surely,
And truly as I live, and as I am honest.
H'as done these things for 'nonce too; for he knows,
Like a most envious Rascal as he is,
I am not honest, nor desire to be,
Especially this way: H'as watch'd his time,
But I shall quit him.

Con. Sir, I credit ye.

Fred. Go kiss her, *John.*

John. Plague o' your Commendations.

Con. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.

John. Never to me, sweet Lady: Thus I seal
My Faith, and all my Service.

Con.

Con. One word, Seignior.

John. Now 'tis impossible I should be honest,
She kisses with a Conjurat[i]on
Would make the Devil dance: What points she at?
My Leg I warrant, or my well knit Body,
Sit fast, *Don Frederick.*

Fred. 'Twas given him by that Gentleman
You took such care of; his own being lost i'th' scuffle.

Con. With much joy may he wear it: 'tis a right one,
I can assure ye, Gentleman, and right happy
May you be in all fights for that fair Service.

Fred. Why do ye blush?

Con. 'T had almost cozen'd me,
For not to lie, when I saw that, I look'd for
Another Master of it; but 'tis well. [*Knock within.*]

Fred. Who's there?

Enter Anthony.

Stand ye a little close: Come in, Sir, [*Exit Con.*]
Now what's the News with you?

Ant. There is a Gentleman without
Would speak with *Don John.*

John. Who, Sir?

Ant. I do not know, Sir, but he shews a Man
Of no mean reckoning.

Fred. Let him shew his Name,
And then return a little wiser.

Ant. Well, Sir.

[*Exit Anthony.*]

Fred. How do you like her, *John*?

John. As well as you, *Frederick*,
For all I am honest; you shall find it so too.

Fred. Art thou not honest?

John. Art thou an Ass?

And modest as her Blushes? What Blockhead
Would e'er have popt out such a dry Apology,
For his dear Friend? And to a Gentlewoman,
A Woman of her Youth, and Delicacy.
They are Arguments to draw them to abhor us.
An honest moral Man? 'Tis for a Constable:
A handsome Man, a wholesome Man, a tough Man;
A liberal Man, a likely Man, a Man

Made up like *Hercules*, unflak'd with Service:
 The same to Night, to morrow Night, the next Night,
 And so to perpetuity of Pleasures,
 These had been things to hearken to, things catching:
 But you have such a spic'd consideration,
 Such qualms upon your Worship's Conscience,
 Such Chil-blains in your Blood, that all things pinch ye,
 Which Nature, and the liberal World makes Custom,
 And nothing but fair Honour, O sweet Honour,
 Hang up your Eunuch Honour: That I was trusty,
 And valiant, were things well put in; but modest!
 A modest Gentleman! O Wit where wast thou?

Fred. I am sorry, *John*.

John. My Lady's Gentlewoman
 Would laugh me to a School-boy, make me blush
 With playing with my Codpiece point: Fie on thee,
 A Man of thy Discretion?

Fred. It shall be mended:
 And henceforth ye shall have your due.

Enter Anthony.

John. I look for't: How now, who is't?

Ant. A Gentleman of this Town,
 And calls himself *Petruchio*.

Enter Constantia.

John. I'll attend him.

Con. How did he call himself? *Fred.* *Petruchio*,
 Does it concern you ought?

Con. O Gentlemen,
 The hour of my Destruction is come on me,
 I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruin:
 As ever ye had pity——

John. Do not fear,
 Let the great Devil come, he shall go through me:
 Lost here, and we about ye?

Fred. Fall before us?

Con. O my unfortunate Estate, all angers
 Compar'd to his, to his——

Fred. Let his, and all Mens,
 Whilst we have Power and Life--stand up for Heav'n sake.

Con.

Con. I have offended Heav'n too; yet Heav'n knows---

John. We are all evil:

Yet Heav'n forbid we should have our deserts.

What is he? *Con.* Too too near to my offence, Sir;

O he will cut me piece-meal.

Fred. 'Tis no Treason?

John. Let it be what it will, if he cut here,
I'll find him cut-work.

Fred. He must buy you dear,
With more than common lives.

John. Fear not, nor weep not:
By Heav'n I'll fire the Town before ye perish,
And then, the more the merrier, we'll jog with ye,

Fred. Come in, and dry your Eyes.

John. Pray no more weeping:
Spoil a sweet Face for nothing? My return
Shall end all this I warrant you.

Con. Heav'n grant it.

[*Exeunt,*

S C E N E III.

Enter Petruchio, with a Letter.

Petr. This Man should be of special Rank:
For these commends carry no common way,
No slight worth with 'em:
He shall be he.

Enter Don John.

John. 'Save ye, Sir: I am sorry
My business was so unmannerly, to make ye
Wait thus long here.

Petr. Occasions must be serv'd, Sir:
But is your Name *Don John*?

John. It is, Sir. *Petr.* Then,
First, for your own brave sake I must embrace ye:
Next, from the credit of your Noble Friend
Hernando de Alvara, make ye mine:
Who lays his charge upon me in this Letter
To look ye out, and for the goodness in ye,
Whilst your Occasions make ye Resident

In this place, to supply ye, love and honour ye:
Which had I known sooner——

John. Noble Sir,
You'll make my thanks too poor: I wear a Sword, Sir,
And have a Service to be still dispos'd of,
As you shall please command it.

Petr. Gentle Sir,
That manly courtesie is half my business:
And to be short, to make ye know I honour ye,
And in all points believe your worth like Oracle,
And how above my Friends, which are not few,
And those not slack, I estimate your Virtues,
Make your self understand, this Day *Petruchio*,
A Man that may command the strength of this place,
Hazard the boldest Spirits, hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble Office.

John. Forward, I am free to entertain it.

Petr. Thus then:
I do beseech ye mark me.

John. I shall do it.

Petr. *Ferrara's* Duke, would I might call him worthy,
But that he has raz'd out from his Family,
As he has mine with infamy, this Man,
Rather this powerful Monster, we being left
But two of all our House, to stock our Memories,
My Sister, and my self; with Arts, and Witchcrafts,
Vows, and such Oaths Heav'n has no Mercy for,
Drew to dishonour this weak Maid, by stealths,
And secret Passages I knew not of,
Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abus'd her:
I am asham'd to say the rest: This purchas'd,
And his hot Blood allay'd, as Friends forsake us
At a Miles end upon our way, he left her,
And all our Name to ruin.

John. This was foul Play,
And ought to be rewarded so.

Petr. I hope so;
He scap'd me Yester-night: Which if he dare
Again adventure for, Heav'n pardon him,
I shall with all my Heart.

John.

John. For me, brave Seignior,
What do ye intend?

Petr. Only, fair Sir, this trust,
Which from the commendations of this Letter,
I dare presume well plac'd, nobly to bear him
By word of Mouth a single Challenge from me,
That Man to Man, if he have Honour in him,
We may decide all difference.

John. Fair, and noble,
And I will do it home: When shall I visit ye?

Petr. Please you this Afternoon, I will ride with you:
For at a Castle six Miles hence, we are sure
To find him.

John. I'll be ready.

Petr. To attend ye,
My Man shall wait; with all my Love.

[*Ex. Petr.*

John. My service shall not fail ye.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now?

John. All's well: Who dost thou think this Wench is?
Guess, and thou canst?

Fred. I cannot.

John. Be it known then,
To all Men by these presents, this is she,
She, she, and only she, our curious Coxcombs
Were errant too Months after.

Fred. Who, *Constancia*?
Thou talk'st of Cocks and Bulls.

John. I talk of Wenches,
Of Cocks and Hens, *Don Frederick*; this is the Pullet
We two went proud after.

Fred. It cannot be.

John. It shall be;
Sister to *Don Petruchio*: I know all, Man.

Fred. Now I believe.

John. Go to, there has been stirring,
Fumbling with Linnen, *Frederick*.

Fred. 'Tis impossible,
You know her Fame was pure as fire.

John. That pure fire
Has melted out her Maiden-head: She is crack'd:
We have all that hope of our side, Boy.

Fred. Thou tell'st me,
To my imagination, things incredible:
I see no loose Thought in her.

John. That's all one,
She is loose i'th' hilts by Heav'n: But the World must know
A fair way, upon Vow of Marriage.

Fred. There may be such a slip.

John. And will be, *Frederick*,
Whilst the old Game's a-foot: I fear the Boy
Will prove hers too I took up.

Fred. Good circumstance
May cure all this yet.

John. There thou hit'st it, *Frederick*:
Come, let's walk in and comfort her: Her being here
Is nothing yet suspected: Anon I'll tell thee
Wherefore her Brother came, who by this light
Is a brave noble Fellow, and what Honour
H'as done to me a Stranger: There be Irons
Heating for some, will hiss into their Heart bloods,
E'er all be ended; so much for this time.

Fred. Well, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Landlady, and Peter.

Land. **C**OME, ye do know.

Pet. I do not by this hand, Mistress.
But I suspect.

Land. What?

Pet. That if Eggs continue
At this price, Women will ne'er be sav'd
By their good Works.

Land.

Land. I will know.

Pet. Ye shall, any thing
Lies in my Power: The Duke of *Lorain* now
Is seven thousand strong: I heard it of a fish-wife,
A Woman of fine Knowledge.

Land. Sirrah, Sirrah. (suspected)

Pet. The Pope's Bulls are broke loose too, and 'tis
They shall be baited in *England*.

Land. Very well, Sir.

Pet. No, 'tis not so well neither.

Land. But I say to ye.

Who is it keeps your Master Company?

Pet. I say to you, *Don John*.

Land. I say what Woman?

Pet. I say so too.

Land. I say again, I will know.

Pet. I say 'tis fit ye should.

Land. And I tell thee.

He has a Woman here.

Pet. And I tell thee

'Tis then the better for him.

Land. You are no Bawd now?

Pet. Would I were able to be call'd unto it:
A worshipful Vocation for my Elders;
For as I understand, it is a Place
Fitting my Betters far.

Land. Was ever Gentlewoman
So frumpt off with a Fool? Well sawcy Sirrah,
I will know who it is, and for what purpose;
I pay the Rent, and I will know how my House
Comes by these Inflammations: If this geer hold,
Best hang a Sign-Post up, to tell the Signiors,
Here ye may have Lewdness at Livery.

Enter Frederick.

Pet. 'Twould be a great Ease to your Age.

Fred. How now?

Why what's the matter, Landlady?

Land. What's the Matter?

Ye use me decently among ye, Gentlemen.

Fred.

Fred. Who has abus'd her, you, Sir?

Land. 'Ods my Witness

I will not be thus treated, that I will not.

Peter. I gave her no ill Language.

Land. Thou liest lewdly,

Thou took'st me up at every Word I spoke,

As I had been a Maukin, a flurt Gillian;

And thou think'st, because thou can'st write and read,
Our Noses must be under thee.

Fred. Dare you, Sirrah?

Peter. Let but the Truth be known, Sir, I beseech ye,
She raves of Wenches, and I know not what, Sir.

Land. Go to, thou know'st too well, thou wicked
Thou Instrument of Evil. (Varlet,

Peter. As I live, Sir,
She is ever thus till Dinner.

Fred. Get ye in,
I'll answer you anon, Sir.

Peter. By this Hand
I'll break your Posset-Pan.

[Exit.

Land. Then by this Hood
I'll lock the Meat up.

Fred. Now your Grief, what is't?
For I can guess ———

Land. Ye may with Shame enough,
If there were Shame amongst ye; nothing thought on,
But how ye may abuse my House? not satisfy'd
With bringing home your Bastards to undo me,
But you must drill your Whores here too? My Patience
(Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And as they say am willing to groan under)
Must be your Make-sport now.

Fred. No more of these Words,
Nor no more Murmurings, Lady: For you know
That I know something. I did suspect your Anger,
But turn it presently and handsomely,
And bear your self discreetly to this Woman,
For such an one there is indeed.

Land. 'Tis well, Son.

Fred.

Fred. Leaving your Devils Matins, and your Melan-
Or we shall leave our Lodgings. (cholics,

Land. You have much need
To use these vagrant ways, and to much Profit :
Ye had that might content
(At home within your selves too) right good Gentlemen,
Wholesome, and ye said handsome: But you Gallants,
Beast that I was to believe ye —

Fred. Leave your Suspicion :
For as I live there's no such thing.

Land. Mine Honour ;
And 'twere not for mine Honour.

Fred. Come, your Honour,
Your House, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough: Sleek up your self, leave crying,
For I must have ye entertain this Lady
With all Civility, she well deserves it,
Together with all Secresy: I dare trust ye,
For I have found ye faithful: When you know her,
You will find your own Fault: No more Words, but do it.

Land. You know you may command me.

Enter Don John.

John. Worshipful Lady,
How does thy Velvet Scabbard? By this Hand
Thou look'st most amiably, now could I willingly,
And 'twere not for abusing thy *Geneva* Print there,
Venture my Body with thee.

Land. You'll leave this Roguery
When you come to my Years.

John. By this Light
Thou art not above fifteen yet, a meer Girl,
Thou hast not half thy Teeth: Come —

Fred. Prithee *John*
Let her alone, she has been vex'd already ;
She'll grow stark mad, Man.

John. I would see her mad,
An old mad Woman —

Fred. Prithee be patient.

John.

John. Islike a Miller's Mare, troubled with Tooth-ach.
She'll make the rarest Faces.

Fred. Go, and do it,
And do not mind this Fellow.

Land. Well, *Dohn John*,
There will be Times again; when, O good Mother,
What's good for a Carnosity in the Bladder?
O the green Water, Mother.

John. Doting take ye;
Do ye remember that?

Fred. She has paid ye now, Sir.

Land. Clary, sweet Mother, Clary.

Fred. Are ye satisfied?

Land. I'll never whore again, never give Petticoats
And Waistcoats at five Pound apiece: Good Mother,
Quickly Mother; now mock on, Son.

John. A Devil grind your old Chaps. [*Exit Landlady.*]

Fred. By this Hand, Wench.
I'll give thee a new Hood for this.
Has she met with your Lordship?

John. Touchwood take her.

Enter Anthony.

She's a rare Ghostly Mother.

Ant. Below attends ye
The Gentleman's Man, Sir, that was with you.

John. Well, Sir;
My time is come then; yet if my Project hold,
You shall not stay behind; I'll rather trust

Enter Constantia.

A Cat with sweet Milk, *Frederick*; by her Face,
I feel her fears are working.

Con. Is there no way,
I do beseech ye think yet, to divert
This certain danger?

Fred. 'Tis impossible;
Their Honours are engag'd.

Con. Then there must be murther,
Which, Gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of,

Than

Than make one in't: You may if you please, Sir,
Make all go less yet.

John. Lady, were't mine own Cause,
I could dispense; but loaden with my Friend's trust,
I must go on; though general Massacres
As much I fear —

Con. Do ye hear, Sir; for Heav'ns pity
Let me request one love of you.

Fred. Yes, any thing.

Con. This Gentleman I find too resolute,
Too hot and fiery for the Cause; as ever
You did a virtuous deed, for Honour's sake
Go with him, and allay him; your fair Temper
And noble Disposition, like wish'd show'rs,
May quench those eating fires, that would spoil all else.
I see in him Destruction.

Fred. I will do it;
And 'tis a wise consideration,
To me a bounteous favour. Hark ye, *John*;
I will go with ye.

John. No.

Fred. Indeed I will.
Ye go upon a hazard; no denial,
For as I live, I'll go.

John. Then make ye ready,
For I am straight o' Horse-back.

Fred. My Sword on,
I am as ready as you; what my best labour,
With all the art I have can work upon 'em,
Be sure of, and expect fair end; the old Gentlewoman
Shall wait upon you; she is both grave and private,
And ye may trust her in all points.

Con. You are noble;
And so I kiss your hand.

John. That seal for me too,
And I hope happy issue, Lady.

Con. All Heav'ns Care upon ye, and my Prayers.

John. So,
Now my Mind's at rest.

Fred. Away, 'tis late, *John*.

[Exeunt.
SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Antonio, a Surgeon, and two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Come, Sir, be hearty, all the worst is past.

Ant. Give me some Wine.

Sur. 'Tis death, Sir.

Ant. 'Tis a Horse, Sir.

To be drest to the Tune of Ale only!

Nothing but Sawces to my Sores!

2 Gent. Fie, *Antonio*,
You must be govern'd.

Ant. H'as given me a damn'd Clyster,
Only of Sand and Snow-Water, Gentlemen,
Has almost scowr'd my Guts out.

Sur. I have giv'n you that, Sir,
Is fittest for your State.

Ant. And here he feeds me
With rotten ends of Rooks, and drown'd Chickens,
Stew'd Pericraniums, and Pia-maters;
And when I go to Bed (by Heav'n 'tis true Gentlemen)
He rolls me up in Lints, with Labels at 'em,
That I am just the Man i'th' Almanack,
In Head and Face, is *Aries* Place.

Sur. Will't please ye
To let your Friends see you open'd?

Ant. Will't please you, Sir,
To let me have a Wench? I feel my Body
Open enough for that yet.

Sur. How, a Wench?

Ant. Why look ye, Gentlemen, thus I am us'd still,
I can get nothing that I want.

1 Gent. Leave these things,
And let him open ye.

Ant. D' ye hear, Surgeon?
Send for the Musick, let me have some Pleasure
To entertain my Friends, besides your Sallads,
Your green Salves, and your Searches, and some Winetoo,
That I may only smell to it; or by this Light

I'll

I'll die upon thy Hand, and spoil thy Custom.

1 Gent. Let him have Musick.

Enter Rowland with Wine.

Sur. 'Tis in the House, and ready,
If he will ask no more but Wine —

[Musick.

2 Gent. He shall not drink it.

Sur. Will these things please ye?

Ant. Yes, and let 'em sing

John Dorrie.

2 Gent. 'Tis too long.

Ant. I'll have *John Dorrie*,

For to that warlike Tune I will be open'd: (geon,

Give me some Drink, have ye stopt the Leaks well, Sur-

All will run out else?

Sur. Fear not.

Ant. Sit down, Gentlemen:

And now advance your Plaisters. [Song of John Dorrie.

Give 'em ten Shillings, Friends; how do ye find me?

What Symptoms do you see now?

Sur. None, Sir, dangerous;

But if you will be rul'd —

Ant. What Time?

Sur. I can cure you

In forty Days, if you will not transgress me.

Ant. I have a Dog shall lick me whole in twenty;

In how long canst thou kill me?

Sur. Presently.

Ant. Do it, there's more Delight in't.

1 Gent. You must have Patience.

Ant. Man, I must have Business; this foolish Fellow
Hinders himself; I have a dozen Rascals

To hurt within these five Days; good Man-mender,

Stop me with some Parsly, like stuf Beef,

And let me walk abroad.

Sur. Ye shall walk shortly.

Ant. For I must find *Petruchio*.

2 Gent. Time enough. (these three Days

1 Gent. Come, lead him in, and let him sleep: within
We'll beg ye Leave to play.

2 Gent.

2 *Gent.* And then how things fall,
We'll certainly inform ye.

Ant. But Surgeon, promise me
I shall drink Wine then too.

Sur. A little temper'd.

Ant. Nay, I'll no tempering, Surgeon.

Sur. Well, as't please ye,
So ye exceed not.

Ant. Farewel : And if ye find
The mad Slave that thus slash'd me, commend me to him,
And bid him keep his Skin close.

1 *Gent.* Take your Rest, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Constantia, and Landlady.

Const. I have told ye all I can, and more than yet
Those Gentlemen know of me; ever trusting
Your Counsel and Concealment; for to me
You seem a worthy Woman; one of those
Are seldom found in our Sex, wise and virtuous,
Direct me I beseech ye.

Land. Ye say well, Lady,
And hold ye to that Point, for in these Businesses
A Woman's Counsel that conceives the matter,
(Do ye mark me? that conceives the matter, Lady)
Is worth ten Mens Engagements: She knows something,
And out of that can work like Wax; when Men
Are giddy-headed, either out of Wine,
Or a more Drunkenness, vain Ostentation,
Discovering all; there is no more keep in 'em
Than hold upon an Eel's Tail; nay, 'tis held fashion
To defame now all they can.

Const. Ay, but these Gentlemen ———

Land. Do not you trust to that; these Gentlemen
Are as all Gentlemen of the same Barrel;
Ay, and the self-same Pickle too. Be it granted,
They have us'd ye with Respect and fair Behaviour,
E'er since ye came, do you know what must follow?
They are *Spaniards*, Lady, Gennets of high Mettle,
Things

Things that will thrash the Devil, or his Dam,
Let 'em appear but cloven.

Con. Now Heav'n blefs me. (Lady,

Land. Mad Colts will court the Wind; I know 'em,
To the least hair they have; and I tell you,
Old as I am, let but the Pint Pot blefs 'em,
They'll offer to my Years——

Con. How?

Land. Such rude Gambols——

Con. To you?

Land. Ay, and so handle me, that oft I am forc'd
To fight of all four for my safety; there's the younger,
Don John, the arrantest Jack in all this City;
The other, Time has blasted, yet he will stoop,
If not o'erflown, and freely on the quarry;
H'as been a Dragon in his days. But Tarmont,
Don Jenkin is the Devil himself, the Dog-days,
The most incomprehensible Whore-master,
Twenty a Night is nothing; Beggars, Broom-women,
And those so miserable, they look like Famine,
Are all sweet Ladies in his drink.

Con. He's a handsome Gentleman;
Pity he should be master of such follies.

Land. He's ne'er without a noise of Sirynges
In's Pocket, those proclaim him; birding Pills,
Waters to cool his Conscience, in small Viols:
With thousand such sufficient Emblems; the truth is,
Whose Chastity he chops upon he cares not,
He flies at all; Bastards upon my Conscience,
He has now in making, multitudes; the last Night
He brought home one; I pity her that bore it,
But we are all weak Vessels, some rich Woman
(For wise I dare not call her) was the Mother,
For it was hung with Jewels; the bearing Cloth
No less than Crimson Velvet.

Con. How?

Land. 'Tis true, Lady.

Con. Was it a Boy too?

Land. A brave Boy; deliberation
And judgment shew'd in's getting, as I'll say for him,

He's as well paced for that sport——

Con. May I see it?

For there is a Neighbour of mine, a Gentlewoman,
Has had a late mischance, which willingly
I would know further of; now if you please
To be so courteous to me.

Land. Ye shall see it:

But what do ye think of these Men now ye know 'em,
And of the cause I told ye of? Be wise,
Ye may repent too late else; I but tell you
For your own good, and as you will find it, Lady.

Con. I am advis'd.

Land. No more words then; do that,
And instantly, I told ye of, be ready;
Don John, I'll fit you for your frumps.

Con. I shall be:

But shall I see this Child?

Land. Within this half hour;
Let's in, and there think better; she that's wife,
Leaps at occasion first; the rest pay for it. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Petruchio, Don John, and Frederick.

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a Gentleman,
If I that so much love him, may commend him,
Of free and virtuous Parts; and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us, for which fear I brought him,
Will not fly back for phillips.

Petr. Ye much honour me,
And once more I pronounce ye both mine.

Fred. Stay, what Troop
Is that below i'th' Valley there?

John. Hawking, I take it.

Petr. They are so; 'tis the Duke, 'tis even he, Gentlemen,
Sirrah, draw back the Horses 'till we call ye,
I know him by his Company.

Fred. I think too
He bends up this way.

Petr. So he does.

John.

John. Stand you still
Within that Covert 'till I call: You, *Frederick*,
By no means be not seen, unless they offer
To bring on odds upon us; he comes forward,
Here will I wait him fairly: To your Cabins.

Petr. I need no more instruct ye?

John. Fear me not,
I'll give it him, and boldly. [Ex. *Petr. and Fred.*

Enter Duke and his Faction.

Duke. Feed the Hawks up,
We'll fly no more to day; O my blest Fortune!
Have I so fairly met the Man?

John. Ye have, Sir,
And him you know by this.

Duke. Sir, all the honour
And love——

John. I do beseech your Grace stay there,
(For I know ye too now) that love and honour
I come not to receive; nor can you give it,
'Till ye appear fair to the World; I must beseech ye
Dismiss your train a little.

Duke. Walk aside,
And out of hearing, I command ye: Now, Sir.

John. Last time we met, I was a Friend.

Duke. And nobly,
You did a Friend's Office: Let your business
Be what it may, you must be still——

John. Your pardon,
Never a Friend to him, cannot be Friend
To his own Honour.

Duke. In what have I transgress'd it?
Ye make a bold breach at the first, Sir.

John. Bolder,
You made that breach that let in infamy,
And ruin, to surprise a noble Stock.

Duke. Be plain, Sir.

John. I will, and short;
Ye have wrong'd a Gentleman,
Little behind your self, beyond all Justice,

Beyond mediation of all Friends.

Duke. The Man, and manner of wrong?

John. Petruchio,

The wrong, ye have Whor'd his Sister.

Duke. What's his will in't?

John. His will is to oppose you like a Gentleman,
And single, to decide all.

Duke. Now stay you, Sir,
And hear me with the like belief: This Gentleman,
His Sister that you nam'd, 'tis true I have long lov'd,
Nor was that love lascivious, as he makes it;
As true, I have enjoy'd her: No less truth,
I have a Child by her: But that she, or he,
Or any of that Family are tainted,
Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my Pleasures,
I wear a Sword to satisfie the World no,
And him in this cause when he please; for know, Sir,
She is my Wife, contracted before Heav'n,
(Witness I owe more tye to, than her Brother).
Nor will I fly from that Name, which long since
Had had the Churches approbation,
But for his jealous danger.

John. Sir, your pardon,
And all that was my Anger, now my Service.

Duke. Fair Sir, I knew I should convert ye; had we
But that rough Man here now too——

John. And ye shall, Sir:
Whoa, ho, ho.

Duke. I hope ye have laid no Ambush?

Enter Petruchio.

John. Only Friends.

Duke. My noble Brother welcome:
Come put your anger off, we'll no fighting,
Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that Name.

Petr. Do you speak this heartily?

Duke. Upon my Soul, and truly; the first Priest
Shall put you out of these doubts.

Petr. Now I love ye;
And I beseech you pardon my Suspicions.

You

You are now more than a Brother, a brave Friend too.

John. The good Man's over-joy'd.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How, how, how goes it? (*Frederick,*

John. Why, the Man has his Mare again, and all's well,
The Duke professes freely he's her Husband.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

John. Yes, for modest Gentlemen.

I must present ye: May it please your Grace,
To number this brave Gentleman, my Friend,
And noble Kinsman, amongst those your Servants. (*me*

Duke. O my brave Friend! you shower your Bounties on
Amongst my best thoughts, Seignior, in which number
You being worthily dispos'd already,
May place your Friend to honour me.

Fred. My love, Sir,

And where your Grace dares trust me, all my service.

Petr. Why? this is wondrous happy: But now, Brother,
Now comes the bitter to our sweet: *Constantia.*

Duke. Why, what of her?

Petr. Nor what, nor where, do I know:
Wing'd with her fears last Night, beyond my knowledge,
She quit my House, but whither? ———

Fred. Let not that ———

Duke. No more, good Sir, I have heard too much.

Petr. Nay sink not,
She cannot be so lost.

John. Nor shall not, Gentlemen;
Be free again, the Lady's found; that smile, Sir,
Shews ye distrust your Servant.

Duke. I do beseech ye.

John. Ye shall believe me: By my Soul she is safe.

Duke. Heav'n knows, I would believe, Sir.

Fred. Ye may safely.

John. And under noble usage: This fair Gentleman
Met her in all her doubts last Night, and to his Guard
(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her Person,
Who waited on her to our Lodging; where all respect,
Civil and honest service now attend her.

Petr. Ye may believe now.

Duke. Yes, I do, and strongly:

Well, my good Friends, or rather my good Angels,
For ye have both preserv'd me; when these Virtues
Die in your Friend's Remembrance —————

John. Good your Grace,
Lose no more time in Compliment, 'tis too precious,
I know it by my self there can be no Hell
To his that hangs upon his Hopes; especially
In way of lustly Pleasures.

Pet. He has hit it.

Fred. To horse again then, for this Night I'll crown
With all the Joys ye wish for.

Petr. Happy Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Francisco.

Fran. This is the maddest Mischief: never Fool
Was so fobb'd off, as I am; made ridiculous,
And to my self mine own As: Trust a Woman?
I'll trust the Devil first; for he dare be
Better than's Word sometime: What Faith have I broke?
In what Observance fail'd? Let me consider,

Enter Don John, and Frederick.

For this is monstrous Usage.

Fred. Let them talk,
We'll ride on fair and softly.

Fran. Well, *Constantia*.

Fred. *Constantia*! what's this Fellow? Stay by all means.

Fran. Ye have spun your self a fair Thread now.

Fred. Stand still, *John*.

Fran. What Cause had you to fly? What Fear possessest
Were you not safely lodg'd from all Suspicion? [ye?
Us'd with all gentle means? Did any know
How ye came thither, or what your Sin was.

Fred. *John*,

I smell some Juggling, *John*.

John. Yes, *Frederick*, I fear it will be found so.

Fran. So strangely,
Without the Counsel of your Friends; so desperately
To

To put all Dangers on ye?

Fred. 'Tis she.

Fran. So deceitfully,
After a Stranger's Lure!

John. Did ye mark that, *Frederick*?

Fran. To make ye appear more Monster; and the Law
More cruel to reward ye? to leave all,
All that should be your Safeguard, to seek Evils?
Was this your Wisdom? this your Promise? well,
He that incited ye ——

Fred. Mark that too.

John. Yes, Sir.

Fran. 'Had better have plough'd farther off; now,
What will your last Friend, he that should preserve ye,
And hold your Credit up, the brave *Antonio*,
Think of this Slip? He'll to *Petruchio*,
And call for open Justice.

John. 'Tis she, *Frederick*.

Fred. But what that he is, *John*.

Fran. I do not doubt yet
To bolt ye out, for I know certainly
Ye are about the Town still: Ha, no more Words. [*Exit.*

Fred. Well.

John. Very well.

Fred. Discreetly.

John. Finely carried.

Fred. You have no more of these Tricks?

John. Ten to One, Sir.

I shall meet with 'em if ye have.

Fred. Is this honest?

John. Was it in you a Friend's part to deal double?
I am no Ass, *Don Frederick*.

Fred. And, *Don John*,
It shall appear I am no Fool:
Disgrace me to make your self a Lecher?
'Tis boyish, 'tis base.

John. 'Tis false, and most unmanly to upbraid me;
Nor will I be your Bolster, Sir.

Fred. Thou wanton Boy, thou hadst better have been
Thou common Woman's Courtesy, than thus (*Eunuch*,

Lascivious, basely to have bent mine Honour.
A Friend? I'll make a Horse my Friend first.

John. Holla, holla,
Ye kick too fast, Sir: What strange Brains have you got,
That dare crow out thus bravely? I better been an Eu-
I privy to this Dog-trick? clear your self, (nuch?
For I know where the wind sits, and most nobly,
Or as I have a life —

Fred. No more: They're Horses.

[*A noise within like Horse*

Nor shew no discontent: To Morrow comes;
Let's quietly away: If she be at home,
Our jealousies are put off.

John. The Fellow,

Enter Duke, and Petruchio.

We have lost him in our Spleens, like Fools.

Duke. Come, Gentlemen,
Now set on roundly: Suppose ye have all Mistresses,
And mend your pace according.

Petr. Then have at ye.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, Frederick, and John.

Petr. **N**OW to *Bologna*, my most honoured Brother,
I dare pronounce ye a hearty, and safe welcome,
Our Loves shall now way-lay ye; welcome, Gentlemen.

John. The same to you, brave Sir; *Don Frederick*,
Will ye step in, and give the Lady notice
Who comes to honour her?

Petr. Bid her be sudden,
We come to see no curious Wench: A Night-gown
Will serve the turn: Here's one that knows her nearer.

Fred. I'll tell her what ye say, Sir. [*Exit Fred.*

Duke. My dear Brother,
Ye are a merry Gentleman.

Petr.

Petr. Now will the Sport be,
To observe her Alterations; how like a Wild-fire
She'll leap into your Bosom; then seeing me,
Her Conscience, and her Fears creeping upon her,
Dead as a Fowl at Soufe, she'll sink.

Duke. Fair Brother,
I must entreat you——

Petr. I conceive your Mind, Sir,
I will not chide her: Yet ten Duckets, Duke,
She falls upon her Knees, ten more she dare not----

Duke. I must not have her frightened.

Petr. Well, you shall not:

Enter Frederick, and Peter.

But like a Summers Evening against Heat,
Mark how I'll gild her Cheeks?

John. How now?

Fred. Ye may, Sir:

Not to abuse your Patience, noble Friends,
Nor hold ye off with tedious Circumstance,
For you must know——

Petr. What?

Duke. Where is she?

Fred. Gone, Sir.

Duke. How?

Petr. What did you say, Sir?

Fred. Gone, by Heav'n, removed,
The Woman of the House too.

John. Well, *Don Frederick.*

Fred. *Don John*, it is not well, but ——

Petr. Gone?

Fred. This Fellow
Can testify I lie not.

Peter. Some four Hours after
My Master was departed, with this Gentleman,
My Fellow and my self being sent of Business,
(As we must think) of purpose——

Petr. Hang these Circumstances,
They appear like Owls, to ill Ends.

John.

John. Now could I eat
The Devil in his own Broth, I am so tortur'd.
Gone?

Petr. Gone?

(have me say?)

Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted: What would you

Duke. Well, Gentlemen,
Wrong not my good Opinion.

Fred. For your Dukedom
I will not be a Knave, Sir.

John. He that is,
A Rot run in his Blood.

Petr. But hark ye, Gentlemen,
Are ye sure ye had her here, did ye not dream this?

John. Have you your Nose, Sir?

Petr. Yes, Sir.

John. Then we had her.

Petr. Since you are so short, believe your having her
Shall suffer more Construction.

John. Let it suffer.

But if I be not clear of all Dishonour,
Or Practice that may taint my Reputation,
And ignorant of where this Woman is,
Make me your City's Monster.

Duke. I believe ye.

John. I could lie with a Witch now, to be reveng'd
Upon that Rascal did this.

Fred. Only thus much
I would desire your Grace, for my Mind gives me
Before Night yet she is yours: Stop all Opinion,
And let no Anger out, till full Cause call it,
Then every Man's own Works to justify him,
And this Day let us give to search: My Man here
Tells me, by chance he saw out of a Window
(Which Place he has taken notice of) such a Face
As our old Landlady's, he believes the same too,
And by her Hood assures it: Let's first thither,
For she being found, all's ended.

Duke. Come, for Heav'n's sake,
And Fortune, and thou be'st not ever turning,

If there be one firm Step in all thy Reelings,
Now settle it, and save my Hopes: Away Friends. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Antonio and his Servant.

Ant. With all my Jewels?

Ser. All, Sir.

Ant. And that Mony

I left i'th' Trunk?

Ser. The Trunk broke, and that gone too.

Ant. *Francisco* of the Plot?

Ser. Gone with the Wench too. (thought

Ant. The mighty Pox go with 'em: Belike they
I was no Man of this World, and those Trifles
Would but disturb my Conscience.

Ser. Sure they thought, Sir,
You would not live to persecute 'em.

Ant. Whore and Fidler,
Why, what a Confort have they made? Hen and Bacon?
Well, my sweet Mistress, well, good Madam Mar-tail?
You that have hung about my Neck, and lick'd me,
I'll try how handsomly your Ladyship
Can hang upon a Gallows, there's your Master-piece;
But hark ye, Sirrah, no Imagination
Of where they should be?

Ser. None, Sir, yet we have search'd
All Places we suspected; I believe, Sir,
They have taken towards the Ports.

Ant. Get me a Conjurer,
One that can raise a Water-Devil, I'll port 'em;
Play at Duck and Drake with my Mony; take heed, Fid-
I'll dance ye by this Hand, your Fiddle-stick (ler;
I'll grease of a new Fashion, for presuming
To meddle with my Degamboys: Get me a Conjurer,
Enquire me out a Man that lets out Devils:
None but my *C. Cliffe* serve your turn?

Ser. I know not ———

Ant.

Ant. In every Street, *Tom Fool*, any blear-ey'd People
 With red Heads, and flat Noses, can perform it;
 Thou shalt know 'em by their half Gowns and no Breeches:
 Mount my Mare, Fidler? Ha Boy! up at first dash?
 Sit sure, I'll clap a Nettle, and a smart one,
 Shall make your Filly firk I will: fine, Fidler,
 I'll put you to your Plunge, Boy: Sirrah, meet me
 Some two Hours hence at home; in the mean time
 Find out a Conjurer, and know his Price,
 How he will let his Devils by the Day out,
 I'll have 'em, and they be above Ground. [*Ex. Ant.*

Ser. Now bless me,
 What a mad Man is this? I must do something
 To please his Humour: Such a Man I'll ask for,
 And tell him where he is; but to come near him,
 Or have any thing to do with his Don Devils,
 I thank my Fear, I dare not, nor I will not. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

*Enter Duke, Petruchio, Frederick, John, Peter,
 and Servant with Bottles.*

Fred. Whither wilt thou lead us?

Peter. 'Tis hard by, Sir.

And ten to one this Wine goes thither.

Duke. Forward.

Petr. Are they grown so merry?

Duke. 'Tis most likely,
 She has heard of this good Fortune, and determines
 To wash her Sorrows off.

Peter. 'Tis so; that House, Sir,
 Is it: Out of that Window certainly
 I saw my old Mistresses Face.

Petr. They are merry indeed, [*Musick.*
 Hark, I hear Musick too.

Duke. Excellent Musick.

John. Would I were ev'n among 'em, and alone now;
 A Palate for the purpose in a corner,

And

And good rich Wine within me ; what gay Sport
Could I make in an Hour now ?

S O N G.

*Welcome sweet Liberty, and Care farewell,
I am mine own ;
She is twice damn'd, that lives in Hell,
When Heav'n is shown.
Budding Beauty, blooming Tears
Were made for Pleasure, farewell Fears,
For now I am my self, mine own Command,
My Fortune always in my Hand.*

Fred. Hark a Voice too ;
Let's not stir yet by any means.
John. Was this her own Voice ?
Duke. Yes sure.
Fred. 'Tis a rare one.

Enter Bawd (above.)

Duke. The Song confirms her here too : For if ye mark
It spake of Liberty, and free enjoying (it,
The happy end of Pleasure.

Petr. Look ye there, Sir,
Do ye know that Head ?

Fred. 'Tis my good Landlady,
I find Fear has done all this.

John. She I swear,
And now do I know by the hanging of her Hood,
She is parcel drunk : shall we go in ?

Duke. Not yet, Sir,

Petr. No, let 'em take their Pleasure.

Duke. When it is highest, [Musick.
We'll step in, and amaze 'em : Peace, more Musick.

John. This Musick murders me : What Blood have I now ?

Fred. I should know that Face. [Enter Fran. and Exit.

John. By this Light 'tis he, Frederick,
That bred our first Suspicions, the same Fellow.

Fred.

Fred. He that we overtook, and overheard too,
Discourfing of *Constantia*.

John. Still the fame ;
Now he flips in.

Duke. What's that ?

Fred. She muft be here, Sir :
This is the very Fellow, I told your Grace

Enter Francisco.

We found upon the way ; and what his Talk was.

Petr. Why, fure I know this Fellow ; yes, 'tis he,
Francisco, *Antonio's* Boy, a rare Mufician,
He taught my Sifter on the Lute, and is ever
(She loves his Voice fo well) about her : Certain,
Without all doubt ſhe is here : It muft be fo.

John. Here ? That's no Queſtion : What ſhould our Hen
Do here without her ? If ſhe be not here (o'th' game elfe
(I am fo confident) let your Grace believe
We two are arrant Rafcals, and have abus'd ye.

Fred. I fay fo too.

John. Why there's the Hood again now,
The Guard that guides us ; I know the Fabrick of it,
And know the old Tree of that Saddle yet, 'twas made of
A hunting Hood, obſerve it.

Duke. Who ſhall enter ?

Petr. I'll make one.

John. I, another.

Duke. But fo carry it,
That all her Joys flow not together.

John. If we told her,
Your Grace would none of her ?

Duke. By no means, Signior,
'Twould turn her wild, ſtark frantick.

John. Of aſſur'd her ———

Duke. Nothing of that ſtern Nature : This ye may, Sir,
That the Conditions of our Fear yet ſtand
On nice and dangerous Knittings : Or that a little
I ſeem to doubt the Child.

John. Would I could draw her
To hate your Grace with theſe things.

Petr.

The Chances.

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Petr. Come, let's enter. [*Ex. Petr. and John.*
And now he sees me not, I'll search her soundly.

Duke. Now Luck of all sides. [*Musick.*

Fred. Doubt it not: More Musick :
Sure she has heard some Comfort.

Duke. Yes, stand still, Sir.

Fred. This is the maddest Song.

Duke. Applied for certain
To some strange Melancholy she is loaden with.

Fred. Now all the Sport begins — hark?

Duke. They are amongst 'em,
The Fears now, and the Shakings? [*Trampling above.*

Fred. Our old Lady
(Hark how they run) is even now at this Instant
Ready to lose her Head-piece by *Don John*,
Or creeping through a Cat-hole. [*Petr. and John within.*

Petr. Bring 'em down,
And you, Sir, follow me.

Duke. He's angry with 'em,
I must not suffer this.

John, within. Bowl down the Bawd there,
Old *Erra mater*: You Lady Leachery,
For the good-will I bear to th' Game, most tenderly
Shall be lead out, and lash'd.

Enter Petruchio, John, Whore, and Bawd,
with Francisco.

Duke. Is this *Constantia*?
Why Gentlemen? What do you mean? Is this she?

Whore. I am *Constantia*, Sir.

Duke. A Whore ye are, Sir.

Whore. 'Tis very true: I am a Whore indeed, Sir.

Petr. She will not lie yet, though she steal.

Whore. A plain Whore,
If you please to imploy me.

Duke. And an impudent ———

Whore. Plain-dealing now is Impudence.
One, if you will, Sir, can shew ye as much Sport
In one half Hour, and with as much Variety,
As a far wiser Woman can in half a Year:

For

For there my way lies.

Duke. Is she not drunk too?

Whore. A little gilded o'er, Sir.

Old Sack, old Sack, Boys.

Petr. This is *saliant*.

John. A brave bold Quean.

Duke. Is this your Certainty?

Do ye know the Man ye wrong thus, Gentlemen?

Is this the Woman meant? *Fred.* No.

Duke. That your Landlady?

John. I know not what to say.

Duke. Am I a Person

To be your Sport, Gentlemen?

John. I do believe now certain

I am a Knave; but how, or when ———

Duke. What are you?

Petr. Bawd to this Piece of Pye-Meat.

Bawd. A poor Gentlewoman

That lies in Town, about Law Business,

And't like your Worships.

Petr. You shall have Law, believe it.

Bawd. I'll shew your Mastership my Case.

Petr. By no means,

I had rather see a Custard.

Bawd. My dead Husband

Left it even thus, Sir.

John. Bless mine Eyes from Blasting,

I was never so frightened with a case.

Bawd. And so, Sir —

Petr. Enough, put up good Velvet Head.

Duke. What are you two now,

By your own free Confessions?

Fred. What you shall think us,

Though to my self I am certain, and my Life
Shall make that good and perfect, or fall with it. (on't:

John. We are sure of nothing, *Fred.* that's the Truth
I do not think my Name's *Don John*, nor dare not
Believe any thing that concerns me, but my Debts,
Nor those in way of Payment: Things are so carried,
What to entreat your Grace, or how to tell ye

We

We are, or we are not, is past my Cunning,
But I would fain imagine we are honest,
And o'my Conscience, I would fight in't ———

Duke. Thus then,
For we may be all abus'd.

Petr. 'Tis possible.
For how should this concern them?

Duke. Here let's part——
Until to Morrow this time: We to our Way,
To make this Doubt out, and you to your Way;
Pawning our Honours then to meet again,
When if she be not found----

Fred. We stand engaged
To answer, any worthy way are call'd to.

Duke. We ask no more.

Whore. Ye have done with us then?

Petr. No, Dame.

Duke. But is her Name *Constantia*?

Petr. Yes, a Moveable
Belonging to a Friend of mine: Come out, Fidler,
What say you to this Lady? Be not fearful.

Fran. Saving the Reverence of my Master's Pleasure,
I say she is a Whore, and that she has robb'd him,
Hoping his Hurts would kill him.

Whore. Who provok'd me?
Nay, Sirrah, squeak, I'll see your treble Strings
Ty'd up too: If I hang, I'll spoil your Piping,
Your sweet Face shall not save ye.

Petr. Thou damn'd Impudence,
And thou dry'd Devil; where's the Officer?

Peter. He's here, Sir.

Enter Officer.

Petr. Lodge these safe, till I send for 'em;
Let none come to 'em, nor no Noise be heard
Of where they are, or why: Away.

John. By this Hand,
A handsome Whore: Now will I be arrested,
And brought home to this Officer's: A stout Whore,

I love such stirring Ware: Pox o' this Bufiness,
 A Man must hunt out Morsels for another,
 And starve himself: A quick ey'd Whore, that's Wild-fire,
 And makes the Blood dance through the Veins like Bil-
 I will reprieve this Whore. (lows.

Duke. Well, good Luck with ye.

Fred. As much attend your Grace.

Petr. To morrow certain —

John. If we out-live this Night, Sir.

Fred. Come, *Don John*,

We have something now to do.

John. I am sure I would have.

Fred. If she be not found, we must fight.

John. I am glad on't,

I have not fought a great while.

Fred. If we die —

Jo. There's so much Mony sav'd in Leachery. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, below; and Vecchio, above.

Duke. IT should be hereabouts.

Petr. Your Grace is right,
 This is the House, I know it.

Vec. Grace? *Duke.* 'Tis further
 By the Description we receiv'd.

Petr. Good my Lord the Duke,
 Believe me, for I know it certainly,
 This is the very House.

Vec. My Lord the Duke?

Duke. Pray Heav'n this Man prove right now.

Petr. Believe it, he's a most sufficient Scholar,
 And can do rare Tricks this way; for a Figure,
 Or raising an Appearance, whole Christendom
 Has not a better; I have heard strange Wonders of him.

Duke.

Duke. But can he shew us where she is?

Petr. Most certain.

And for what cause too she departed.

Duke. Knock then.

For I am great with Expectation,

Till this Man satisfie me : I fear the *Spaniards*,

Yet they appear brave fellows : Can he tell us ?

Petr. With a wet Finger, whether they be false.

Duke. Away then. *Petr.* Who's within here ?

Enter Vecchio.

Vec. Your Grace may enter.

Duke. How can ye know me?

Petr. He knows all.

Vec. And you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Don John and Frederick.

John. What do you call his Name ?

Fred. Why, *Peter Vecchio*.

John. They say he can raise Devils,

Can he make 'em

Tell Truth too, when he has rais'd 'em ? for believe it,

These Devils are the lying'st Rascals.

Fred. He can compel 'em.

John. With what ? Can he

Tye Squibs in their Tails, and fire the Truth out ?

Or make 'em eat a bawling Puritan,

Whose sanctified Zeal shall rumble like an Earth-quake ?

Fred. With Spells, Man.

John. I with Spoons as soon, dost thou think

The Devil such an Ass as People make him ?

Such a poor Coxcomb ? such a penny Foot-post !

Compell'd with Cross and Pile to run of Errands ?

With *Aferoth*, and *Behemoth*, and *Belfagor* ?

Why should he shake at Sounds, that lives in a Smith's
Or, if he do ——— (Forge?)

Fred. Without all doubt he does, *John.*

John. Why should not Bilbo raise him, or a Pair of
They go as big as any? or an unshod Car, (Bullyons,
When he goes, tumble, tumble o'er the Stones,
Like *Anacreon's* drunken Verses,
These make as fell a Noise; methinks the Cholick
Well handled, and fed with Small-Beer ———

Fred. 'Tis the Virtue ——— (once,

John. The Virtue? nay, and Goodness fetch him up
H'as lost a Friend of me; the wise old Gentleman
Knows when, and how; I'll lay this Hand to two Pence,
Let all the Conjurers in Christendom,
With all their Spells and Virtues, call upon him,
And I but think upon a Wench, and follow it,
He shall be sooner mine than theirs; where's Virtue?

Fred. Thou art the most sufficient, (I'll say for thee)
Not to believe a Thing ———

John. O Sir, flow Credit
Is the best Child of Knowledge; I'll go with ye,
And if he can do any thing, I'll think
As you would have me.

Fred. Let's enquire along,
For certain we are not far off.

John. Nor much nearer.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, and Vecchio.

Vec. You lost her Yester-night.

Petr. How think you, Sir?

Duke. Is your Name *Vecchio*?

Vec. Yes, Sir. *Duke.* And you can shew me,
These things you promise.

Vec. Your Grace's Word bound to me,
No Land of Law shall seize me.

Duke. As I live, Sir ———

Petr.

Petr. And, as I live, that can do something too, Sir.

Vec. I take your Promises : Stay here a little,
Till I prepare some Ceremonies, and I'll satisfie ye.
The Lady's Name's *Constantia* ? *Petr.* Yes.

Vec. I come straight. [Exit Vecchio.

Duke. Sure he's a Learned Man.

Petr. The most now living;
Did your Grace mark when we told all these Circum-
How ever and anon he bolted from us (stances,
To use his Study's Help ?

Duke. Now I think rather
To talk with some Familiar.

Petr. Not unlikely,
For sure he has 'em subject.

Duke. How could he else
Tell when she went, and who went with her ?

Petr. True.

Duke. Or hit upon mine Honour ; or assure me
The Lady lov'd me dearly ?

Enter Vecchio, in his Habiliments.

Petr. 'Twas so.

Vec. Now,
I do beseech your Grace, sit down, and you, Sir ;
Nay, pray sit close like Brothers.

Petr. A rare Fellow.

Vec. And what ye see, stir not at, nor use a Word,
Until I ask ye ; for what shall appear
Is but weak Apparition, and thin Air,
Not to be held, nor spoken to. [Knocking within,

[John, Frederick, and a Servant within,

Duke. We are counsell'd —

Vec. What Noise is that without there ?

Fred. within. We must speak with him.

Serv. within. He's busie, Gentlemen.

John. within. That's all one, Friend,
We must and will speak with him,

Duke. Let 'em in, Sir,
We know their Tongues and Business, 'tis our own,
Ll 3 And

And in this very Cause that we now come for,
They also come to be instructed.

Vec. Let 'em in then :
Sit down, I know your Meaning.

Enter Frederick, John, and Servant.

Fred. The Duke before us?
Now we shall sure know something.

Vec. Not a Question,
But make your Eyes your Tongues——

John. This is a strange Jugler,
Neither indent before-hand for his Payment,
Nor know the Breadth of the Business ; sure his Devil
Comes out of *Lapland*, where they sell Men Winds
For dead Drink and old Doublets.

Fred. Peace, he conjures.

John. Let him, he cannot raise my Devil.

Fred. Prithee Peace.

Vec. *Appear, appear,
And you soft Winds so clear,
That dance upon the Leaves, and make them sing
Gentle Love-lay to the Spring,
Gilding all the Vales below
With your Verdure, as ye blow,
Raise these Forms from under Ground,
With a soft and happy Sound.* [Soft Musick.

John. This is an honest Conjuror, and a pretty Poet;
I like his Words well, there's no Bombast in 'em.
But do you think now he can cudgel up the Devil
With this short Staff of Verses ?

Fred. Peace, the Spirits—— [2 Shapes of Women

John. Nay, and they be no worse —— (*passing by.*

Vec. Do ye know these Faces ?

Duke. No. [follows ;

Vec. Sit still upon your Lives then, and mark what
Away, away.

John

John. These Devils do not paint sure?
Have they no sweeter Shapes in Hell?

Fred. Hark now, *John.*

[*Constantia passes by.*

John. Ay, marry, this moves something like, this Devil
Carries some Metal in her Gate.

Vec. I find ye,
You wou'd see her Face unvail'd?

Duke. Yes.

Vec. Be uncover'd.

Duke. O Heav'n!

Vec. Peace.

Petr. See how she blushes.

John. Frederick,

This Devil for my Mony; this is she, Boy.

Why dost thou shake? I burn.

Vec. Sit still, and silent.

Duke. She looks back at me, now she smiles, Sir.

Vec. Silence.

Duke. I must rise, or I burst.

[*Exit Constantia.*

Vec. Ye see what follows ———

Duke. O gentle Sir, this Shape again.

Vec. I cannot.

'Tis all dissolv'd again; this was the Figure?

Duke. The very same, Sir.

No Hope once more to see it?

Vec. You might have kept it longer, had ye spar'd it,
Now 'tis impossible.

Duke. No means to find it?

Vec. Yes, that there is, sit still a while, there's Wine
To thaw the Wonder from your Hearts; drink well, Sir.

[*Exit Vecchio.*

John. This Conjurer is a right good Fellow too,
A Lad of Mettle; two such Devils more
Would make me a Conjurer; what Wine is it?

Fred. Hollock.

John. The Devil's in it then; look how it dances.
Well, if I be ———

Petr. We are all before ye,
That's your best Comfort, Sir.

John. By th' Mass, brave Wine;
Nay, and the Devils live in this Hell, I dare venture
Within these two Months yet to be delivered
Of a large Legion of 'em.

Enter Vecchio.

Duke. Here he comes;
Silence of all sides, Gentlemen.

Vec. Good your Grace,
Observe a stricter Temper, and you too, Gallants,
You'll be deluded all else. This merry Devil
That next appears, for such a one you'll find it,
Must be call'd up by a strange Incantation,
A Song, and I must sing it: 'pray bear with me,
And pardon my rude Pipe; for yet, e'er parting
Twenty to one I please ye.

Duke. We are arm'd, Sir.

Petr. Nor shall you see us more transgress.

Fred. What think'st thou
Now, *John*?

John. Why, now do I think, *Frederick*,
(And if I think amiss Heav'n pardon me)
This honest Conjuror, with some four or five
Of his good Fellow-Devils, and my self,
Shall be yet drunk e'er Midnight.

S O N G.

Come away, thou Lady gay,
Hoist; how she stumbles?
Hark how she mumbles.

Dame Gillian. Answer. I come, I come.
By old Claret I enlarge thee,
By Canary thus I charge thee,
By Britain Metbeglin, and Peeter,
Appear, and answer me in meeter.

Why when?

Why Gill?

Why when?

Answer. You'll tarry till I am ready.

Once

The Chances.

1553

*Once again I conjure thee,
By the Pose in thy Nose,
And the Gout in thy Toes;
By thine old dried Skin,
And the Mummy within;
By thy little, little Ruff,
And thy Hood that's made of Stuff;
By thy Bottle at thy Breech,
And thine old salt Itch;
By the Stakes, and the Stones,
That have worn out thy Bones,*

Appear.

Appear.

Appear.

Answer. Ob I am here.

Fred. Peace, he conjures.

(now,

*John. Why, this is the Song, Frederick; twenty pound
To see but our Don Gillian.*

Enter Landlady and the Child.

Fred. Peace, it appears.

*John. I cannot peace; Devils in French Hoods, Frede-
Satan's old Syringes? Duke. What's this? (rick?*

Vec. Peace. John. She, Boy.

Fred. What dost thou mean?

John. She, Boy, I say. Fred. Ha?

John. She, Boy,

The very Child too, Frederick.

Fred. She laughs on us

Aloud, John, has the Devil these Affections?

I do believe 'tis she, indeed.

Vec. Stand still.

John. I will not;

Who calls Jeronimo from his naked Bed?

Sweet Lady, was it you? if thou beest the Devil,

First, having crost my self, to keep out wildfire,

Then said some special Prayers to defend me

Against thy most unhallowed Hood, have at thee.

Land.

Land. Hold, Sir, I am no Devil.

John. That's all one.

Land. I am your very Landlady.

John. I defie thee;

Thus as *St. Dunstan* blew the Devil's Nose

With a pair of Tongs, even so, Right Worshipful----

Land. Sweet Son, I am old *Gillian*.

Duke. This is no Spirit.

John. Art thou old *Gillian*, Flesh and Bone?

Land. I am, Son.

Vec. Sit still, Sir, now I'll shew you all. [*Ex. Vec.*

John. Where's thy Bottle?

Land. Here, I beseech ye, Son——

John. For I know the Devil
Cannot assume that Shape.

Fred. 'Tis she, *John*, certain——

John. A Hog's pox o' your mouldy Chaps, what makes
Tumbling and juggling here? (you

Land. I am quit now, Seignior,
For all the pranks you play'd, and railings at me,
For to tell true, out of a trick I put
Upon your high behaviours, which was a lie,
But then it serv'd my turn, I drew the Lady
Unto my Kinsman's here, only to torture
Your Don-ships for a day or two; and secure her
Out of all thoughts of Danger; here she comes now.

Enter Vecchio, and Constantia.

Duke. May I yet speak?

Vec. Yes, and embrace her too,
For one that loves you dearer ——

Duke. O my Sweetest.

Perr. Blush not, I will not chide ye.

Con. To add more

Unto the joy I know, I bring ye, see, Sir,
The happy Fruit of all our Vows!

Duke. Heav'ns Blessing
Be round about thee ever.

John.

John. Pray bless me too,
For if your Grace be well instructed this way,
You'll find the keeping half the getting.

Duke. How, Sir?

John. I'll tell you that anon.

Con. 'Tis true, this Gentleman
Has done a Charity worthy your favour,
And let him have it, dear Sir.

Duke. My best Lady
He has, and ever shall have: So must you, Sir,
To whom I am equal bound as to my Being.

Fred. Your Grace's humble Servant——

Duke. Why kneel you, Sir?

Vec. For pardon for my boldness; yet 'twas harmless,
And all the Art I have, Sir; those your Grace saw,
Which you thought Spirits, were my Neighbours Chil-
Whom I instruct in Grammar here, and Musick; (dren
Their Shapes, the Peoples fond Opinions,
Believing I can Conjure, and oft repairing
To know of things stoln from 'em, I keep about me,
And always have in readiness, by conjecture
Out of their own Confessions, I oft tell 'em
Things that by chance have fallen out so; which way
(Having the Persons here, I knew you sought for)
I wrought upon your Grace; my end is mirth,
And pleasing, if I can, all parties.

Duke. I believe it,
For you have pleas'd me truly: So well pleas'd me,
That when I shall forget it——

Petr. Here's old *Antonio*,
I spy'd him at a Window, coming mainly
I know about his Whore, the Man you light on,
As you discovered unto me; good your Grace,
Let's stand by all, 'twill be a mirth above all,
To observe his pelting fury.

Vec. About a Wench, Sir?

Petr. A young Whore that has rob'd him.

Vec. But do you know, Sir,
Where she is?

Petr.

Petr. Yes, and will make that perfect——

Vec. I am instructed well then.

John. If he come

To have a Devil shew'd him, by all means

Let me be he, I can roar rarely.

Petr. Be so,

But take heed to his anger.

Vec. Slip in quickly,

There you shall find suits of all sorts: When I call

Be ready, and come forward. [*Exeunt all but Vecchio.*

Who's there comes in?

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Are you the Conjurer?

Vec. Sir, I can do a little

That way, if you please to employ me.

Ant. Presently, shew me a Devil that can tell——

Vec. Where your Wench is.

Ant. You are i'th' right; as also where the Fidler
That was consenting to her.

Vec. Sit ye there, Sir,

Ye shall know presently: Can ye pray heartily?

Ant. Why is your Devil so furious?

Vec. I must shew ye

A form may chance affright ye.

Ant. He must fart fire then:

Take you no care for me.

Vec. Ascend, *Astertb,*

Enter Don John like a Spirit.

Why, when, appear I say——Now question him:

Ant. Where is my Whore, Don Devil?

John. Gone to *China,*

To be the great *Cham's* Mistress.

Ant. That's a lye, Devil.

Where are my Jewels?

John. Pawn'd for Petticoats.

Ant. That may be: Where's the Fidler?

John:

John. Condemn'd to th' Gallows
For robbing of a Mill.

Ant. The lyingst Devil
That e'er I dealt withal, and the unlikeliest!
What was that Rascal hurt me?

John. I.

Ant. How?

John. I.

Ant. Who was he?

John. I.

Ant. Do you hear, Conjurer?
Dare you venture your Devil?

Vec. Yes.

Ant. Then I'll venture my Dagger;
Have at your Devil's Pate; do you mew?

Enter All.

Vec. Hold.

Petr. Hold there,
I do command you hold.

Ant. Is this the Devil?
Why, Conjurer——

Petr. He has been a Devil to you, Sir;
But now you shall forget all; your Whore's safe,
And all your Jewels, your Boy too.

John. Now the Devil indeed
Lay his ten Claws upon thee, for my Pate
Finds what it is to be a Fiend.

Ant. All safe?

Petr. 'Pray ye know this Person; all's right now.

Ant. Your Grace
May now command me then: But where's my Whore?

Petr. Ready to go to whipping.

Ant. My Whore whipt?

Petr. Yes, your Whore without doubt, Sir.

Ant. Whipt! 'pray, Gentlemen. (the young Boy

Duke. Why, would you have her once more rob ye?
You may forgive, he was entic'd.

John.

John. The Whore, Sir,
Would rather carry pity: A handsome Whore.

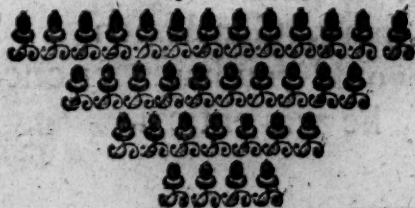
Ant. A Gentleman I warrant thee.

Petr. Let's in all,
And if we see contrition in your Whore, Sir,
Much may be done.

Duke. Now my Dear Fair to you,
And the full Consummation of my Vow. [Exeunt.

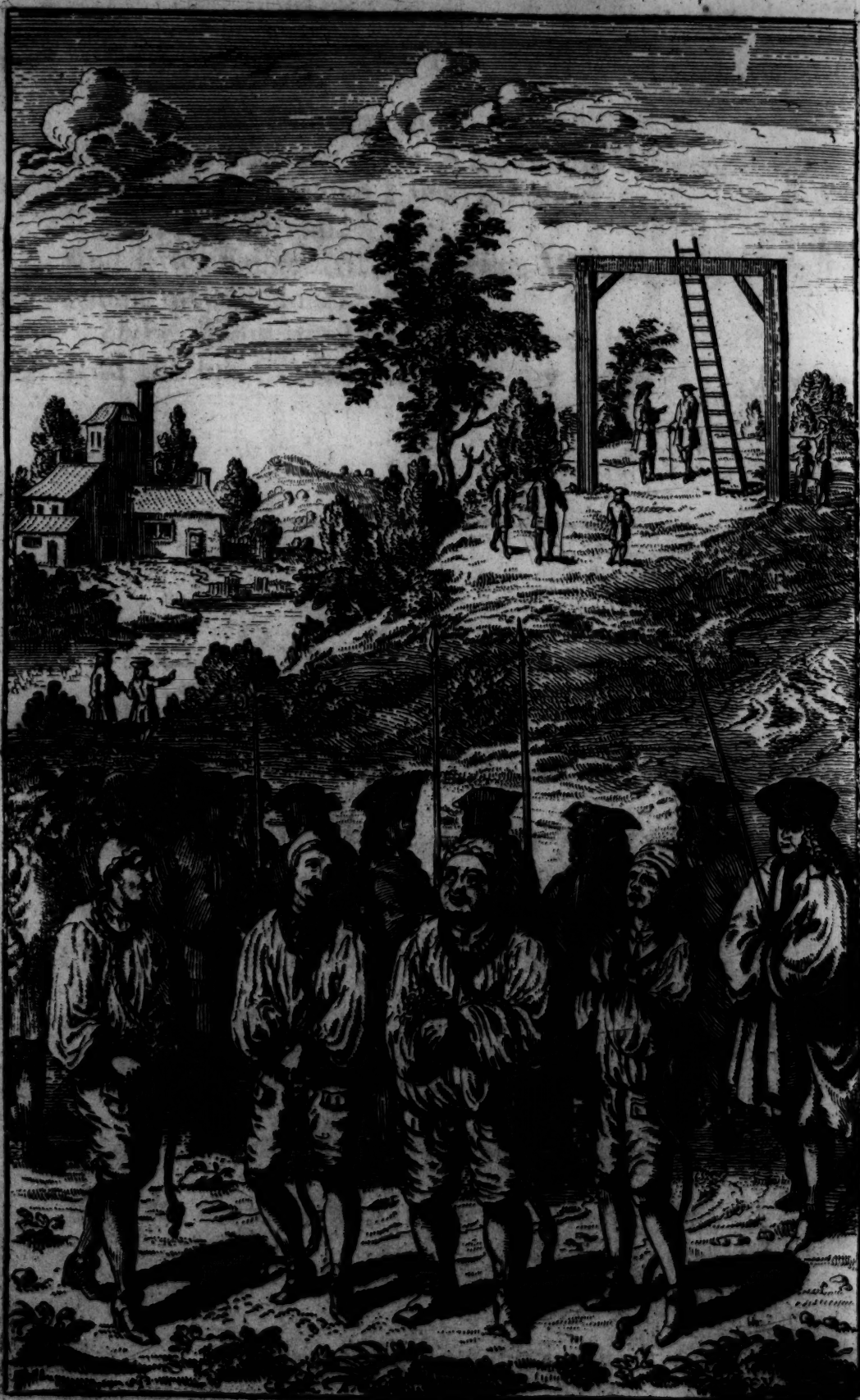
EPILOGUE.

WE have not held you long, nor do I see
One Brow in this selected Company
Assuring a dislike: Our Pains were eas'd
Could we be confident that all rise pleas'd;
But such Ambition soars too high: If We
Have satisfy'd the best, and they agree
In a fair Censure, We have our Reward,
And in them arm'd desire no surer Guard.





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The bloody Brother

Vol. 3. p. 149.

THE
Bloody Brother;
OR,
ROLLO.
A
TRAGEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1711.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Rollo, } *Brothers, Dukes of Normandy.*
Otto, }
Aubrey, *their Kinsman.*
Gisbert, *the Chancellor.*
Baldwin, *the Prince's Tutor.*
Grandpree, } *Captains of Rollo's Faction.*
Verdon, }
Trevile, } *Captains of Otto's Faction.*
Duprete, }
Latorch, *Rollo's Earwig.*
Hamond, *Captain of the Guard to Rollo.*
Allan, *his Brother.*
Norbrett, }
La Fisk, }
Rufee, } *Five cheating Rogues.*
De Bube, }
Pipeau, }
Cook.
Yeoman of the Seller.
Butler.
Pantler.
Lords.
Sheriff.
Guard.
Officers.
Boys.

W O M E N.

Sophia, *Mother to the Dukes.*
Matilda, *her Daughter.*
Edith, *Daughter to Baldwin.*

THE



T H E
Bloody Brother.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Gisbert and Baldwin.

BALDWIN.



H E Brothers then are met?

Gisb. They are, Sir.

Bald. 'Tis thought they may be reconcil'd.

Gisb. 'Tis rather wisht, for such, whose Reason

Doth direct their Thoughts without Self-Flattery,
Dare not hope it. (liev'd

Bald. The Fires of Love, which the dead Duke be-
His equal Care of both would have united,
Ambition hath divided: And there are
Too many on both Parts, that know they cannot
Or rise to Wealth or Honour, their main Ends,
Unless the Tempest of the Prince's Fury
Make troubled Seas, and those Seas yield fit Billows
In their bad Arts to give way to a Calm,
Which yielding rest and good, prove their Ruin,
And in the Shipwrack of their Hopes and Fortunes,
The Dukedom might be sav'd, had it but ten
That stood affected to the general good,
With that confirm'd Zeal which brave *Aubrey* does.

Gisb. He is indeed the perfect Character

VOL. III.

M m

Of

Of a good Man, and so his Actions speak him.

Bald. But did you observe the many Doubts and Cau-
The Brothers stood upon before they met? (tions

Gisb. I did; and yet, that ever Brothers should
Stand on more nice Terms, than sworn Enemies
After a War proclaim'd, would with a Stranger
Wrong the Reporter's Credit; they saluted
At distance, and so strong was the Suspicion
Each had of other, that before they durst
Embrace, they were by several Servants search'd,
As doubting conceal'd Weapons, Antidotes
Ta'en openly by both, fearing the Room
Appointed for the Interview was poison'd,
The Chairs and Cushions, with like care, survey'd;
And, in a word, in every Circumstance,
So jealous on both Parts, that it is more
Than to be fear'd, Concord can never join
Minds so divided.

Bald. Yet our best Endeavours
Should not be wanting, *Gisbert.*

Gisb. Neither shall they.

Enter Grandpree and Verdon.

But what are these?

Bald. They are without my Knowledge;
But by their Manners and Behaviours,
They should express themselves.

Grand. Since we serve *Rollo*,
The elder Brother, we'll be *Rollians*,
Who will maintain us, Lads, as brave as *Romans*;
You stand for him?

Verd. I do.

Grand. Why, then observe
How much the Business, your so long'd-for Business,
By Men that are nam'd from their Swords, concerns you.
Lechery, our common Friend, so long kept under,
With Whips, and beating fatal Hemps, shall rise,
And Bawdry, in a *French Hood* plead, before her
Virginity shall be carted.

Verd. Excellent!

Grand.

Grand. And Hell but grant, the Quarrel that's between
The Princes may continue, and the Business
That's of the Sword, t'out-last three Suits in Law,
And we will make Attornies Lansprifadoes,
And our brave Gown-men Practisers of Back-sword ;
The Pewter of all Serjeants Maces shall
Be melted, and turn'd into common Flaggons,
In which it shall be lawful to carouse
To their most lowlie Fortunes.

Bald. Here's a Statesman.

Grand. A Creditor shall not dare, but by Petition,
To make Demand of any Debt ; and that
Only once every Leap-year, in which, if
The Debtor may be won for a *French* Crown,
To pay a Soulz, he shall be registred
His Benefactor.

Verd. The Chancellor hears you.

Grand. Fear not, I now dare speak as loud as he,
And will be heard, and have all I speak Law ;
Have you no Eyes ? There is a Reverence due
From Children of the Gown, to Men of Action.

Gisb. How's this ?

Grand. Even so ; the Times, the Times are chang'd,
All Business is not now preferr'd in Parchment,
Nor shall a Grant pass that wants this Broad-Seal ;
This Seal, d'ye see ? Your Gravity once laid
My Head and Heels together in the Dungeon,
For cracking a scald Officer's Crown, for which
A Time is come for Vengeance, and expect it ;
For know, you have not full three Hours to live.

Gisb. Yes, somewhat longer.

Grand. To what end ?

Gisb. To hang you ; think on that, Ruffian.

Grand. For you, School-master,
You have a pretty Daughter ; let me see,
Near Three a clock, (by which time, I much fear,
I shall be tir'd with kissing some five hundred)
Provide a Bath, and her to entertain me,
And that shall be your Ransom.

Bald. Impudent Rascal.

Enter to them Trevile and Duprete.

Gisb. More of the Crew ?

Grand. What ate you ? *Rollians* ?

Trev. No ; this for *Rollo*, and all such as serve him ;
We stand for *Otto*.

Grand. You seem Men of Fashion,
And therefore I'll deal fairly, you shall have
The Honour this Day to be chronicled
The first Men kill'd by *Grandpree* ; you see this Sword,
A pretty foolish Toy, my Valour's Servant,
And I may boldly say a Gentleman,
It having made, when it was *Charlemaign's*,
Three thousand Knights ; this, Sir, shall cut your Throat,
And do you all fair Service else.

Trev. I kiss your Hands for the good Offer ; here's another too, the Servant of your Servant shall be proud to be scour'd in your sweet Guis ; till when pray you command me.

Grand. Your Idolater, Sir.

[*Exeunt. Manent Gisb. & Bald.*

Gisb. That e'er such should hold the Names of Men,
Or Justice be held Cruelty, when it labours
To pluck such Weeds up !

Bald. Yet they are protected, and by the Great ones. ✓

Gisb. Not the good ones, *Baldwin*.

Enter to them Aubrey.

Aubr. Is this a time to be spent thus, by such
As are the principal Ministers of the State ?
When they that are the Heads, have fill'd the Court
With Factions, a weak Woman only left
To stay their bloody Hands ? Can her weak Arms
Alone divert the Dangers ready now
To fall upon the Common-wealth, and bury
The Honours of it, leaving not the Name
Of what it was. Oh, *Gisbert*, the fair Trials
And frequent Proofs which our late Master made,
Both of your Love and Faith, gave him Assurance,
To chuse you at his Death a Guardian ; nay,
A Father to his Sons ; and that great Trust,

How

How ill do you discharge? I must be plain,
That, at the best, y'are a sad Looker-on
Of those bad Practices you should prevent.
And where's the Use of your Philosophy
In this so needful a time? Be not secure;
For, *Baldwin*, be assur'd, since that the Princes,
When they were young, and apt for any Form,
Were given to your Instruction, and grave Ordering;
'Twill be expected that they should be good,
Or their bad Manners will b' imputed yours.

Bald. 'Twas not in one, my Lord, to alter Nature.

Gisb. Nor can my Counsels work on them, that will not
Vouchsafe me hearing.

Aubr. Do these Answers sort,
Or with your Place, or Persons, or your Years?
Can *Gisbert*, being the Pillar of the Laws,
See them trod under Foot, or forc'd to serve
The Princes unjust Ends; and, with a Frown,
Be silenc'd from exclaiming on th' Abuse?
Or *Baldwin* only weep the desp'rate Madness
Of his seduced Pupils? See their Minds,
Which with good Arts he labour'd to build up,
Examples of succeeding times, o'erturn'd
By undermining Parasites; no one Precept
Leading to any Art, or great, or good,
But is forc'd from their Memory, in whose room
Black Counsels are receiv'd, and their Retirements
And secret Conference producing only
Dev'lish Designs, a Man would shame to father;
But I talk when I should do, and chide others
For that I now offend in: See't confirm'd,
Now do, or never speak more.

Gisb. We are your's.

Enter Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Grandpree, Otto,
Verdon, and Duprete.

Rol. You shall know who I am.

Otto. I do, my Equal. (force thee,

Rol. Thy Prince; give way—— were we alone, I'd
In thy best Blood, to write thy self my Subject,
And glad I would receive it.

Mm 3

Aubr.

Aubr. Sir. *Gisb.* Dear Lord.

Otto. Thy Subject ?

Rol. Yes, nor shall tame Patience hold me
A Minute longer, only half my self ;
My Birth gave me this Dukedom, and my Sword
Shall change it to the common Grave of all
That tread upon her Bosom, e'er I part with
A Piece of Earth, or Title that is mine.

Otto. It needs not, and I would scorn to receive,
Though offer'd, what I want not : Therefore know
From me, tho' not deliver'd in great Words,
Eyes red with Rage, poor Pride, and threatned Action;
Our Father at his Death, then, when no accent,
Wer't thou a Son, could fall from him in vain,
Made us Co-heirs, our part of Land and Honours
Of equal Weight ; and to see this confirm'd,
The Oaths of these are yet upon Record,
Who, though they should forsake me, and call down
The Plagues of Perjury on their sinful Heads,
I would not leave my self. (fring'd.

Trev. Nor will we see the Will of the dead Duke in-

Lat. Nor I the Elder robb'd of what's his Right.

Grand. Nor you ?

Let me take place, I say, I will not see't ;
My Sword is sharpest.

Aubr. Peace, you Tinder-boxes,
That only carry Matter to make a Flame,
Which will consume you.

Rol. You are troublesome, [To Baldwin.
This is no time for Arguments, my Title
Needs not your School-Defences, but my Sword,
With which the Gordian of your Sophistry
Being cut, shall shew th' Imposture. For your Laws
It is in me to change them when I please, [To Gisbert.
I being above them ; *Gisbert*, would you have me protect
Let them now stretch their extreamest Rigour, (them ;
And seize upon that Traytor ; and your Tongue
Make him appear first dangerous, then odious ;
And after, under the Pretence of Safety
For the sick State, the Land's and Peoples Quiet,

Cut

Cut off his Head : And I'll give up my Sword,
And fight with them at a more certain Weapon
To kill, and with Authority. (found out

Gisb. Sir, I grant the Laws are useful Weapons, but
To assure the Innocent, not to oppress.

Rol. Then you conclude him Innocent ? (a Crime.

Gisb. The Power your Father gave him must not prove

Aubr. Nor should you so receive it.

Bald. To which purpose,

All that dare challenge any part in Goodness
Will become Suppliants to you.

Rol. They have none

That dare move me in this : Hence, I defie you,
Be of his Party, bring it to your Laws,
And thou thy double Heart, thou popular Fool,
Your moral Rules of Justice and her Ballance ;
I stand on mine own Guard.

Otto. Which thy Unjustice
Will make thy Enemies ; by the Memory
Of him, whose better Part now suffers for thee,
Whose reverend Ashes, with an impious Hand,
Thou throw'st out to Contempt, in thy repining
At this so just Decree ; thou art unworthy
Of what his last Will, not thy Merits, gave thee,
That art so swoln within, with all those Mischiefs
That e'er made up a Tyrant, that thy Breast,
The Prison of thy Purposes, cannot hold them,
But that they break forth, and, in thy own words,
Discover what a Monster they must serve
That shall acknowledge thee.

Rol. Thou shalt not live to be so happy.

Aubr. Nor your Miseries begin in Murther.

[*He offers his Sword at Otto, the Faction joyning,*

[*Aubrey between severs the Brothers.*

Duty, Allegiance, and all respects of what you are, for-
Do you stare on ? Is this a Theatre ? (sake me ;

Or shall these kill themselves, like to mad Fencers,
To make you Sport ? Keep them asunder, or,
By Heav'n, I'll charge on all.

Grand. Keep the Peace,

I am for you, my Lord, and if you'll have me,
I'll act the Constable's part.

Aubr. Live I to see this?

Will you do that your Enemies dare not wish,
And cherish in your selves those Furies, which
Hell would cast out? Do, I am ready; kill me,
And these, that would fall willing Sacrifices
To any Power that would restore your Reason,
And make you Men again, which now you are not.

Rol. These are your Bucklers, Boy.

Otto. My Hindrances;

And were I not confirm'd, my Justice in
The taking of thy Life, could not weigh down
The Wrong, in shedding the least Drop of Blood
Of these whose Goodness only now protects thee,
Thou should'st feel I in Act would only prove my self
What thou in Words dost labour to appear.

Rol. Hear this, and talk again? I'll break through all,
But I will reach thy Heart.

Otto. 'Tis better guarded.

Enter Sophia.

Soph. Make way, or I will force it, who are those?
My Sons? my Shames; turn all your Swords on me,
And make this wretched Body but one Wound,
So this unnatural Quarrel find a Grave
In the unhappy Womb that brought you forth:
Dare you remember that you had a Mother,
Or look on these grey Hairs, made so with Tears,
For both your Goods, and not with Age; and yet
Stand doubtful to obey her? from me you had
Life, Nerves, and Faculties, to use these Weapons;
And dare you raise them against her, to whom
You owe the means of being what you are?

Otto. All Peace is meant to you.

Soph. Why is this War then?

As if your Arms could be advanc'd, and I
Not set upon the Rack? Your Blood is mine,
Your Danger's mine, your Goodness I should share in;
I must be branded with those impious Marks.

You

You stamp on your own Foreheads and on mine,
If you go on thus: For my good Name therefore,
Though all Respects of Honour in your selves
Be in your fury choakt, throw down your Swords;
Your Duty should be swifter than my Tongue;
And join your Hands while they be innocent;
You have Heat of Blood, and Youth apt to Ambition,
To plead an easie Pardon for what's past:
But all the Ills beyond this Hour committed,
From God or Men must hope for no Excuse.

Gisb. Can you hear this unmov'd?
No Syllable of this so pious Charm, but should have Power
To frustrate all the juggling Deceits,
With which the Devil blinds you.

Otto. I begin to melt, I know not how.

Rol. Mother, I'll leave you;
And, Sir, be thankful for the Time you live,
Till we meet next, (which shall be soon and sudden)
To her Perswasion for you.

Soph. O yet, stay,
And rather than part thus, vouchsafe me hearing,
As Enemies; how is my Soul divided?
My Love to both is equal, as my Wishes;
But are return'd by neither; my griev'd Heart,
Hold yet a little longer, and then break.
I kneel to both, and will speak so, but this
Takes from me th' Authority of a Mother's Power;
And therefore, like my self, *Otto*, to thee,
(And yet observe, Son, how thy Mother's Tears
Outstrip her forward Words, to make way for 'em)
Thou art the younger, *Otto*, yet be now
The first Example of Obedience to me,
And grow the elder in my Love.

Otto. The means to be so happy?

Soph. This; yield up thy Sword,
And let thy Piety give thy Mother Strength
To take that from thee, which no Enemies Force
Could e'er despoil thee of: Why do'st thou tremble,
And with a fearful Eye fixt on thy Brother,
Observ'st his ready Sword, as bent against thee?

I am thy Armour, and will be pierc'd through
 Ten thousand times, before I will give way
 To any Peril may arrive at thee;
 And therefore fear not.

Otto. 'Tis not for my self,
 But for you, Mother; you are now ingag'd
 In more that lies in your unquestion'd Virtue;
 For, since you have disarm'd me of Defence,
 Should I fall now, though by his Hand, the World
 May say it was your Practice.

Soph. All Worlds perish,
 Before my Piety turn Treason's Parent,
 Take it again, and stand upon your Guard,
 And while your Brother is, continue arm'd;
 And yet this fear is needless, for I know,
 My *Rollo*, though he dares as much as Man,
 So tender of his yet untainted Valour,
 So noble, that he dares do nothing basely.
 You doubt him; he fears you; I doubt and fear
 Both; for others Safety, and not mine own.
 Know yet, my Sons, when of Necessity
 You must deceive, or be deceiv'd; 'tis better
 To suffer Treason, than to act the Traytor;
 And in a War like this, in which the Glory
 Is his that's overcome; consider then
 What 'tis for which you strive: Is it the Dukedom?
 Or the Command of these so ready Subjects?
 Desire of Wealth? or whatsoever else
 Fires your Ambition? This still desp'rate Madnes,
 To kill the People which you would be Lords of?
 With Fire and Sword to lay that Country waste
 Whose Rule you seek for: To consume the Treasures,
 Which are the Sinews of your Government,
 In cherishing the Factions that destroy it:
 Far, far be this from you: Make it not question'd
 Whether you have Interest in that Dukedom,
 Whose Ruin both contend for.

Otto. I desire but to enjoy my own, which I will keep.

Rol. And rather than Posterity shall have cause
 To say I ruin'd all, divide the Dukedom,

I will accept the Moiety.

Otto. I embrace it.

Soph. Divide me first, or tear me Limb by Limb,
And let them find as many several Graves
As there are Villages in *Normandy*:
And 'tis less Sin, than thus to weaken it.
To hear it mention'd doth already make me
Envy my dead Lord, and almost blaspheme
Those Powers that heard my Prayer for Fruitfulness,
And did not with my first Birth close my Womb:
To me alone my second Blessing proves
My first of Misery, for if that Heav'n
Which gave me *Rollo*, there had staid his Bounty,
And *Otto*, my dear *Otto*, ne'er had been,
Or being, had not been so worth my Love,
The stream of my Affection had run constant
In one fair Current, all my Hopes had been
Laid up in one; and fruitful *Normandy*
In this Division had not lost her Glories:
For as 'tis now, 'tis a fair Diamond,
Which being preserv'd entire, exceeds all Value,
But cut in Pieces (though these Pieces are
Set in fine Gold by the best Workman's cunning)
Parts with all Estimation: So this Dukedom,
As 'tis yet whole, the neighbouring Kings may covet,
But cannot compass; which divided, will
Become the Spoil of every barbarous Foe
That will invade it.

Gisb. How this works in both!

Bal. Prince *Rollo*'s Eyes have lost their Fire.

Gis. And Anger, that but now wholly possessed
Good *Otto*, hath given Place to Pity. (begun.

Aub. End not thus, Madam, but perfect what's so well

Soph. I see in both, fair Signs of Reconcilement,
Make them sure Proofs they are so: The Fates offer
To your free choice, either to live Examples
Of Piety, or Wickedness: If the latter
Blinds so your Understanding, that you cannot
Pierce through her painted Out-side, and discover
That she is all Deformity within,

Boldly

Boldly transcend all Precedents of Mischief,
 And let the last, and the worst End of Tyrannies,
 The Murther of a Mother, but begin
 The Stain of Blood you after are to heighten :
 But if that Virtue, and her sure Rewards,
 Can win you to accept her for your Guide,
 To lead you up to Heav'n, and there fix you
 The fairest Stars in the bright Sphere of Honour ;
 Make me the Parent of an hundred Sons,
 All brought into the World with Joy, not Sorrow,
 And every one a Father to his Country,
 In being now made Mother of your Concord.

Rol. Such, and so good, loud Fame for ever speak you.

Bald. I, now they meet like Brothers.

[The Brothers cast away their Swords, and embrace.]

Gisb. My Heart's Joy flows thro' my Eyes.

Aubr. May never Woman's Tongue

Hereafter be accus'd, for this one's Goodness.

Otto. If we contend, from this Hour, it shall be
 How to o'ercome in Brotherly Affection.

Rol. *Otto* is *Rollo* now, and *Rollo*, *Otto*,
 Or as they have one Mind, rather one Name :
 From this Attonement let our Lives begin,
 Be all the rest forgotten.

Aubr. Spoke like *Rollo*.

Soph. And, to the Honour of this Reconcilement,
 We all this Night will, at a publick Feast,
 With choice Wines, drown our late Fears, and with
 Welcome our Comforts. (Musick)

Bald. Sure and certain ones. [Exeunt.]

[Manent Grandpree, Verdon, Trevile and Duprete.]

Grand. Did ever such a hopeful Business end thus?

Verd. 'Tis fatal to us all, and yet you, *Grandpree*,
 Have the least cause to fear.

Grand. Why, what's my Hope?

Verd. The Certainty that you have to be hang'd ;
 You know the Chancellor's Promise.

Grand. Plague upon you.

Verd. What think you of a Bath, and a Lord's Daughter
 To entertain you?

Grand.

Grand. Those Desires are off.

Frail Thoughts, all Friends, no *Rollians* now, nor *Otto's*.
The sev'ral Court'fies of our Swords and Servants
Defer to After-Consequence ; let's make use
Of this Night's Freedom, a short Parliament to us,
In which it will be lawful to walk freely ;
Nay, to our Drink we shall have Meat too, that's
No usual Business to the Men o'th' Sword.
Drink deep with me to Night, we shall to Morrow,
Or whip, or hang the merrier.

Trev. Lead the Way then.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Latorch and Rollo.

Lat. WHY should this trouble you ?

Rol. It does, and must do till I find Ease.

Lat. Consider then, and quickly ;

And, like a wise Man, take the Current with you,
Which once turn'd Head, will sink you ; blest Occasion
Offers her self in thousand Safeties to you ;
Time standing still to point you out your Purpose,
And Resolution (the true Child of Virtue)
Ready to execute : What dull cold Weakness
Has crept into your Bosom, whose meer Thoughts,
Like Tempests, ploughing up the sailing Forests,
Even with their Swing were wont to shake down Ha-
What is't, your Mother's Tears? (zards.

Rol. Prithee be patient.

Lat. Her Hands held up? her Prayers, or her Curses?
Oh Power of Paper, drop'd through by a Woman!
Take heed the Soldiers see it not ; 'tis miserable,
In *Rollo* below miserable ; take heed your Friends,
The Sinews of your Cause, the Strength you stir by,
Take heed, I say, they find it not : Take heed
Your own Repentance (like a Passing-bell)
Too late, and too loud, tell the World y'are perish'd:
What

What noble Spirit, eager of Advancement, (sharpness
Whose Employment is his Plough; what Sword whose
Waits but the Arm to wield it; or what hope,
After the World has blown abroad this weakness,
Will move again, or make a wish for *Rollo*?

Rol. Are we not Friends again by each Oath ratified,
Our Tongues the Heralds to our Hearts?

Lat. Poor Hearts then.

Rol. Our worthier Friends.

Lat. No Friends, Sir, to your Honour;
Friends to your Fall: Where is your Understanding,
The noble Vessel that your full Soul fail'd in,
Rib'd round with Honours; where is that? 'tis ruin'd,
The tempest of a Woman's sighs has sunk it.
Friendship, take heed, Sir, is a smiling Harlot,
That when she kisses, kills, a soder'd Friendship,
Piec'd out with Promises; O painted ruin!

Rol. *Latorch*, he is my Brother.

Lat. The more doubted;
For hatred hatch'd at home is a tame Tiger,
May fawn and sport, but never leaves his Nature;
The jars of Brothers, two such mighty ones,
Is like a small Stone thrown into a River,
The breach scarce heard, but view the beaten current,
And you shall see a thousand angry Rings
Rise in his Face, still swelling and still growing;
So jars circling distrusts, distrusts breed dangers,
And dangers Death, the greatest extreme shadow,
'Till nothing bound 'em but the shoar, their Graves;
There is no manly Wisdom, nor no Safety
In leaning to this League, this piec'd patcht Friendship;
This rear'd-up Reconcilement on a Billow,
Which as it tumbles, totters down your fortune;
Is't not your own you reach at, Law and Nature
Ushering the way before you? Is not he
Born and bequeath'd your Subject?

Rol. Ha.

Lat. What Fool would give a storm leave to disturb his
When he may shut the Casement? Can that Man (peace,
Has won so much upon your pity,

And

And drawn so high, that like an ominous Comet,
He darkens all your Light; can this couch'd Lyon
(Though now he licks and locks up his fell Paws,
Craftily humming, like a Cat to cozen you)
But when ambition whets him, and time fits him,
Leap to his Prey, and seiz'd once, suck your Heart out?
Do you make it Conscience?

Rol. Conscience, *Latorch*, what's that?

Lat. A fear they tye up Fools in, Nature's Coward,
Palling the Blood, and chilling the full Spirit
With apprehension of meer Clouds and Shadows.

Rol. I know no Conscience, nor I fear no Shadows.

Lat. Or if you did, if there were Conscience,
If the free Soul could suffer such a curb
To the fiery Mind, such puddles to put it out;
Must it needs, like a rank Vine, run up rudely,
And twine about the top of all our Happiness,
Honour and Rule, and there sit shaking of us?

Rol. It shall not, nor it must not; I am satisfied,
And once more am my self again:
My Mother's Tears and Womanish cold Prayers,
Farewel, I have forgot you; if there be Conscience,
Let it not come betwixt a Crown and me,
Which is my hope of Bliss, and I believe it:
Otto, our Friendship thus I blow to Air,
A bubble for a Boy to play withal;
And all the Vows my weakness made, like this,
Like this poor heartless Rush, I rend in pieces.

Lat. Now you go right, Sir, now your Eyes are open.

Rol. My Father's last Petition's dead as he is,
And all the Promises I clos'd his Eyes with,
In the same Grave I bury.

Lat. Now you're a Man, Sir.

Rol. *Otto*, thou shew'st my Winding-sheet before me,
Which e'er I put it on, like Heav'n's blest fire,
In my Descent I'll make it blush in Blood;
A Crown, a Crown, Oh sacred Rule, now fire me,
Nor shall the pity of thy Youth, false Brother,
Although a thousand Virgins kneel before me,
And every dropping Eye a Court of Mercy,

The

The same Blood with me, nor the Reverence
 Due to my Mother's blest Womb that bred us,
 Redeem thee from my Doubts: Thou art a Wolf here,
 Fed with my Fears, and I must cut thee from me:
 A Crown, a Crown; Oh sacred Rule, now fire me:
 No Safety else.

Lat. But be not too much stirr'd, Sir, nor too high
 In your Execution: Swallowing Waters
 Run deep and silent, till they are satisfied,
 And smile in thousand Curls, to gild their Craft;
 Let your Sword sleep, and let my two-edg'd Wit work;
 This happy Feast, the full Joy of your Friendships,
 Shall be his last.

Rol. How, my *Latorch*?

Lat. Why thus, Sir;
 I'll presently go dive into the Officers
 That minister at Table: Gold and Goodness,
 With Promise upon Promise, and Time necessary,
 I'll pour into them.

Rol. Canst thou do it neatly?

Lat. Let me alone, and such a Bait it shall be,
 Shall take off all Suspicion.

Rol. Go and prosper.

Lat. Walk in then, and your smoothest Face put on, Sir.
 [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

*Enter the Master Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the
 Cellar, with a Jack of Beer and a Dish.*

Cook. A hot Day, a hot Day, Vengeance hot Day Boys,
 Give me some Drink, this Fire's a plaguy Fretter:
 Body of me, I'm dry still; give me the Jack, Boy;
 This wooden Skiff holds nothing.

Pant. And 'faith Master, what brave new Meats; for
 Here will be old Eating.

Cook. Old and young, Boy, let 'em all eat, I have it;
 I have Ballast for their Bellies, if they eat a God's Name,
 Let them have ten Tire of Teeth a piece, I care not.

But. But what new rare Munition?

Cook. Pish, a thousand;

I'll

I'll make you Piggs speak *French* at Table, and a fat Swain
Come sailing out of *England* with a Challenge;
I'll make you a dish of Calves-feet dance the Canaries,
And a Consort of cram'd Capons fiddle to 'em;
A Calves Head speak an Oracle, and a dozen of Larks
Rise from the Dish, and sing all Supper time;
'Tis nothing Boys: I have framed a Fortification
Out of Rye paste, which is Impregnable,
And against that, for two long Hours together,
Two dozen of Marrow-bones shall play continually:
For Fish, I'll make you a standing lake of white Broth,
And Pikes come ploughing up the Plums before them;
Arion, like a Dolphin, playing *Lachrymæ*,
And brave King Herring with his Oil and Onion
Crown'd with a Lemon Pill, his way prepar'd
With his strong Guard of Pilchers.

Pant. Ay marry Master.

Cook. All these are nothing: I'll make you a stubble Goose
Turn o'th' Toe thrice, do a cross Point presently,
And sit down again, and cry Come eat me:
These are for Mirth. Now Sir, for matter of Mourning,
I'll bring you in the Lady Loin of Veal,
With the long love she bore the Prince of Orenge.

All. Thou Boy, thou.

Cook. I have a trick for thee too,
And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.

Yeo. What's that, good Master?

Cook. 'Tis a Sacrifice.

A full Vine bending, like an Arch, and under
The blown God *Bacchus*, sitting on a Hog'shead,
His Altar Beer: before that, a plump Vintner
Kneeling, and offering Incense to his Deity,
Which shall be only this, red Sprats and Pilchers. (on.

But. This when the Table's drawn, to draw the Wine

Cook. Thou hast it right, and then comes thy Song, But-

Pant. This will be admirable. (ler.

Yeo. Oh Sir, most admirable.

Cook. If you'll have the Pasty speak, 'tis in my power;
I have Fire enough to work it; come, stand close;

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And now rehearse the Song, we may be perfect,
The drinking Song, and say I were the Brothers.

The drinking S O N G.

D*rink to day and drown all Sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to morrow.
Best while you have it use your Breath,
There is no drinking after Death.*

*Wine works the Heart up, makes the Wit,
There is no Cure 'gainst Age but it.
It helps the Head-ach, Cough and Pitsick,
And is for all Diseases Physick.*

*Then let us swill, Boys, for our Health,
Who drinks well, loves the Commonwealth.
And he that will to Bed go sober,
Falls with the Leaf still in October.*

Well have you born your selves ; a red Deer Pye, Boys,
And that no lean one, I bequeath your Virtues ;
What Friends hast thou to day ? no Citizens ?

Pant. Yes Father, the old Crew.

Cook. By the Mass true Wenches :

Sirrah, fet by a Chine of Beef, and a hot Pasty,
And let the Joll of Sturgeon be corrected :
And do you mark, Sir, stalk me to a Pheasant,
And see if you can shoot her in the Cellar.

Pant. God a mercy, Lad, send me thy roaring Bottles,
And with such Nectar I will see 'em fill'd,
That all thou speak'st shall be pure Helicon.

Enter Latorch.

Monfieur Latorch ? What News with him ? Save you.

Lat. Save you, Master, save you, Gentlemen,
You are casting for this Preparation ;
This joyful Supper for the Royal Brothers :
I'm glad I have met you fitly, for to your Charge,
My bountiful brave Butler, I must deliver
A Bevie of young Lasses, that must look on
This Night's Solemnity, and see the two Dukes,
Or I shall lose my Credit ; you have Stowage ?

Bnt.

But. For such freight I'll find room, and be your Servant.

Cook. Bring them, they shall not starve here, I'll send
(*'em Victuals*

Shall work you a good turn, though't be ten days hence,

Lat. God a mercy noble Master. (*Sir.*

Cook. Nay, I'll do't. (*Ducks.*

Yeo. And Wine they shall not want, let 'em drink like

Lat. What Misery it is that Minds so royal,
And such most honest Bounties, as yours are,
Should be confin'd thus to Uncertainties?

But. Ay, were the State once settled, then we had Places:

Yeo. Then we could shew our selves, and help our Friends,

Coo. I, then there were some Savour in't, where now (*Sir.*
We live between two Stools, every Hour ready
To tumble on our Noses; and for ought we know yet,
For all this Supper, ready to fast the next Day.

Lat. I would fain speak unto you out of Pity,
Out of the Love I bear you, out of Honesty,
For your own Goods; nay, for the general Blessing.

Cook. And we would as fain hear you, pray go forward.

Lat. Dare you but think to make your selves up Certain-
Your Places and your Credits ten times doubled, (*ties,*
The Princes Favour, *Rollo's*?

But. A sweet Gentleman.

Yeo. Ay, and as bounteous, if he had his Right too.

Cook. By the Mass a Royal Gentleman indeed, Boys,
He'd make the Chimnies smoak.

Lat. He wou'd do't, Friends,
And you too, if he had his Right, true Courtiers;
What could you want then? dare you?

Cook. Pray you be short, Sir.

Lat. And this my Soul upon't, I dare assure you,
If you but dare your Parts.

Cook. Dare not me, Monsieur,
For I that fear not Fire nor Water, Sir,
Dare do enough, a Man would think.

Yeo. Believe't, Sir;
But make this good upon us you have promis'd,
You shall not find us Flinchers.

Lat. Then I'll be sudden. (drive us?)

Pant. What may this mean? And whither would he

Lat. And first, for what you must do, because all Danger
Shall be apparently ty'd up and muzzl'd,
The Matter seeming mighty: There's your Pardons.

Pant. Pardons? Is't come that? Gods defend us. (nest,

Lat. And here's five hundred Crowns in bounteous Ear-
And now behold the matter.

[*Latorch gives each a Paper.*

But. What are these, Sir?

Teo. And of what Nature? To what Use?

Lat. Imagine.

Cook. Will they kill Rats? they eat my Pyes abominably,
Or work upon a Woman cold as Christmas?
I have an old Jade sticks upon my fingers,
May I taste them?

Lat. Is your Will made?

And have you said your Prayers? for they'll pay you:
And now to come up to you, for your Knowledge,
And for the good you never shall repent you,
If you be wise Men now.

Cook. Wise as you will, Sir.

Lat. These must be put then into the several Meats
Young *Otto* loves, by you into his Wine, Sir,
Into his Bread by you, by you into his Linnen.
Now if you desire, you have found the means
To make you, and if you dare not, you have
Found your Ruin; resolve me e'er you go.

But. You'll keep your Faith with us?

Lat. May I no more see light else.

Cook. Why 'tis done then.

But. 'Tis done.

Pant. 'Tis done which shall be undone.

Lat. About it then, farewell, y'are all of one Mind?

Cook. All.

All. A'l, all.

Lat. Why then, all happy.

[*Exit.*

But. What did we promise him?

Teo. Do you ask that now?

But. I would be glad to know what 'tis.

Pan.

Pan. I'll tell you,
It is to be all Villains, Knaves and Traitors.

Cook. Fine wholesome Titles.

Pan. But if you dare, go forward.

Cook. We may be hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd.

Pan. Very true, Sir.

Cook. What a goodly Swing I shall give the Gallows?
yet I think too, this may be done, and yet we may be re-
warded, not with a Rope, but with a royal Master: and
yet we may be hang'd too.

Yeo. Say it were done; who is it done for? is it not
And for his Right? (for *Rollo*?

Cook. And yet we may be hang'd too.

But. Or say he take it, say we be discovered?
Is not the same Man bound still to protect us?
Are we not his?

But. Sure, he will never fail us.

Cook. If he do, Friends, we shall find that will hold us.
And yet methinks, this Prologue to our Purpose,
These Crowns should promise more: 'tis easily done,
As easie as a Man would roast an Egg,
If that be all; for look you, Gentlemen,
Here stand my Broths, my Finger slips a little,
Down drops a Dose, I stir him with my Ladle,
And there's a Dish for a Duke: *Olla Podrida*.
Here stands a bak'd Meat, he wants a little seasoning,
A foolish Mistake; my Spice-Box, Gentlemen,
And put in some of this, the Matter's ended;
Dredge you a Dish of Plovers, there's the Art on't.

Yeo. Or as I fill my Wine.

Cook. 'Tis very true, Sir,
Blessing it with your Hand, thus quick and neatly first,
And done once, 'tis as easie ('tis past
For him to thank us for it, and reward us.

Pan. But 'tis a damn'd Sin.

Cook. O, never fear that.
The Fire's my Play-fellow, and now I am resolv'd, Boys.

But. Why then, have with you.

Yeo. The same for me.

Pan. For me too.

Co. And now no more our Worships, but our Lordships.

Pan. Not this Year, on my Knowledge, I'll unlord you.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Servant and Sewer.

Ser. Perfume the Room round, and prepare the Table, Gentlemen Officers, wait in your Places.

Sew. Make room there,
Room for the Duke's Meat. Gentlemen, be bare there,
Clear all the Entrance: Guard, put by those Gapers,
And Gentlemen-Ushers, see the Gallery clear,
The Dukes are coming on.

Hoboyes, a Banquet.

Enter Sophia, between Rollo and Otto, Aubry, Latorch, Gispert, Baldwin, Attendants, Hamond, Matilda, and Edith.

Ser. 'Tis certainly inform'd.

Otto. Reward the Fellow, and lock you mainly to it.

Ser. My Life for yours, Sir.

Soph. Now am I straight, my Lords, and young again,
My long since blasted Hopes shoot out in Blossoms,
The Fruits of everlasting Love appearing;
Oh! my blest Boys, the Honour of my Years,
Of all my Cares, the bounteous fair Rewarders.
Oh! let me thus imbrace you, thus for ever
Within a Mother's Love lock up your Friendships:
And my sweet Sons, once more with mutual Twinings,
As one chaste Bed begot you, make one Body:
Blessings from Heav'n in thousand Show'rs fall on you.

Aubr. Oh! Woman's Goodness never to be equall'd,
May the most sinful Creatures of thy Sex
But kneeling at thy Monument, rise Saints.

Soph. Sit down my worthy Sons; my Lords, your places.
Ay, now methinks the Table's nobly furnisht;
Now the Meat nourishes; the Wine gives Spirit;
And all the Room stuck with a general Pleasure,
Shews like the peaceful Boughs of Happiness.

Aubr. Long may it last, and from a Heart fill'd with it,
Full

Full as my cup ; I give it round, my Lords.

Bald. And may that stubborn heart be drunk with sorrow
Refuses it ; Mendying now should take it,
And by the vertue of this Ceremony
Shake off their Miseries, and sleep in Peace.

Rol. You are sad, my noble Brother.

Otto. No, indeed, Sir.

Soph. No sadness, my Son, this Day.

Rol. Pray you Eat,
Something is here you have lov'd ; taste of this Dish,
It will prepare your Stomach.

Otto. Thank you Brother : I am not now dispos'd to Eat.

Rol. Or that,
You put us out of heart Man, come, these bak'd Meats
Were ever your best Diet.

Otto. None, I thank you.

Soph. Are you well, noble Child ?

Otto. Yes, gracious Mother.

Rol. Give him a cup of Wine, then, pledge the Health,
Drink it to me, I'll give it to my Mother.

Soph. Do, my best Child.

Otto. I must not, my best Mother,
Indeed I dare not ; for of late, my Body
Has been much weakned by excess of Diet ;
The promise of a Feaver hanging on me,
And even now ready, if not by Abstinence——

Rol. And will you keep it in this general freedom ;
A little Health preferr'd before our Friendship ?

Otto. I pray you excuse me, Sir.

Rol. Excuse your self, Sir,
Come 'tis your fear, and not your favour, Brother,
And you have done me a most worthy kindness
My Royal Mother, and you Noble Lords ;
Hear, for it now concerns me to speak boldly ;
What Faith can be expected from his Vows,
From his dissembling Smiles, what fruit of Friendship
From all his dull Embraces, what blest Issue,
When he shall brand me here for base Suspicion ?
He takes me for a Poisoner.

Soph. Gods defend it, Son.

Otto. I could say something too.

Soph. You must not so, Sir,
Without your great forgetfulness of Virtue;
This is your Brother, and your honour'd Brother.

Rol. If he please so.

Soph. One noble Father, with as noble Thoughts,
Begot your Minds and Bodies; one care rockt you,
And one Truth to you both was ever Sacred;
Now fye my *Otto*, whither flies your Goodness?
Because the right Hand has the power of cutting,
Shall the left presently cry out 'tis mine?
They are one my Child, one Power, and one Performance,
And join'd together thus, one Love, one Body.

Aubr. I do beseech your Grace, take to your Thoughts
More certain Counsellors than Doubts or Fears,
They strangle Nature, and disperse themselves
(If once believ'd) into such Foggs and Errors
That the bright Truth her self can never sever:
Your Brother is a royal Gentleman
Full of himself, Honour, and Honesty,
And take heed Sir, how Nature bent to Goodness,
(So streight a Cedar to himself) uprightness
Be wrested from his true use, prove not dangerous.

Rol. Nay my good Brother knows I am too patient.

Lat. Why should your Grace think him a Poisoner?
Has he no more respect to Piety?
And but he has by Oath ty'd up his Fury,
Who durst but think that Thought?

Aubr. Away thou Firebrand.

Lat. If Men of his Sort, of his Power, and Place,
The eldest Son in honour to his Dukedom. (Tongue,

Bald. For shame contain thy Tongue, thy poisonous
That with her burning Venome will infect all,
And once more blow a Wild-fire through the Dukedom.

Gisb Latorch, if thou be'st Honest, or a Man,
Contain thy self.

Aubr. Go to, no more, by Heav'n
You'll find you've plaid the Fool else, not a word more.

Soph. Prethee sweet Son.

Rol. Let him alone sweet Mother, and my Lords-

To

To make you understand how much I honour
This sacred Peace, and next my Innocence,
And to avoid all further difference
Discourse may draw on to a way of danger,
I quit my place, and take my leave for this Night,
Wishing a general joy may dwell among you.

Aubr. Shall we wait on your Grace?

Rol. I dare not break you. *Latorch.* [*Ex. Rol. and Lat.*

Otto. Oh Mother, that your tenderness had Eyes,
Discerning Eyes, what would this Man appear then?
The tale of *Synon* when he took upon him
To ruin *Troy*; with what a cloud of cunning
He hid his Heart, nothing appearing outwards,
But came like Innocence, and dropping Pity,
Sighs that would sink a Navy, and had Tales
Able to take the Ears of Saints, belief too,
And what did all these? Blew the fire to *Ilium*.
His crafty Art (but more refin'd by Study)
My Brother has put on: Oh I could tell you,
But for the reverence I bear to Nature,
Things that would make your honest Blood run backward.

Soph. You dare tell me?

Otto. Yes, in your private Closet,
Where I will presently attend you; rise,
I am a little troubled, but 'twill off.

Soph. Is this the joy I look'd for?

Otto. All will mend,
Be not disturb'd dear Mother, I'll not fail you.

[*Ex. Soph. and Otto.*

Bald. I do not like this.

Aubr. That is still in our Powers,
But how to make it so that we may like it.

Bald. Beyond us ever; *Latorch* methought was busie,
That Fellow, if not lookt to narrowly, will do a sudden

Aubr. Hell look to him, (mischief.
For if there may be a Devil above all, yet
That Rogue will make him; keep you up this Night,
And so will I, for much I fear a danger.

Bald. I will, and in my Watches use my Prayers.

[*Exeunt.*
A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sophia, Otto, Matilda, and Edith.

Otto. **Y**OU wonder, Madam, that for all the Shews
My Brother *Rollo* makes of hearty Love,
And free Possession of the Dukedom 'twixt us,
I notwithstanding should stand still suspicious,
As if, beneath those Veils, he did convey
Intent and Practices of Hate and Treason?

Soph. It breeds indeed my Wonder.

Otto. Which makes mine,
Since it is so safe and broad a beaten Way,
Beneath the Name of Friendship to betray.

Soph. Though in remote and further-off Affections,
These Falshoods are so common, yet in him
They cannot so force Nature.

Otto. The more near
The Bands of Truth bind, the more oft they sever,
Being better Cloaks to cover Falshood over.

Soph. It cannot be, that Fruits, the Tree so blasting,
Can grow in Nature: Take heed, gentle Son,
Lest some stubborn'd Suggester of these Treasons,
Believ'd in him by you, provok'd the rather
His tender Envies, to such foul Attempts;
Or that your too much Love to rule alone
Breed not in him this jealous Passion;
There is not any Ill we might not bear,
Were not our Good held at a Price too dear.

Otto. So apt is Treachery to be excus'd,
That Innocence is still aloud abus'd;
The Fate of Virtue even her Friends perverts,
To plead for Vice oft-times against their Hearts,
Heav'n's Blessing is her Curse, which she must bear,
That she may never love.

Soph. Alas, my Son, nor Fate, nor Heav'n it self,
Can or would wrest my whole Care of your Good
To any least Secureness in your Ill:
What I urge issues from my curious Fear;

Left

Left you should make your Means to 'scape your Snare.
Doubt of Sincereness is the only Mean
Not to incense it, but corrupt it clean.

Otto. I rest as far from wrong of Sincereness,
As he flies from the Practice; trust me, Madam,
I know by their Confessions, he suborn'd,
What I should eat, drink, touch, or only have scented,
This Evening-Feast was poison'd, but I fear
This open Violence more, that treacherous Odds,
Which he, in his insatiate Thirst of Rule,
Is like to execute.

Soph. Believe it, Son,
If still his Stomach be so foul to feed
On such gross Objects, and that Thirst to rule
The State alone, be yet unquench'd in him,
Poisons and such close Treasons ask more time,
Than can suffice his fiery Spirit's Haste:
And, were there in him such Desire to hide
So false a Practice, there would likewise rest
Conscience and Fear in him of open Force,
And therefore close nor open you need fear.

Mat. Good Madam, stand not so inclin'd to trust
What proves his tenderest Thoughts to doubt it just,
Who knows not the unbounded Flood and Sea,
In which my Brother *Rollo's* Appetites
Alter and Rage with every Puff and Breath?
His swelling Blood exhales, and therefore hear,
What gives my temperate Brother Cause to use
His readiest Circumspection, and consult
For Remedy against all his wicked Purposes;
If he arm, arm; if he strew Mines of Treason,
Meet him with Countermines; it is Justice still
(For Goodness sake) t'encounter Ill with Ill.

Soph. Avert from us such Justice, equal Heav'n,
And all such Cause of Justice.

Otto. Past all Doubt
(For all the sacred Privilege of Night)
This is no time for us to sleep or rest in;
Who knows not all things holy are prevented
With Ends of all Impiety, all but
Lust, Gain, Ambition.

Enter

Enter Rollo armed, and Latorch.

Rol. Perish all the World
E'er I but lose one Foot of possible Empire,
Be flights and colours us'd by Slaves and Wretches,
I am exempt by Birth from both these curbs,
And since above them in all Justice, since
I sit above in Power, where Power is giv'n,
Is all the right suppos'd of Earth and Heav'n.

Lat. Prove both, Sir, see the Traitor.

Otto. He comes arm'd, see Mother, now your confidence.

Soph. What rage affects this Monster?

Rol. Give me way, or perish.

Soph. Make thy way, Viper, if thou thus affect it.

Otto. This is a Treason like thee.

Rol. Let her go.

Soph. Embrace me, wear me as thy shield, my Son;
And through my Breast let his rude Weapon run,
To thy life's innocence.

Otto. Play not two Parts,
Traicher and Coward both; but yield a Sword,
And let thy arming thee be odds enough
Against my naked Bosom.

Rol. Loose his hold.

Mat. Forbear, base Murtherer.

Rol. Forsake our Mother.

(thus?)

Soph. Mother, dost thou name me, and put't off Nature

Rol. Forsake her Traitor,
Or by the spouse of Nature, through hers
This leads unto thy Heart.

Otto. Hold.

Soph. Hold me still.

Otto. For twenty Hearts and Lives I will not hazard
One drop of Blood in yours.

Soph. Oh thou art lost then.

Otto. Protect my Innocence, Heav'n.

Soph. Call out Murther.

Mat. Be murdered all, but save him.

Ed. Murther, murther.

Rol. Cannot I reach you yet?

Otto. No, Fiend.

Rol.

Rol. *Latorch*, rescue, I'm down.

Lat. Up then, your Sword cools, Sir.
Ply it i'th' flame, and work your ends out.

Rol. Ha, have at you, there, Sir.

Enter Aubrey.

Aubr. Author of Prodigies, what fights are these?

Otto. Oh give me a Weapon, *Aubrey*.

Soph. Oh part 'em, part 'em.

Aubr. For Heav'n's sake no more.

Otto. No more resist his fury, no rage can
Add to his mischief done.

[*Dies.*

Soph. Take Spirit my *Otto*,

Heav'n will not see thee dye thus. (goodness.

Mat. He is dead, and nothing lives but Death of every

Soph. Oh he hath slain his Brother, curse him Heav'n.

Rol. Curse and be cursed, it is the fruit of cursing.

Latorch, take off here, bring too, of that Blood

To colour o'er my Shirt, then raise the Court

And give it out how he attempted us

In our Bed naked: Shall the Name of Brother

Forbid us to inlarge our State and Powers?

Or place affects of Blood above our Reason?

That tells us all things good against another,

Are good in the same line against a Brother.

[*Exit.*

Enter Gisbert, and Baldwin.

Gisb. What affairs inform these out-cries?

Aubr. See and grieve.

Gisb. Prince *Otto* slain!

Bald. Oh execrable slaughter!

What Hand hath Author'd it?

Aubr. Your Scholar's, *Baldwin*.

Bald. Unjustly urg'd, Lord *Aubrey*, as if I,
For being his Schoolmaster, must own this Doctrine:
You are his Counsellors, did you advise him
To this foul Parricide?

Gisb. If Rule affect this Licence, who would live
To worse, than dye in force of his Obedience?

Bald. Heav'n's cold and lingring Spirit to punish sin,
And human Blood so fiery to commit it,
One so outgoes the other, it will never

Be

Be turn'd to fit Obedience.

Aubr. Burst it then

With his full Swing given, where it brooks no Bound,
Complaints of it are vain ; and all that rests
To be our Refuge (since our Powers are strengthless)
Is to conform our Wills to suffer freely,
What with our Murmurs we can never master ;
Ladies, be pleased with what Heav'n's Pleasure suffers,
Erect your Princely Countenances and Spirits,
And to redress the Mischiefs now resistless,
Sooth it in shew, rather than curse or cross it ;
Which all amends, and vow to it your best,
But till you may perform it, let it rest.

Gisb. Those Temporizings are too dull and servile,
To breath the free Air of a Manly Soul,
Which shall in me expire in Execrations,
Before for any Life I sooth a Murtherer.

Bald. Pour Lives before him, till his own be dry
Of all Life's Services and human Comforts ;
None left that looks at Heav'n is half so base
To do those black and hellish Actions Grace.

Enter Rollo, Latorch, Hamond and Guard.

Rol. Haste *Latorch*,

And raise the City as the Court is rais'd,
Proclaiming the abhorr'd Conspiracy
In Plot against my Life.

Lat. I haste, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

Rol. You there that mourn upon the justly Slain,
Arise and leave it, if you love your Lives,
And hear from me what (kept by you) may save you.

Mat. What will the Butcher do ? I will not stir.

Rol. Stir, and unforc'd stir, or stir never more :
Command her, you grave Beldam, that know better
My deadly Resolutions, since I drew them
From the infective Fountain of your own,
Or, if you have forgot, this fiery Prompter
Shall fix the fresh Impression on your Heart.

Soph. Rise Daughter, serve his Will in what we may,
Lest what we may not be inforce the rather.
Is this all you command us ?

Rol.

Rol. This Addition only admitted, that when I endea-
To quit me of this Slaughter, you presume not (your
To cross me with a Syllable, for your Souls ;
Murmur, nor think against it, but weigh well,
It will not help your ill, but help to more,
And that my Hand wrought thus far to my Will,
Will check at nothing till his Circle fill.

Mat. Fill it, so I consent not, but who sooths it
Consents, and who consents to Tyranny, does it.

Rol. False Traiteurs, die then with him. (your self

Aubr. Are you mad, to offer at more Blood, and make
More horrid to your People ? I'll proclaim,
It is not as your Instrument will publish.

Rol. Do, and take that along with you—— so nimble !
Resign my Sword, and dare not for thy Soul
To offer what thou insolently threatnest ;
One Word, proclaiming cross to what *Latorch*
Hath in Commission, and intends to publish. (Good,

Aubr. Well, Sir, not for your Threats, but for your
Since more Hurt to you would more hurt your Country,
And that you must make Virtue of the Need
That now compels you, I'll consent as far
As Silence argues, to your Will proclaim'd :
And since no more Sons of your Princely Father
Survive to rule but you, and that I wish
You should rule like your Father, with the Love
And Zeal of all your Subjects ; this foul Slaughter
That now you have committed, made ashamed
With that fair Blessing, that, in place of Plagues,
Heav'n tries our mending Disposition with :
Take here your Sword, which now use like a Prince,
And no more like a Tyrant.

Rol. This sounds well, live, and be gracious with us.

Gisb. and Bald. Oh, Lord *Aubrey*.

Mat. He flatter thus ?

Soph. He temporizes fitly.

Rol. Wonder invades me ; do you two think much,
That he thus wisely, and with Need consents
To what I author for your Country's Good ?
You being my Tutor, you my Chancellor.

Gisb.

Gisb. Your Chancellor is not your Flatterer, Sir.

Bald. Nor is it your Tutor's part to shield such Do-

Rol. Sir, first know you, (ctrine.

In Praise of your pure Oratory that rais'd you,
That when the People, who I know by this
Are rais'd out of their Rests, and hast'ning hither
To witness what is done here, are arrived
With our *Latorch*, that you, *ex tempore*,
Shall fashion an Oration to acquit
And justify this forced Fact of mine;
Or for the proud Refusal lose your Head.

Gisb. I fashion an Oration to acquit you?
Sir, know you then, that 'tis a thing less easie
To excuse a Paricide than to commit it.

Rol. I do not wish you, Sir, to excuse me,
But to accuse my Brother, as the Cause
Of his own Slaughter, by attempting mine.

Gisb. Not for the World, I should pour Blood on Blood;
It were another Murther to accuse
Him that fell innocent. (cution.

Rol. Away with him, hence, hail him straight to Exe-

Aubr. Far fly such Rigour, your amendful Hand.

Rol. He perishes with him that speaks for him;
Guard, do your Office on him, on your Lives Pain.

Gisb. Tyrant, 'twill haste thy own Death.

Roll. Let it wing it,
He threatens me; Villains, tear him Piece-meal hence.

Guard. Avant Sir.

Ham. Force him hence.

Rol. Dispatch him, Captain,
And bring me instant Word he is dispatched,
And how his Rhetorick takes it.

Ham. I'll not fail, Sir.

Rol. Captain, besides remember this in chief;
That being executed, you deny
To all his Friends the Rites of Funeral,
And cast his Carcass out to Dogs and Fowls.

Ham. 'Tis done, my Lord.

Rol. Upon your Life not fail.

Bald. What impious daring is there here of Heav'n!

Rol.

Rol. Sir, now prepare your self, against the People
Make here their Entry, to discharge the Oration
He hath denied my Will.

Bald. For Fear of Death? ha, ha, ha.

Rol. Is Death ridiculous with you?
Works Misery of Age this, or thy Judgment?

Bald. Judgment, false Tyrant.

Rol. You'll make no Oration then? (wilt,

Bald. Not to excuse, but aggravate thy Murder if thou
Which I will so enforce, I'll make thee wreak it
(With hate of what thou win'st by't) on thy self,
With such another justly merited Murther.

Rol. I'll answer you anon.

Enter Latorch.

Lat. The Citizens are hasting, Sir, in heaps, all full re-
By my Perswasion, of your Brother's Treasons. (solv'd,

Rol. Honest *Latorch.*

Enter Hamond.

Ham. See, Sir, here's *Gisbert's* Head.

Rol. Good speed; was't with a Sword?

Ham. An Axe, Sir.

Rol. An Axe? 'twas vilely done, I would have had
My own fine Headsman done it with a Sword;
Go, take this Dotard here, and take his Head
Off with a Sword.

Ham. Your Schoolmaster?

Rol. Even he.

Bald. For teaching thee no better; 'tis the best
Of all thy damned Justices; away,
Captain, I'll follow. (Blood and Fury,

Ed. Oh stay there, Duke, and in the midst of all thy
Hear a poor Maid's Petitions, hear a Daughter,
The only Daughter of a wretched Father;
Oh stay your haste, as you shall need this Mercy.

Rol. Away with this fond Woman.

Ed. You must hear me,
If there be any Spark of Pity in you,
If sweet Humanity and Mercy rule you;
I do confess you are a Prince, your Anger
As great as you, your Execution greater.

VOL. III.

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Rol.

Rol. Away with him.

Ed. Oh Captain, by thy Manhood,
By her soft Soul that bare thee, I do confess, Sir,
Your Deom of Justice on your Foes most righteous ;
Good noble Prince look on me.

Rol. Take her from me.

Ed. A Curse upon his Life that hinders me ;
May Father's Blessing never fall upon him,
May Heav'n never hear his Prayers : I beseech you,
Oh Sir, these few Tears beseech you ; these chaste Hands
That never yet were heav'd, but to things holy, (woo you,
Things like your self, you are a God above us ;
Be as a God then, full of saving Mercy,
Mercy, Oh Mercy, for his sake Mercy ;
That when your stout Heart weeps, shall give you Pity ;
Here I must grow.

Rol. By Heav'n, I'll strike thee, Woman.

Ed. Most willingly, let all thy Anger seek me,
All the most studied Torments, so this good Man,
This old Man, and this Innocent escape thee.

Rol. Carry him away, I say.

Ed. Now Blessing on thee, Oh sweet Pity,
I see it in thy Eyes, I charge you Soldiers,
Even by the Prince's Power, release my Father,
The Prince is merciful, why do you hold him ?
He is old, why do you hurt him ? speak, Oh speak, Sir ;
Speak as you are a Man ; a Man's Life hangs, Sir,
A Friend's Life, and a softer Life, upon you :
'Tis but a Word, but Mercy quickly spoke, Sir ;
Oh speak, Prince, speak.

Rol. Will no Man here obey me ?
Have I no Rule yet ? as I live he dies
That does not execute my Will, and suddenly.

Bald. All that thou canst do takes but one short Hour

Rol. Hew off her Hands. (from me.

Ham. Lady, hold off.

Ed. Nay, hew 'em.

Hew off my innocent Hands, as he commands you.

[*Exeunt Guard, and Count Baldwin.*

They'll hang the faster on for Death's Convulsion.

Thou

Thou Seed of Rocks, will nothing move thee then?
Are all my Tears lost? all my righteous Prayers
Drown'd in thy drunken Wrath? I stand thus then,
Thus boldly, bloody Tyrant,
And to thy Face in Heav'n's high Name defy thee;
And may sweet Mercy, when thy Soul sighs for it,
When under thy black Mischiefs thy Flesh trembles,
When neither Strength, nor Youth, nor Friends, nor Gold
Can stay one Hour, when thy most wretched Conscience
Wak'd from her Dream of Death, like Fire shall melt thee,
When all thy Mother's Tears, thy Brother's Wounds,
Thy People's Fears and Curses, and my Loss,
My aged Father's Loss shall stand before thee —

Rol. Save him I say, run, save him, save her Father,
Fly, and redeem his Head. *[Exit Latorch.]*

Ed. May then that Pity,
That Comfort thou expect'st from Heav'n, that Mercy
Be lockt up from thee, fly thee, Howling find thee,
Despair, Oh my sweet Father, Storms of Terrors,
Blood till thou burst again.

Rol. Oh fair sweet Anger.

Enter Latorch and Hamond with a Head.

Lat. I am too late, Sir, 'twas dispatch'd before,
And his Head is here.

Rol. And my Heart there; go bury him,
Give him fair Rites of Funeral, decent Honours.

Ed. Wilt thou not take me, Monster? highest Heav'n
Give him a Punishment fit for his Mischief.

Lat. I fear thy Prayer is heard, and he rewarded:
Lady, have Patience, 'twas unhappy Speed;
Blame not the Duke, 'twas not his Fault, but Fate's;
He sent, you know, to stay it, and commanded,
In care of you, the heavy Object hence
Soon as it came: Have better Thoughts of him.

Enter Citizens.

1 Cit. Where's this young Traitor?

Lat. Noble Citizens, here,
And here the Wounds he gave your Sovereign Lord.

1 Cit. This Prince of Force must be
Belov'd of Heav'n, whom Heav'n hath thus preserv'd.

2 *Cit.* And if he be belov'd of Heav'n, you know,
He must be just, and all his Actions so.

Rol. Concluded like an Oracle. Oh how great
A Grace of Heav'n is a wise Citizen!
For Heav'n 'tis makes 'em wise, as't makes me just,
As it preserves me, as I now survive
By his strong Hand to keep you all alive:
Your Wives, your Children, Goods and Lands kept yours,
That had been else Preys to his Tyrannous Power,
That would have prey'd on me, in Bed assaulted me
In sacred Time of Peace; my Mother here,
My Sister, this just Lord, and all had felt
The certain Gulf of this Conspiracy,
Of which my Tutor and my Chancellor,
(Two of the gravest, and most counted honest
In all my Dukedom) were the monstrous Heads;
Oh trust no honest Men for their sakes ever,
My politick Citizens, but those that breathe
The Names of Cut-throats, Usurers and Tyrants,
Oh those believe in, for the foul-mouth'd World
Can give no better Terms to simple Goodness:
Even me it dares blaspheme, and thinks me tyrannous
For saving my own Life sought by my Brother;
Yet those that sought his Life before by Poison
(Though mine own Servants, hoping to please me)
I'll lead to Death for't, which your Eyes shall see.

1 *Cit.* Why, what a Prince is here!

2 *Cit.* How just!

3 *Cit.* How gentle!

Rol. Well, now my dearest Subjects, or much rather
My Nerves, my Spirits, or my vital Blood;
Turn to your needful Rests, and settled Peace,
Fix'd in this Root of Steel, from whence it sprung
In Heav'n's great Help and Blessing: But e'er Sleep
Bind in his sweet Oblivion your dull Senses,
The Name and Virtue of Heav'n's King advance
For yours, in chief, for my Deliverance.

Cit. Heav'n and his King save our most pious Sovereign.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Rol.

Rol. Thanks my good People. Mother, and kind Sister,
And you my noble Kinsmen, things born thus
Shall make ye all command whatever I
Enjoy in this my absolute Empire.

Take in the Body of my Princely Brother,
For whose Death, since his Fate no other way
Would give my eldest Birth his supream Right,
We'll mourn the cruel influence it bears,
And wash his Sepulchre with kindly Tears.

Aubr. If this Game end thus, Heav'ns will rule the set.
What we have yielded to, we could not let.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Latorch, and Edith.*]

Lat. Good Lady rise, and raise your Spirits withal,
More high than they are humbled; you have Cause,
As much as ever honour'd happiest Lady;
And when your Ears are freer to take in
Your most amendful and unmatched Fortunes,
I'll make you drown a hundred helpless Deaths
In Sea of one Life pour'd into your Bosom;
With which shall flow into your Arms, the Riches,
The Pleasures, Honours, and the Rules of Princes;
Which though Death stop your Ears, methinks should
Assay to forget Death. (open 'em,

Ed. Oh slaughter'd Father!

Lat. Taste of what cannot be redress'd, and bless
The Fate that yet you curse so; since for that
You spake so movingly, and your sweet Eyes
With so much Grace fill'd, that you set on fire
The Duke's Affection, whom you now may rule
As he rules all his Dukedom; is't not sweet?
Does it not shine away your Sorrows Clouds?
Sweet Lady, take wise Heart, and hear and tell me.

Ed. I hear no Word you speak.

Lat. Prepare to hear then,
And be not barr'd up from your self, nor add
To your ill Fortune with your far worse Judgment;
Make me your Servant to attend with all Joys
Your sad estate, till they both bless and speak it:
See how they'll bow to you, make me wait, command me
To watch out every Minute, for the stay

Your modest Sorrow fancies, raise your Graces,
 And do my Hopes the Honour of your Motion,
 To all the offered Heights that now attend you:
 Oh how your Touches ravish! how the Duke
 Is slain already with your Flames embrac'd!
 I will both serve and visit you, and often.

Ed. I am not fit, Sir.

Lat. Time will make you, Lady.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter the Guard, three or four Boys, then the Sheriff, Cook, Teoman of the Cellar, Butler, Pantler, to Execution.

1 *Guard.* Come, bring in these Fellows, on, away with
 (em.

2 *Guard.* Make room before there, room for the Pri-
 (soners.

1 *Boy.* Let's run before, Boys, we shall have no Places

2 *Boy.* Are these the Youths? (else.

Cook. These are the Youths you look for,
 And, pray my honest Friends, be not so hasty,
 There will be nothing done till we come, I assure you.

3 *Boy.* Here's a wife Hanging; are there no more?

But. Do you hear, Sir? you may come in for your
 share if you please.

Cook. My Friend, if you be unprovided of a Hanging,
 You look like a Good-Fellow, I can afford you
 A reasonable Pennyworth.

2 *Boy.* Afore, afore, Boys, here's enough to make us
Teo. Pox take you, (Sport.

Do you call this Sport? are these your Recreations?
 Must we be hang'd to make you Mirth?

Cook. Do you hear?

You Custard-Pate, we go to't for High Treason,
 An honourable Fault: Thy foolish Father
 Was hang'd for stealing Sheep.

Boys. Away, away, Boys.

Cook. Do you see how that sneaking Rogue looks now?
 You, Chip, Pantler, you peaking Rogue, that provided us
 these Necklaces; you poor Rogue, you costive Rogue, you.

Pant.

Pant. Pray, pray, Fellows.

(now,

Cook. Pray for thy crusty Soul? where's your Reward
Goodman Manchet, for your fine Discovery?
I do beseech you, Sir, where are your Dollars?
Draw with your Fellows, and be hang'd.

Teo. He must now;

For now he shall be hang'd first, that's his Comfort,
A Place too good for thee, thou meal-mouth'd Rascal.

Cook. Hang handsomly for shame, come, leave your pray-
You peaking Knave, and die like a good Courtier, (ing,
Die honestly, and like a Man; no Preaching,
With I beseech you take Example by me,
I liv'd a lewd Man, good People. Pox on't,
Die me as if thou hadst din'd, say Grace, and God be with

Guard. Come, will you forward? (you.

Cook. Good Mr. Sheriff, your Leave, this hasty Work
Was ne'er done well; give us so much time as but to sing
Our own Ballads, for we'll trust no Man,
Nor no Tune but our own; 'twas done in Ale too,
And therefore cannot be refus'd in Justice.
Your penny-pot Poets are such pelting Thieves,
They ever hang Men twice; we have it here, Sir,
And so must every Merchant of our Voyage.
He'll make a sweet Return else of his Credit.

Teo. One Fit of our own Mirth, and then we are for

Guard. Make haste then, dispatch. (you.

Teo. There's Day enough, Sir. (younger.

Cook. Come, Boys, sing chearfully, we shall ne'er sing
We have chosen a loud Tune too, because it should like
(well.

The S O N G.

*Come, Fortune's a Whore, I care not who tell her,
Would offer to strangle a Page of the Cellar,
That should by his Oath, to any Man's thinking,
And Place, have had a Defence for his Drinking;
But thus she does still, when she pleases to palter,
Instead of his Wages, she gives him a Halter.*

Three merry Boys, and three merry Boys, and three merry
Boys are we,

As ever did sing in a ke open String under the Gallow-tree

II.

*But I that was so lusty,
And ever kept my Bottles,
That neither they were musty,
And seldom less than Pottles;
For me to be thus stop't now,
With Hemp instead of Cork, Sir,
And from the Gallows lopt now,
Shews that there is a Fork, Sir,
In Death, and this the token,
Man may be two ways killed,
Or like the Bottle, broken,
Or like the Wine, be spilled.*

Three merry Boys, &c.

III.

*Oh yet but look on the Master Cook, the glory of the Kitchen,
In sowing whose Fate, at so lofty a rate, no Taylor e'er had
(stitching,
For though he makes the Man, the Cook yet makes the Dishes,
The which no Taylor can, wherein I have my Wishes,
That I who at so many a Feast, have pleas'd so many Tasters,
Should now my self come to be drest, a Dish for you my Masters.
Three merry Boys, &c.*

Cook. There's a few Copies for you; now farewell Friends;
And good Mr. Sheriff let me not be Printed
With a brass Pot on my Head. (ler.

But. March fair, march fair, afore, good Captain Pant-

IV.

Pant. Oh Man or Beast, or you at least,
That wear or Brow or Antler,
Prick up your Ears, unto the Tears
Of me poor Paul the Pantler,
That thus am clipt, because I chipt
The cursed Crust of Treason
With Loyal Knife; Oh doleful Strife,
To hang thus without reason.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Aubrey, and Latorch.

Aub. **L** *Atorch*, I have waited here to speak with you,
And you must hearken; set not forth your Leg
Of haste, nor put your face of business on;
An honest Affair than this I urge too,
You will not easily think on; and 'twill be
Reward to entertain it; 'tis your Fortune
To have our Master's Ear above the rest
Of us that follow him, but that no Man envies;
For I have well consider'd, Truth sometimes
May be convey'd in by the same Conduits
That Falshood is: These Courses that he takes
Cannot but end in Ruin; Empire got
By Blood and Violence, must so be held;
And how unsafe that is, he first will prove,
That toiling still to remove Enemies
Makes himself more; It is not now a Brother,
A faithful Counsellor of Estate, or two,
That are his danger, they are far dispatch'd;
It is a Multitude that begin to fear,
And think what began there must end in them;
For all the fine Oration that was made 'em,
And they are not an easie Monster quell'd.
Princes may pick their suffering Nobles out;
And one by one employ 'em to the block; but when they
once grow formidable to their Clowns, and Coblers, ware
then, guard themselves; if thou durst tell him this, *La-*
torch, the service would not discredit the good Name
you hold with Men, besides the profit to your Master,
and the Publick.

Lat. I conceive not so, Sir: (his fancy?
They are airy Fears; and why should I object them unto
Wound what is yet found? your Counsels colour not
With reason of State, where all that's necessary still is just.
The actions of the Prince, while they succeed,
Should

Should be made good, and glorified; not question'd.
Men do but shew their ill Affections, that——

Aubr. What? Speak out.

Lat. Do murmur against their Masters.

Aubr. Is this to me?

Lat. It is to whosoever mislikes of the Duke's courses.

Aubr. Ay! is't so? at your Stateward, Sir?

Lat. I'm sworn to hear nothing may prejudice the Prince.

Aubr. Why, do you? or have you, ha? (sometimes.

Lat. I cannot tell, Mens Hearts shew in their Words

Aubr. I ever thought thee

Knave of the Chamber, art thou the Spy too?

Lat. A Watchman for the State, and one that's known,
Sir, to be rightly affected.

Aubr. Bawd of the State;

No less than of thy Master's Lusts. I now
See nothing can redeem thee; dost thou mention
Affection, or a Heart, that ne'er hadst any?
Know'st not to Love or Hate, but by the State,
As thy Prince does't before thee? That dost never
Wear thy own Face, but put'st on his, and gather'st
Baits for his Ears; liv'st wholly at his beck,
And e'er thou dar'st utter a Thought's thine own,
Must expect his; creep'st forth and wad'st into him
As if thou wert to pass a Ford, there proving
Yet if thy Tongue may step on safely or no;
Then bring'st his Virtue asleep, and stay'st the Wheel
Both of his Reason and Judgment, that they move not:
White'st over all his Vices; and at last
Dost draw a Cloud of Words before his Eyes,
Till he can neither see thee nor himself?
Wretch, I dare give him honest Counsels, Ay,
And love him while I tell him Truth; old *Aubrey*
Dares go the straightest way, which still's the shortest,
Walk on the Thorns thou scatter'st, Parasite,
And tread 'em into nothing; and if thou
Then let'st a Look fall, of the least dislike,
I'll rip thy Crown up with my Sword at height,
And pluck thy Skin over thy Face, in sight
Of him thou flatter'st; unto thee I speak it,

Slave,

Slave, against whom all Laws should now conspire,
And every Creature that hath Sense, be arm'd,
As 'gainst the common Enemy of Mankind;
That sleep't within thy Master's Ear, and whisper't
'Tis better for him to be fear'd than lov'd;
Bid't him trust no Man's Friendship, spare no Blood
That may secure him; 'tis no cruelty
That hath a specious End; for Sovereignty
Break all the Laws of kind; if it succeed,
An honest, noble, and praise-worthy Deed;
While he that takes thy Poisons in, shall feel
Their virulent workings in a point of Time,
When no Repentance can bring Aid, but all
His Spirits shall melt, with what his Conscience burn'd,
And dying in flatterers Arms, shall fall unmourn'd.
There's matter for you now.

Lat. My Lord, this makes not for loving of my Master.

Aubr. Loving? No;

They hate ill Princes most that make them so.

Enter Rollo, Hamond, Allan, and Guard.

Rol. I'll hear no more.

Ham. Alas, 'tis for my Brother: I beseech your Highness.

Rol. How, a Brother? had not I one myself? Did Title
Move me when it was fit that he should Die? away.

All. Brother, lose no word more, leave my good Cause
T'upbraid the Tyrant, I'm glad I'm faln
Now in those times, that will'd some great Example
T'assure Men we can die for Honesty.

Rol. Sir, you are brave, 'pray that you hold your Neck
As bravely forth anon unto your Headsman.

All. Would he would strike as bravely, and thou by,
Rollo, 'twould make thee quake to see me Die.

Aubr. What's his Offence? (Master.

Ham. For giving *Gisbert* burial, who was sometimes his

All. Yes, Lord *Aubrey,*

My gratitude and humanity are my Crimes.

Rol. Why bear you him not hence?

Aubr. My Lord, (stay Soldiers)

I do beseech your Highness, do not lose

Such

Such Men for such slight causes. This is one
Has still been faithful to you, a try'd Soul
In all your Father's Battels; I have seen him
Bestride a Friend against a score of Foes,
And look, he looks as he would kill his hundred
For you, Sir, were you in some danger.

All. 'Till he kill'd his Brother, his Chancellor, then his
Master, to which he can add nought to equal *Nero*,
But killing of his Mother.

Aubr. Peace, 'brave Fool,
Thou valiant As: Here is his Brother too, Sir,
A Captain of your Guard, hath serv'd you long,
With the most noble witness of his truth
Mark'd in his Face, and every part about him,
That turns not from an Enemy. But view him,
Oh do not grieve him, Sir, if you do mean
That he shall hold his Place: It is not safe
To tempt such Spirits, and let them wear their Swords,
You'll make your Guards your Terrors by these Acts,
And throw more Hearts off from you than you hold;
And I must tell you, Sir, with my old freedom,
And my old Faith to boot, you have not liv'd so
But that your state will need such Men, such hands
Of which here's one, shall in an hour of tryal,
Do you more certain Service with a stroke,
Than the whole bundle of your Flatterers,
With all the unsavory unction of their Tongues.

Rol. Peace, Talker.

Aubr. One that loves you yet, my Lord,
And would not see you pull on your own Ruins.
Mercy becomes a Prince, and guards him best,
Awe and affrights are never tyes of Love;
And when Men begin to fear the Prince, they hate him.

Rol. Am I the Prince, or you?

Aubr. My Lord, I hope I have not utter'd ought should
urge that question.

Rol. Then practise your Obedience, see him dead.

Aubr. My Lord?

Rol. I'll hear no more.

Aubr.

Aubr. I'm sorry then; there's no small despair, Sir, of their Safety, whose Ears are block'd up against Truth; come, Captain.

Ham. I thank you, Sir. (honest?

Aubr. For what? for seeing thy Brother die a Man, and Live thou so, Captain, I will assure thee, Although I die for't too; come----[*Ex. all but Roll. and Lat.*

Rol. Now, *Latorch*, what do you think? (of the boldest.

Lat. That *Aubrey's* Speech and Manners sound somewhat

Rol. 'Tis his custom.

Lat. It may be so, and yet be worth a fear. (quickly too

Rol. If we thought so, it should be worth his Life, and.

Lat. I dare not, Sir, be Author

Of what I would be, 'tis so dangerous:

But with your Highness favour and your licence.

Rol. He talks, 'tis true; he is licens'd: Leave him,

We now are Duke alone, *Latorch*, secur'd;

Nothing left standing to obscure our prospect,

We look right forth, beside, and round about us,

And see it ours with pleasure: Only one

Wish'd joy there wants to make us to possess it,

And that is *Editb*, *Editb*, she that got me

In Blood and Tears, in such an opposite minute,

As had I not at once felt all the flames

And shafts of Love shot in me, his whole Armory,

I should have thought him as far off as Death.

Lat. My Lord, expect a while, your Happiness

Is nearer than you think it; yet her Grievs

Are green and fresh, your vigilant *Latorch*

Hath not been idle; I have leave already

To visit her, and send to her.

Rol. My life.

Lat. And if I find not out as speedy ways,

And proper Instruments to work and bring her

To your fruition; that she be not watch'd

Tame to your Highness wish, say you have no Servant

Is capable of such a trust about you,

Or worthy to be Secretary of your Pleasure.

Rol. Oh my *Latorch*, what shall I render thee

For all thy travels, care, and love? (grant me.

Lat. Sir, one Suit, which I will ever importune, 'till you

Rol.

Rol. About your Mathematicians?

Lat. Yes, to have

The Scheme of your Nativity judg'd by them,
I have't already erected; O my Lord,
You do not know the labour of my fears,
My doubts for you are such as cannot hope
Any Security but from the Stars;
Who, being rightly ask'd, can tell Man more
Than all power else, there being no power beyond them.

Rol. All thy Petitions still are care of us,
Ask for thy self.

Lat. What more can concern me, than this?

Rol. Well, rise true honest Man, and go then,
We'll study our selves a means how to reward thee. (ness

Lat. Your Grace is now inspir'd; now, now your High-
Begins to live, from this hour count your joys:
But, Sir, I must have Warrants, with blanks figur'd,
To put in Names, such as I like.

Rol. You shall.

Lat. They dare not else offer, Sir, at your figure?
Oh I shall bring you wonders; there's a Friar
Rufee, an admirable Man, another
A Gentleman, and then *la Fiske*,
The Mirror of his Time; 'twas he that set it.
But there's one *Norbret* (him I never saw)
Has made a Mirror, a meer Looking-glass,
In shew you'd think't no other; the form Oval,
As I am given to understand by Letter,
Which renders you such Shapes, and those so differing,
And some that will be question'd and give answers;
Then has he set it in a Frame, that wrought
Unto the Revolutions of the Stars,
And so compact by due proportions
Unto their harmony, doth move alone
A true Automaton; thus *Dædalus* Statues,
Or *Vulcan's* Tools—

Rol. Dost thou believe this?

Lat. Sir? Why, what should stay my Faith, or turn my
He has been about it above twenty Years, (Sense?
Three sevens, the powerful, and the perfect numbers;
And

And Art and Time, Sir, can produce such things.

What do I read there of *Hiarbas* Banquet?

The great Gymnosophist, that had his Butlers

And Carvers of pure Gold waiting at Table?

The Images of *Mercury*, too, that spoke?

The Wooden Door that flew? A Snake of Brass

That hiss'd? and Birds of Silver that did sing?

All those new done by the Mathematicks,

Without which there's no Science, nor no Truth.

Rol. You are in your sphear, *Latorch*: and rather

Than I'll contend w'ye for it, I'll believe it,

You've won upon me that I wish to see

My Fate before me now, whate'er it be.

Lat. And I'll endeavour, you shall know with speed,

For which I should have one of trust go with me,

If you please, *Hamond*, that I may by him

Send you my first Dispatches; after I

Shall bring you more, and as they come still more.

Rol. Take your way,

Chuse your own means, and be it prosperous to us.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Rusee, de Bube, la Fiske, Norbret, and Pippeau.

Rus. Come, bear up Sirs, we shall have better days,
My Almanack tells me.

Bub. What is that? your Rump?

Rus. It never itch'd in vain yet, slide *la Fiske*,
Throw off thy sluggish Face, I cannot abide
To see thee look like a poor Jade i'th' Pound,
That saw no Meat these three days.

Fiske. 'Slight, to me
It seems thirteen days since I saw any.

Rus. How?

Fis. I can't remember that I ever saw
Or Meat or Mony, you may talk of both
To open a Man's Stomach or his Purse,
But feed 'em still with Air.

Bub. Friar, I fear

You

You do not say your Office well a-days.

Nor. Pox, he feeds

With leachery, and lives upon th' exchange
Of his two Eggs and Puddings with the Market-women.

Ruf. And what do you, Sir, with the Advocate's Wife,
Whom you perswade, upon your Doctoral Bed,
To take the Mathematical Trance so often?

Fiske. Come, we are stark naught all, bad's the best of us,
Four of the seven deadly spots we are;
Besides our Leachery, we are envious,
And most, most gluttonous when we have it thus,
Most covetous now we want it; then our Boy
He is a fifth spot, Sloth and he undoes us.

Bub. 'Tis true, the Child was wont to be industrious,
And now and then sent to a Merchant's Wife
Sick of the Husband, or a swearing Butler
That miss'd of his Bowls, a crying Maid
Had lost a Silver Spoon; the Curry Comb
Sometimes was wanting; there was something gotten;
But now——

Pip. What now? Did not I Yesterday-morning
Bring you in a Cardecu there from the Peasant,
Whose Ass I had driven aside, and hid, that you
Might conjure for him? and then last Night,
Six Souls from the Cook's Wife, you shar'd among you,
To set a figure for the Pestle I stole,
It is not at home yet; these things, my Masters,
In a hard time, they would be thought on: You
Talk of your Lands and Castles in the Air,
Of your twelve Houses there: But it is I
That bring you in your Rents for 'em, 'tis *Pippeau*
That is your Bird-call.

Nor. Faith he does well,
And cuts through the Elements for us, I must needs say
In a fine dextrous Line.

Fiske. But not as he did
At first, then he would sail with any Wind
Int' every Creek and Corner.

Pip. I was light then,
New built and rigg'd when I came to you, Gentlemen,
But

But now with often and far venturing for you
Here be Leaks sprung, and whole Planks wanting, see you;
If you'll new sheath me again, yet I am for you
To any Bog or Sleights, where-e'er you'll send me,
For as I am, where can this ragged Bark
Put in for any Service, 'less it be
O'th' Isle of Rogues, and there turn Pirate for you?

Nor. Faith he says Reason, Fryer, you must leave
Your neat crisp Claret, and fall to your Cyder
A while; and you *la Fiske*, your larded Capons
And Turkies for a time, and take a good
Clean Tripe in your way; *de Bube* too must content him
with wholsom two souz'd Petitoes, no more Crown Or-
dinaries, till we have cloath'd our Infant.

Bube. So you'll keep
Your own good Motions, Doctor, your dear self.

Fiske. Yes, for we all do know the Latitude
Of your Concupiscence.

Ruf. Here about your Belly.

Bube. You'll pick a Bottle open or a Whimsey,
As soon as the best of us.

Fiske. And dip your Wrist-bands, [*The Bell Rings*.
(For Cuffs you've none) as comely in the Sauce
As any Courtier——hark, the Bell, who is there?

Ruf. Good luck I do conjure thee; Boy look out.

Pip. They are Gallants, Courtiers, one of 'em is
Of the Duke's Bed-chamber. [*Exit and enter again*.

Ruf. *Latorch*, down, [*To Norbret*.
On with your Gown, there's a new Suite arriv'd,
Did I not tell you, Sons of Hunger? Crowns,
Crowns are coming toward you, Wine and Wenches
You shall have once again, and Fidlers:
Into your Studies close; each lay his Ear
To his Door, and as you hear me to prepare you
So come, and put me on that Vizard only.

Enter Latorch, and Hamond.

Lat. You'll not be far hence Captain, when the
Business is done you shall receive present Dispatch.

Ham. I'll walk, Sir, in the Cloyster. [*Exit*.

Ruf. Monsieur *Latorch*; my Son,

The Stars are happy still that guide you hither.

Lat. I'm glad to hear their Secretary say so,
My learned Father *Russe*, where's *la Fiske*,
Monfieur de Bube, how do they?

Ruf. At their Studies,
They are the Secretaries of the Stars, Sir,
Still at their Books, they will not be pull'd off,
They stick like cupping Glasses; if ever Men
Spoke with the Tongue of Destiny, 'tis they.

Lat. For loves sake let's salute 'em.

Ruf. Boy, go see,
Tell them who's here, say, that their Friends do challenge
Some portion of their Time, this is our Minute,
Pray 'em they'll spare it: they are the Sun and Moon
Of Knowledge; pity two such noble Lights
Should live obscur'd here in an University,
Whose Beams were fit t' illumine any Court
Of Christendom.

Enter la Fisk, de Bube, and Pippeau.

Lat. The Duke will shortly know 'em.

Fiske. Well, look upon the Astrolabe; you'll find it
Four Almucanturies at least.

Bube. It is so.

Ruf. Still of their learned stuff, they care for nothing,
But how to know, as negligent of their Bodies
In Diet, or else, especially in their Cloaths,
As if they had no change.

Pip. They have so little
As well may free them from the Name of Shifters.

Fiske. Monsieur *Latorch*?

Lat. How is it, learned Gentlemen, with both your Vir-
Bube. A most happy hour, when we see you, Sir. (tues?

Lat. When you hear me then
It will be happier; the Duke greets you both
Thus, and though you may touch no Mony, Father,
Yet you may take it.

Ruf. 'Tis his Highness Bounty,
But yet to me, and these that have put off
The World, superfluous,

Fiske. We have heard of late of his Highness good suc-
Bube.

(cess.

Bube. And gratulate it.

Lat. Indeed he hath 'scap'd a strange Conspiracy,
Thanks to his Stars; which Stars he prays by me,
You would again consult, and make a Judgment
On what you lately erected for my Love.

Ruf. Oh, Sir, we dare not.

Fiske. For our Lives.

Bube. It is the Prince's Scheme.

Lat. T' encounter with that fear,
Here's to assure you, his Signet, write your Names,
And be secured all three.

Bube. We must intreat some Time, Sir.

Lat. I must then intreat, it be as present as you can.

Fiske. Have you the Scheme here?

Lat. Yes.

Ruf. I would you had, Sir, another Warrant.

Lat. What would that do?

Ruf. Marry we have a Doctor, Sir, that in this Business
Would not perform the second Part.

Lat. Not him that you writ to me of?

Ruf. The very same.

Lat. I should have made it, Sir, my suit to see him;
Here is a Warrant, Father, I conceiv'd
That he had solely applied himself to Magick.

Ruf. And to their Studies too Sir, in this Field
He was initiated, but we shall hardly
Draw him from his Chair.

Lat. Tell him he shall have Gold.

Fiske. Oh, such a Syllable would make him to forswear
Ever to breath in your sight.

Lat. How then?

Fiske. Sir, he, if you do please to give him any thing,
Must have't convey'd under a Paper.

Ruf. Or left behind some Book in his Study.

Bube. Or in some old Wall. (pleases him, Sir)

Fiske. Where his Familiars may tell him of it, and that

Bube. Or else I'll go and assay him.

Lat. Take Gold with you.

Ruf. That will not be amiss; give it the Boy, Sir,
He knows his Holes, and how to bait his Spirits.

Pip. We must lay in several Places, Sir. (hit.

Ruf. That's true; that if one come not, the other may

Lat. Well, go then, is he so learned, Gentlemen?

Fiske. The very top of our Profession, mouth of the Fates;
Pray Heav'n his Spirits be in a good humour to take,
They'll fling the Gold about the House else.

Bube. Ay, and beat the Fryer if he go not well
Furnish'd with Holy-water,

Fiske. Sir, you must observe him.

Bube. Not cross him in a Word, for then he's gone.

Fiske. If he do come, which is a Hazard, yet——
Mafs he's here, this is speed.

Enter Norbret, Rufs, and Pippeau.

Nor. Where is our Scheme,
Let's see, dispatch, nay fumbling, now, who's this?

Ruf. Chief Gentleman of the Duke's Chamber, Doctor.

Nor. Oh, let him be, good even to him, he's a Courtier,
I'll spare his Complement, tell him: what's here?

The geniture Nocturnal, Longitude
At forty Nine and ten Minutes? How are the Cardins?

Fiske. *Libra* in twenty four, forty four Minutes,
And *Capricorn*.

Nor. I see it, see the Planets,
Where, how are they dispos'd? The Sun and *Mercury*,
Mars with the *Dragon's Tail* in the third House,
And *pars Fortuna* in the *Imo Cæli*,
Then *Jupiter* in the Twelfth, the *Cacodemon*.

Bube. And *Venus* in the second *Inferna Porta*.

Nor. I see it, peace, then *Saturn* in the Fifth,
Luna i'th' Seventh, and much of *Scorpio*,
Then *Mars* his *Gaudium*, rising in th' ascendent,
And join'd with *Libra* too, the House of *Venus*,
And *Juniu Cæli*, *Mars* his Exaltation
In the seventh House, *Aries* being his Natural House
And where he is now seated, and all these shew him
To be the Almuten.

Ruf. Yes, he's Lord of the Geniture,
Whether you examine it by *Ptolemey's* way,
Or *Messethales*, *Lael*, or *Alkindus*.

Fiske. No other Planet hath so many Dignities

Either

Either by himself, or in regard of the Cusps.

Nor. Why hold your Tongue then if you know it; *Venus*
The Lady of the Horoscope, being *Libra*,
The other part, *Mars* rules: So that the Geniture,
Being Nocturnal, *Luna* is the highest,
None else being in sufficient Dignity,
She being in *Aries* in the Seventh House,
Where *Sol* Exalted, is the Alchoroden.

Bube. Yes, for you see he hath his Termin
In the Degrees where she is, and enjoys
By that, six Dignities.

Fiske. Which are clearly more
Than any else that view her in the Scheam.

Nor. Why I saw this, and could have told you too,
That he beholds her with a Trine Aspect
Here out of *Sagittary*, almost partile,
And how that *Mars* out of the self same House,
(But another Sign) here by a Platique Aspect
Looks at the Hilege, with a Quartile ruling
The House where the Sun is; all this could I
Have told you, but that you'll out-run me; and more,
That this same Quartile Aspect to the Lady of Life,
Here in the Seventh, promises some Danger,
Cauda Draconis being so near *Mars*,
And *Caput Algol* in the House of Death.

Lat. How, Sir? I pray you clear that,

Nor. What is the question first?

Ruf. Of the Duke's Life, what Dangers threaten him?

Nor. Apparent, and those sudden, when the Hyley
Or Alchorodon by direction come

To a Quartile opposition of the place
Where *Mars* is in the Geniture (which is now
At Hand) or else oppose to *Mars* himself; expect it,

Lat. But they may be prevented.

Nor. Wisdom only

That rules the Stars, may do it; for *Mars* being
Lord of the Geniture in *Capricorn*,
Is, if you mark it, now a *Sextile* here,
With *Venus* Lady of the Horoscope.
So she being in her Exilium, which is *Scorpio*,

And *Mars* his Gaudium, is o'er-rul'd by him,
 And clear debilitated five Degrees
 Beneath her ordinary Power, so
 That, at the most, she can but mitigate.

Lat. You cannot name the Persons bring this danger?

Nor. No, that the Stars tell us not, they name no Man,
 That is a work, Sir, of another Place.

Ruf. Tell him whom you suspect, and he'll guess shrewd-

Lat. Sir, we do fear one *Aubrey*; if 'twere he (ly.
 I should be glad; for we should soon prevent him.

Fiske. I know him, the Duke's Kinsman, a tall Man?
 Lay hold of 't *Norbret*.

Nor. Let me pause a little,
 Is he not near of kin unto the Duke?

Lat. Yes, reverend Sir.

Nor. 'Fart for your Reverence, keep it till then; and

Lat. He is so. (somewhat high of Stature?

Nor. How old is he?

Fiske. About seven and fifty.

Nor. His Head and Beard inclining to be grey.

Lat. Right, Sir.

Fiske. And fat?

Nor. He is somewhat corpulent, is he not?

Lat. You speak the Man, Sir.

Nor. Well, look to him, farewell. [Exit *Norb.*

Lat. Oh, it is *Aubrey*; Gentlemen, I pray you,
 Let me receive this under all your Hands.

Ruf. Why, he will shew you him in his Magick Glass
 If you intreat him, and but gratifie
 A Spirit or two more.

Lat. He shall eat Gold
 If he will have it, so shall you all; there's that
 Amongst you first, let me have this to send
 The Duke in the mean time; and then what fights
 You please to shew; I'll have you so rewarded
 As never Artists were, you shall to Court
 Along with me, and there wait your Fortunes.

Bube. We have a pretty part of 't in our Pockets;
 Boy we will all be new, you shall along too. [Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Sophia, Matilda, and Edith.

Mat. Good Madam, hear the Suit that *Edith* urges,
With such submiss Beseeches; nor remain
So strictly bound to Sorrow for your Son,
That nothing else, though never so befitting,
Obtains your Ears, or Observation.

Soph. What would she say? I hear.

Ed. My Suit is, Madam,
That you would please to think as well of Justice
Due to your Son's Revenge, as of more wrong added
To both your selves for it, in only grieving.
Th' undaunted Power of Princes should not be
Confin'd in deedless cold Calamity;
Anger, the Twin of Sorrow, in your Wrongs
Should not be smother'd, when his Right of Birth
Claims th' Air as well, and force of coming forth.

Soph. Sorrow is due already, Anger never
Should be conceived, but where it may be born
In some Fact fit t'employ his active Flame,
That else consumes who bears it, and abides
Like a false Star that quenches as it glides.

Ed. I have such means t'employ it as your Wish
Can think no better, easier, or securer;
And such as but th' Honours I intend
To your Partakings, I alone could end,
But your Parts in all dues to crying Blood
For Vengeance in the Shedder, are much greater:
And therefore should work your Hands to his Slaughter.
For your Consent to which, 'twere infinite wrong
To your severe and most impartial Justice,
To move you to forget so false a Son
As with a Mother's Duty made you curse him.

Mat. Edith, he is forgot, for any Son
Born of my Mother, or to me a Brother.
For should we still perform our Rights to him
We should partake his Wrongs, and as foul be
In Blood and damned Parricide as he.

And therefore tell the happy means that Heav'n
Puts in thy Hand, for all our long'd-for Freedom
From so abhorr'd and impious a Monster.

Soph. Tell what she will, I'll lend nor Hand nor Ear
To whatsoever Heav'n puts in her Power. [Exit.]

Mat. How strange she is to what she chiefly wishes?
Sweet *Editb.*, be not any Thought the more
Discourag'd in thy Purpose, but assured
Her Heart and Prayers are thine; and that we two
Shall be enough to all we wish to do.

Editb. Madam, my self alone, I make no doubt
Shall be afforded Power enough from Heav'n
To end the Murtherer: All I wish of you,
Is but some richer Ornaments and Jewels
Than I am able to provide my self,
To help out the Defects of my poor Beauty,
That yet hath been enough, as now it is,
To make his Fancy mad with my Desire?
But you know, Madam, Women never can
Be too fair to torment an amorous Man;
And this Man's Torments I would heighten still,
Till at their highest he be fit to kill.

Mat. Thou shalt have all my Jewels and my Mother's,
And thou shalt paint too, that his Blood's Desire
May make him perish in a painted Fire;
Hast thou been with him yet?

Editb. Been with him? no;
I set that Hour back to haste more his longing;
But I have promis'd to his Instruments,
The Admittance of a Visit at our House,
Where yet I would receive him with all Lustre.
My Sorrow would give Leave to, to remove
Suspicion of my Purpose.

Mat. Thou shalt have
All I can add, sweet Wench, in Jewels, Tires,
I'll be my self thy Dresser; nor may I
Serve my own Love with a contracted Husband
More sweetly, nor more amply, than may'st thou
Thy forward Will with his bewitch'd Affections:

Affect'st thou any personal Aid of mine;
My noblest *Edith*?

Edith. Nought but your kind Prayers,
For full Effect and Speed of my Affair.

Mat. They are thine, my *Edith*, as for me, my own;
For thou well know'st, if Blood shed of the best
Should cool and be forgotten, who would fear
To shed Blood still? or where, alas, were then
The endless Love we owe to worthy Men?

Ed. Love of the worthiest ever bless your Highness. [*Ex.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Rollo with a Glass, Aubrey, and Servants.

Rol. I Never studied my Glass till now,
It is exceeding well; now leave me, Cousin,
How takes your Eye the Object?

Aubr. I have learn'd
So much, Sir, of the Courtier, as to say
Your Person does become your Habit;
But being call'd unto it by a noble War,
Would grace an Armour better.

Rol. You are still
For that great Art of which you are the Master;
Yet I must tell you, that to the Encounters
We oft attempt, arm'd only thus, we bring
As troubled Blood, Fears mixt with flatt'ring Hopes,
The Danger in the Service too as great,
As when we are to charge quite through and through
The Body of an Army.

Aubr. I'll not argue
How you may rank the Dangers, but will die in't,
The ends which they arrive at, are as distant
In every Circumstance, as far as Honour
Is from Shame and Repentance.

Rol. You are slow?

Aubr. I would speak my free Thoughts, yet not appear
Nor

Nor am I so ambitious of the Title
 Of one that dares talk any thing that was
 Against the Torrent of his own Opinion,
 That I affect to speak ought may offend you;
 And therefore, gracious Sir, be pleas'd to think
 My Manners or Discretion have inform'd me
 That I was born, in all good ends, to serve you:
 And not to check at what concerns me not:
 I look not with fore Eyes on your rich Out-side,
 Nor rack my Thoughts to find out to what purpose
 'Tis now employ'd; I wish it may be good,
 And that, I hope, offends not for a Subject
 Towards his Prince in things indifferent;
 To use the Austereness of a censuring *Cato*
 Is Arrogance, not Freedom.

Rol. I commend

This Temper in you, and will cherish it.

Enter Hamond with Letters.

They come from *Rome*, *Latorch* implored you?

Ham. True, Sir.

Rol. I must not now be troubled with a Thought
 Of any new Design; good *Aubrey* read 'em,
 And as they shall direct you, use my Power,
 Or to reply or execute.

Aubr. I will, Sir.

Rol. And Captain, bring a Squadron of our Guard
 To th' House that late was *Baldwin's*, and there wait me;

Ham. I shall.

Rol. Some two Hours hence.

Ham. With my best Care.

Rol. Inspire me Love, and be thy Deity,
 Or scorn'd or fear'd, as now thou favour'st me.

[*Exit.*

Ham. My stay to do my Duty, may be wrongs
 Your Lordship's Privacy.

Aubr. Captain, your Love
 Is ever welcome; I intreat your Patience
 While I peruse these.

Ham. I attend your Pleasure.

Aubr. How's this, a Plot on me?

Ham. What is contain'd

In

In th' Letters that I brought, that thus transports him?

Aubr. To be wrought on by Rogues, and have my Head
Brought to the Axe by Knaves that cheat for Bread?

The Creatures of a Parasite, a Slave;

I find you here *Latorch*, not wonder at it;

But that this honest Captain should be made

His Instrument, afflicts me; I'll make Trial

Whether his Will or Weakness made him do it.

Captain, you saw the Duke, when he commanded

I should do what these Letters did direct me,

And I presume you think I'll not neglect,

For Fear or Favour, to remove all Dangers,

How near soever that Man can be to me

From whom they should have Birth.

Ham. It is confirm'd.

Aubr. Nor would you, Captain, I believe, refuse,

Or for respect of Thankfulness, or Hopes,

To use your Sword with fullest Confidence

Where he shall bid you strike.

Ham. I never have done.

Aubr. Nor will, I think ———

Ham. I hope it is not question'd.

Aubr. The means to have it so, is now propos'd you.
Draw, so, 'tis well, and next cut off my Head.

Ham. What means your Lordship?

Aubr. 'Tis, Sir, the Duke's Pleasure:
My Innocence hath made me dangerous,
And I must be remov'd, and you the Man
Must act his Will.

Ham. I'll be a Traitor first, before I serve it thus.

Aubr. It must be done,

And that you may not doubt it, there's your Warrant,

But as you read, remember, *Hamond*, that

I never wrong'd one of your brave Profession;

And, though it be not manly, I must grieve

That Man of whose Love I was most ambitious

Could find no Object of his Hate but me.

Ham. It is no Time to talk now, honour'd Sir,
Be pleas'd to hear thy Servant, I am wrong'd,
And cannot, being now to serve the Duke,

Stay

Stay to express the manner how; but if
 I do not suddenly give you strong proofs,
 Your life is dearer to me than my own,
 May I live base, and dyeso: Sir, your pardon. [*Ex. Ham.*]

Aubr. I am both ways ruin'd, both ways mark'd for
 On every side, about, behind, before me, (slaughter;
 My certain Fate is fix'd: Were I a Knave now,
 I could avoid this: Had my Actions
 But meer relations to their own Ends, I could 'scape now;
 Oh Honesty! thou elder Child of Virtue,
 Thou seed of Heav'n, why to acquire thy Goodness
 Should Malice and Distrust stick Thorns before us,
 And make us swim unto thee, hung with hazards?
 But Heav'n is got by suffering, not disputing;
 Say he knew this before-hand, where am I then?
 Or say he does know it, where's my Loyalty?
 I know his Nature, troubled as the Sea,
 And as the Sea devouring when he's vex'd,
 And I know Princes are their own Expounders.
 Am I afraid of Death? of dying nobly?
 Of dying in mine Innocence uprightly?
 Have I met Death in all his forms, and fears,
 Now on the points of Swords, now pitch'd on Lances,
 In fires, and storms of Arrows, Battels, Breaches,
 And shall I now shrink from him, when he courts me
 Smiling and full of Sanctity? I'll meet him;
 My Loyal Hand and Heart shall give this to him,
 And though it bear beyond what Poets feign
 A Punishment, Duty shall meet that pain;
 And my most constant Heart to do him good,
 Shall check at neither pale Affright nor Blood.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The Dutchess presently would crave your presence.

Aubr. I come; and *Aubrey* now resolve to keep
 Thy Honour living though thy Body sleep. [*Exit.*]

SCENE.

S C E N E II.

Enter Edith, a Boy, and a Banquet set out.

Edith. Now for a Father's Murther, and thy ruin,
All Chastity shall suffer if he reign;
Thou blessed Soul, look down, and steel thy Daughter,
Look on the Sacrifice she comes to send thee,
And through the bloody Clouds behold my Piety,
Take from my cold Heart fear, from my Sex pity,
And as I wipe these Tears off, shed for thee,
So all remembrance may I lose of Mercy;
Give me a Woman's anger bent to Blood,
The wildness of the Winds to drown his Prayers,
Storm-like may my Destruction fall upon him,
My Rage like roving Billows as they rise,
Pour'd on his Soul to sink it, give me Flattery,
(For yet my constant Soul ne'er knew dissembling)
Flattery the food of Fools, that I may rock him
And lull him in the Down of his Desires;
That in the height of all his hopes and wishes,
His Heav'n forgot, and all his Lusts upon him,
My Hand, like Thunder from a Cloud, may seize him.
I hear him come, go Boy, and entertain him.

Enter Rollo.

S O N G.

*Take, oh take those Lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those Eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mis-lead the Morn-;
But my Kisses bring again,
Seals of Love, though seal'd in vain.*

*Hide, oh hide those hills of Snow,
Which thy frozen Blossom bears,
On whose tops the Pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears,
But first set my poor Heart free,
Bound in those Ivy Chains by thee.*

Rol.

Rol. What bright Star, taking Beauty's form upon her,
In all the happy lustre of Heav'n's glory,
Has drop'd down from the Sky to comfort me?
Wonder of Nature, let it not prophane thee
My rude hand touch thy Beauty, nor this Kiss,
The gentle Sacrifice of Love and Service,
Be offer'd to the honour of thy Sweetness.

Ed. My gracious Lord; no Deity dwells here,
Nor nothing of that Virtue, but Obedience,
The Servant to your Will affects no flattery.

Rol. Can it be flattery to swear those Eyes
Are Love's eternal Lamps he fires all Hearts with?
That Tongue the smart string to his Bow? those Sighs
The deadly Shafts he sends into our Souls?
Oh, look upon me with thy spring of Beauty:

Ed. Your Grace is full of game.

Rol. By Heav'n, my *Editb*,
Thy Mother fed on Roses when she bred thee. (out.)

Ed. And thine on Brambles, that have prick'd her Heart

Rol. The sweetness of the *Arabian* Wind still blowing
Upon the treasures of Perfumes and Spices,
In all their pride and pleasures, call thee Mistress.

Ed. Will't please you sit, Sir?

Rol. So you please sit by me.

Fair gentle Maid, there is no speaking to thee,
The Excellency that appears upon thee
Tyes up my Tongue: Pray speak to me.

Ed. Of what, Sir?

Rol. Of any thing, any thing is excellent.
Will you take my directions? speak of Love then;
Speak of thy fair self, *Editb*; and while thou speak'st,
Let me, thus languishing, give up my self, Wench.

Ed. H'as a strange cunning Tongue, why do you sigh,
How masterly he turns himself to catch me? (Sir?)

Rol. The way to Paradise, my gentle Maid,
Is hard and crooked, scarce Repentance finding,
With all her holy helps, the Door to enter:
Give me thy hand, what dost thou feel?

Ed. Your Tears, Sir.

You weep extreamly; strengthen me now Justice.

Why

Why are these Sorrows, Sir?

Rol. Thou'lt never love me

If I should tell thee, yet there's no way left

Ever to purchase this blest Paradise,

But swimming thither in these Tears.

Ed. I stagger. *Rol.* Are they not drops of Blood?

Ed. No. *Rol.* They're for Blood then,

For guiltless Blood, and they must drop, my *Edith*,

They must thus drop, 'till I have drown'd my mischiefs.

Ed. If this be true, I have no strength to touch him.

Rol. I prithee look upon me, turn not from me;

Alas I do confess I'm made of mischiefs,

Begot with all Man's miseries upon me;

But see my sorrows, Maid, and do not thou,

Whose only sweetest Sacrifice is Softness,

Whose true condition, Tenderness of Nature——

Ed. My Anger melts, Oh, I shall lose my Justice.

Rol. Do not thou learn to kill with cruelty,

As I have done, to murder with thy Eyes,

Those blessed Eyes, as I have done with Malice,

When thou hast wounded me to death with Scorn,

(As I deserve it, Lady) for my true Love,

When thou hast loaden me with Earth for ever,

Take heed my sorrows, and the stings I suffer,

Take heed my nightly Dreams of Death and Horror

Pursue thee not; No time shall tell thy Grievs then,

Nor shall an hour of joy add to thy Beauties.

Look not upon me as I kill'd thy Father,

As I was smear'd in Blood, do not thou hate me,

But thus in whiteness of my wash'd Repentance,

In my Heart's Tears and truth of love to *Edith*,

In my fair life hereafter.

Ed. He will fool me.

Rol. Oh with thine Angel Eyes behold and close me,

Of Heav'n we call for Mercy, and obtain it;

To Justice for our Right on Earth, and have it;

Of thee I beg for Love, save me, and give it.

Ed. Now Heav'n thy help, or I am gone for ever,

His Tongue has turn'd me into melting Pity.

Enter

Enter Hamond and Guard.

Ham. Keep the Doors safe, and upon pain of Death
Let no Man enter 'till I give the word.

Guard. We shall, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Ham. Here he is in all his pleasure; I have my wish.

Rol. How now? Why dost thou stare so?

Ed. A help, I hope.

Rol. What dost thou here? who sent thee?

Ham. My Brother, and the base malicious Office
Thou mad'st me do to *Aubrey*; pray. *Rol.* Pray? (else,

Ham. Pray; pray if thou canst pray, I shall kill thy Soul
Pray suddenly. *Rol.* Thou can'st not be so traiterous.

Ham. It is a Justice; stay, Lady;
For I perceive your End; a Woman's Hand

Must not rob me of Vengeance. *Ed.* 'Tis my Glory.

Ham. 'Tis mine, stay, and share with me; by the Gods,
There is no way to save thy Life. *Rol.* No? (*Rollo,*

Ham. No, it is so monstrous, no Repentance cures it;

Rol. Why then thou shalt kill her first, and what this blood
Will cast upon thy cursed Head. *Ham.* Poor Guard, Sir.

Ed. Spare not, brave Captain.

Rol. Fear, or the Devil has thee.

Ham. Such fear, Sir, as you gave your honour'd Mother,
When your most virtuous Brother, shield-like, held her,
Such I'll give you; put her away.

Rol. I will not, I will not die so tamely. (upon thee?

Ham. Murtherous Villain, wilt thou draw Seas of Blood

Ed. Fear not, kill him good Captain, any way dispatch
Him, my Body's honour'd with that Sword that through
Sends his black Soul to Hell: Oh, but for one hand. (me

Ham. Shake him off bravely.

Ed. He's too strong, strike him.

Ham. Oh, am I with you, Sir? Now keep you from him,
What, has he got a Knife? (vous.

Ed. Look to him, Captain, for now he will be mischief-

Ham. Do you smile, Sir?

Does it so tickle you? Have at you once more.

Ed. Oh bravely thrust; take heed he come not in, Sir;
To him again, you give him too much respite.

Rol.

Rol. Yet will you save my life, and I'll forgive thee,
And give thee all, all Honours, all Advancements,
Call thee my Friend. *Ed.* Strike, strike, and hear him not.
His Tongue will tempt a Saint. *Rol.* Oh for my Soul sake.

Ed. Save nothing of him.

Ham. Now for your farewell,
Are you so wary? take you that. *Rol.* Thou that too;
Oh thou hast kill'd me basely, basely, basely. [*Dies.*]

Ed. The just Reward of Murther falls upon thee.
How do you, Sir?—Has he not hurt you?

Ham. No, I feel not any thing.

Aubr. I charge you let us pass. [*Within.*]

Guard. You cannot yet, Sir. *Aubr.* I'll make way then.

Guard. We are sworn to our Captain, and 'till he give
the Word.

Enter Sophia, Matilda, Aubrey, Lords and Attendants.

Ham. Now let them in there. *Soph.* Oh, here he lies.
Sorrow on sorrow seeks me, Oh, in his Blood he lies.

Aubr. Had you spoke sooner
This might have been prevented;
Take the Dutchess,
And lead her off, this is no fight for her Eyes.

Mat. Oh, bravely done, Wench.

Ed. There stands the noble Doer.

Mat. My Honour ever seek thee for thy Justice,
Oh 'twas a deed of high and brave Adventure,
A Justice even for Heav'n to envy at.
Farewel my Sorrows, and my Tears take truce,
My wishes are come round: Oh bloody Brother,
'Till this hour never beauteous; 'till thy life,
Like a full Sacrifice for all thy mischiefs,
Flow'd from thee in these Rivers, never righteous:
Oh how my Eyes are quarry'd with their joys now?
My longing Heart even leaping out for lightness?
But dye thy black sins with thee, I forgive thee.

Aubr. Who did this deed?

Ham. I, and I'll answer it. [*Dies.*]

Ed. He faints, oh that same cursed Knife has kill'd him.

Aubr. How?

Ed. He snatch'd it from my Hand, for whom I bore it,
And as they grappl'd ———

Aubr. Justice is ever equal,
Had it not been on him, th'adst dy'd too honest.
Did you know of his Death?

Ed. Yes, and rejoyce in't. (Strictness

Aubr. I'm sorry for your Youth then; though the
Of Law shall not fall on you, that of Life
Must presently; go to a Cloyster, carry her,
And there for ever lead your Life in Penitence.

Ed. Best Father to my Soul, I give you Thanks, Sir,
And now my fair Revenges have their ends,
My Vows shall be my Kin, my Prayers my Friends. [*Exit.*

Enter Latorch, and Juglers.

Lat. Stay there, I'll step in and prepare the Duke.

Nor. We shall have brave Rewards?

Fisk. That is without question. (*Aubrey?*

Lat. By this Time where's my huffing Friend, Lord
Where's that good Gentleman? Oh, I could laugh now,
And burst my self with meer Imagination:
A wise Man, and a valiant Man, a just Man;
To suffer himself be juggl'd out of the World,
By a Number of poor Gipsies? farewell Swash-buckler,
For I know thy Mouth is cold enough by this Time;
A hundred of ye I can shave as neatly,
And ne'er draw Blood in shew: Now shall my Honour,
My Power and Virtue walk alone: My Pleasure
Observ'd by all, all Knees bend to my Worship,
All Suits to me as Saint of all their Fortunes,
Prefer'd and crowded to, what full Place of Credit,
And what Place now? your Lordship? no, 'tis common,
But that I'll think to morrow on; now for my Business.

Aubr. Who's there?

Lat. Dead, my Master dead? *Aubrey* alive too?

Gua. Latorch, Sir. *Aubr.* Seize his Body.

Lat. My Master dead?

Aubr. And you within this half Hour,
Prepare your self, good Devil, you must to it,
Millions of Gold shall not redeem thy Mischief.
Behold the Justice of thy Practice, Villain;
The Mass of Murthers thou hast drawn upon us;
Behold thy Doctrine; you look now for Reward, Sir,

To

To be advanc'd, I'm sure, for all your Labours?
And you shall have it, make his Gallows higher
By ten Foot at the least, and then advance him.

Lat. Mercy, Mercy. *Aubr.* 'Tis too late, Fool,
Such as you meant for me, away with him. [*He is led out.*
What gaping Knaves are these? bring 'em in, Fellows.
Now, what are you?

Nor. Mathematicians, if it please your Lordship.

Aubr. And you drew a Figure?

Fisk. We have drawn many.

Aubr. For the Duke, I mean; Sir *Latorch's* Knaves you

Nor. We know the Gentleman. (are.

Aubr. What did he promise you?

Nor. We are paid already.

Aubr. But I will see you better paid, go whip them.

Nor. We do beseech your Lordship, we were hir'd.

Aubr. I know you were, and you shall have your Hire;
Whip 'em extremely, whip that Doctor there,
Till he record himself a Rogue.

Nor. I am one, Sir.

Aubr. Whip him for being one, and when th'are whipt,
Lead 'em to the Gallows to see their Patron hang'd:
Away with them. [*They are led out.*

Nor. Ah, good my Lord.

Aubr. Now to mine own Right, Gentlemen.

1 Lord. You have the next indeed, we all confess it,
And here stand ready to invest you with it.

2 Lord. Which to make stronger to you, and the surer
Than Blood or Mischiefs dare infringe again,
Behold this Lady, Sir, this noble Lady,
Full of the Blood as you are, of that Nearness,
How blessed would it be?

Aubr. I apprehend you, and so the fair *Matilda* dare
Me, her ever constant Servant. (accept

Mat. In all Pureness,
In all Humility of Heart and Services,
To the most noble *Aubrey*, I submit me.

Aubr. Then this is our first Tie, now to our Business.

1 Lord. We are ready all to put the Honour on you,
Sir.

Aubr.

Aubr. These sad Rites must be done first: Take up the
This, as he was a Prince, so Princely Funeral (Bodies;
Shall wait upon him: On this honest Captain,
The Decency of Arms; a Tear for him too.

*So, sadly on, and as we view his Blood,
May his Example in our Rule raise Good.*

The End of the Third Volume.



